

THE DAUGHTER
OF LOUIS XVI
MARIE - THÉRÈSE - CHARLOTTE DE
FRANCE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME

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THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI



PORTRAIT CALLED "THROUGH THE TELESCOPE," MADAME ROYALE
 IN THE TEMPLE, OCTOBER, 1795

Drawn from Life by an Artist posted at a Window of one of the Houses near the Prison

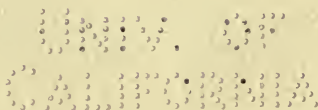
THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI

MARIE-THÉRÈSE-CHARLOTTE DE
FRANCE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME

BY G. LENOTRE ✥ ✥ ✥ ✥

TRANSLATED BY J. LEWIS MAY
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

Louis Gosselin



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THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI

PART I
THE TEMPLE

CHAPTER I

MADAME ELISABETH REMOVED TO THE CONCIERGERIE—LONELINESS AND DESPAIR OF MARIE THÉRÈSE—HER LIFE IN THE TEMPLE—ROBESPIERRE'S MYSTERIOUS VISIT—DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE—ARRIVAL OF LAURENT—HIS GENTLENESS TOWARD THE PRISONER.

IT was about nine o'clock in the evening of the 9th May 1794; Madame Elisabeth and her niece, Madame Royale, who were both locked up in the room on the third floor of the Temple which had formerly been occupied by the Queen,¹ were preparing to retire for the night when, suddenly, a loud knocking was heard at the double-door that separated their quarters from the ante-room, where a warder was always on duty.

The two prisoners hastened to replace the dresses which they had just taken off, and, while they were doing so, Madame Elisabeth, raising her voice above the uproar, begged them to wait while she dressed herself again. "It is not such a long business as all that," rudely retorted a man from outside. And

¹ Until the 1st August 1793, when she left the Temple, Marie Antoinette occupied this room with her daughter, and Madame Elisabeth slept in the next room, which had no communication with it. It appears that after the Queen went to the Conciergerie, the King's sister took her place. While, however, every account represents her as sharing the accommodation of Madame Royale, we have never lighted upon any document that officially verifies this change in the arrangements.

then the knocking recommenced with such violence that it seemed as though the door would give way.¹

At length the Princess opened the door. The ante-room was full of men. Besides the four Commissioners of the Commune—Eude, Mouret, Magendie, and Godefroy—who were on duty that day, and the warders and turnkeys, without whose assistance the prisoners could not be reached, there were present the Bailiff Monet of the Revolutionary Tribunal, an adjutant-general of the Paris army, Fontaine by name, and Séraillé,² aide-de-camp to General Hanriot.

“Citoyenne, you must come downstairs,” said one of the Commissioners.

“And what about my niece?”

“We will see to her afterwards.”³

Madame Elisabeth embraced the child, who was trembling in every limb, bidding her not to distress herself as she would soon be back again.

“No you will not come back,” replied a Commissioner.⁴ “Get your bonnet and come along.”

The men stood waiting for her, grouped round about the doorway of her room. While she was looking for her bonnet she managed to get near her niece, who was terror-stricken. She embraced her once more, bidding her be brave and steadfast and put her trust in God.⁵

Meanwhile the bailiff, the officers, and the Com-

¹ Madame Royale's narrative.

² Sarailée, according to Beauchesne, *Madame Elisabeth*, ii. 198 ; Séraillé, according to the *Rapport de Courtois*, p. 171.

³ Madame Royale's narrative.

⁴ Eude, according to Beauchesne, *loc. cit.*

⁵ Madame Royale's narrative.

missioners were getting to the end of their patience. They began to scoff and jeer at her, calling her *Capet's sister*. "They overwhelmed her with insults and coarse buffoonery," says Marie Thérèse. Her luggage, it is true, did not take long to pack. She was soon ready to go. In the unsteady, flickering light of the turnkeys' lanterns, Madame Royale saw her aunt's white dress disappear amid the uniforms and *car-magnoles* in the gloom of the ante-room as she passed on her way to the gate. Then the door was closed again. She heard the bolts pushed to, and the sound of the footsteps and voices died away into silence down the winding staircase. Bereft of all who loved her, she gave way to weeping and despair. Outside the rain was falling¹ with a mournful, monotonous murmur on the wooden screens that blocked up the windows.²

¹ Unpublished Diary of Célestin Guitard, living in the Place Saint Sulpice at the former Académie de Vaudreuil (information from a private source).

² After having been searched in the council-chamber, on the ground floor of the Temple, Madame Elisabeth was taken the same evening to the Conciergerie. Some information concerning the single night she passed in this prison is to be found in the *Mémoires inédits de l'Internonce*, Mgr. de Salamon (1 vol. Plon). "The sainted Madame Elisabeth," says this prelate, "remained at the Conciergerie for twenty-four hours. She inquired (of the Concierge Richard) most eagerly about the Queen, whom she called her 'sister,' and asked Richard if it was long since he had seen her. He replied, 'She is quite well and wants for nothing.' (The Queen, it must be borne in mind, had been dead seven months.) All night long, Madame Elisabeth seemed restless. She continually asked Richard, who was sleeping in a closet adjoining the alcove where she was lying down, what time it was. She rose early, but Richard was already up and about. Again she asked him the time. Richard took out his watch to show her the hour and made the repeater strike. 'My sister had one very like it,' she said, 'but

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The child thus left in loneliness on the topmost floor of the tower was then fifteen years and five months old. More than a year before, she had seen her father set out for the scaffold ; one night in July of the same year they had taken away her brother ; yet again, a month later, they had bereft her of her mother, whom she believed to be still alive in some other prison cell, perhaps in the Temple itself ; and now, at length, she was deprived of her last companion, the only creature with whom she had been able to speak for nearly ten months past. What terrors must have tormented the child's brain during the first night of solitude. How interminable the time seemed, how slowly passed the hours told off by the bell of the clock which stood on the chimney-piece before the mirror, and which was ornamented with a design representing *Fortune and her Wheel*.¹ In the dreadful silence that enveloped the vast tower, the young Princess did her best to collect her thoughts. Whither had they taken her aunt ? Doubtless to the same

she used not to wind it.' . . . She took a little chocolate, and then, about eleven o'clock, she went to the entrance of the prison. A number of women of noble birth, who were going to the scaffold with her, were already assembled there. Among them was Madame de Senozan, sister of the minister Malesherbes who had defended the King, a most excellent and charitable woman. Madame Elisabeth charged Richard to remember her to *her sister*, when one of the ladies, a duchess whose name I forget, broke in with the words, ' Madame, your sister has met the same fate that we ourselves are about to suffer.' "

It therefore follows that Beauchesne is incorrect in saying, (*Madame Elisabeth*, ii. 248) that it was not till she had actually reached the foot of the scaffold that Madame Elisabeth derived the knowledge of the Queen's death from the abuse of one of the mob.

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4391.

place as the Queen. Although the astounding catastrophes she had witnessed had prepared her mind for every kind of calamity, she never dreamt that the woman who had been with her but just now, so calm and so full of spirit, was at that moment in the executioner's hands.¹ No doubt, she thought, they intended to convey her out of France. This conjecture she decided was the true one.

When, on the morning of the 10th, the first rays of the sun—whose setting Madame Elisabeth was never destined to behold—lit up her room, Marie Thérèse rose from her bed and anxiously awaited the daily visit of the Commissioners on duty. They came at the usual hour, grim and taciturn as ever. Summoning all her courage, she forced herself to question them, and asked what had become of her aunt.

"She has gone to take the air," was the curt reply of one of the municipal officers.

Marie Thérèse answered that since she was separated from her aunt she demanded to be taken to her mother. She was told that they would speak about the matter.²

These municipal officers were elected every day, four at a time, from among the three hundred members of the Commune, and had to pass twenty-four hours on duty at the Temple.³ They were, as a rule, of the

¹ "She could never believe that their fury would go to the length of taking the life of a Princess who had no share in the government" (*Mémoires de Madame de Tourzel*), vol. ii. p. 320.

² Madame Royale's narrative.

³ Since Simon's departure (19th January 1794) there had been no one on permanent duty at the Temple. The surveillance was carried out solely by the four Commissioners nominated each day by the Council of the Commune (*Moniteur*, 30th nivôse, Year II.).

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lower middle classes, small tradesmen and the like ; but, though they held advanced opinions, it would scarcely be fair to tax them, as a body, with deliberate and systematic cruelty. There were, indeed, worthy men among them with families of their own. How, it may be wondered, could they face the child's transparent gaze as she beseeched them to restore her to her mother, who, they knew, had been dead for the last seven months ?

In the course of the morning some one brought her back the key of the cupboard containing Madame Elisabeth's wearing apparel. Marie Thérèse, knowing that her aunt had gone away without anything, begged permission to send her some linen. The answer was " that it was quite impossible." Again the child asked to be taken to her mother and, as before, they told her they would see about it. At length, seeing that her requests fell upon deaf ears, aghast, it may be, at the long vista of solitary days that stretched before her, or, as is more probable, remembering her aunt's advice to ask for a woman to be with her if ever she were left alone, she requested them to procure her a companion. The Commissioners stammered out that they would see about it.¹

The darkness came again. She was left alone. Downstairs, on the ground floor, the Commissioners, seated at the table in the council-chamber, were doubtless discussing, in an undertone, the event of the day, Elisabeth Capet's execution, of which the orphan in her prison above knew nothing, and of

¹ Madame Royale's narrative.

which she was to remain in ignorance for fifteen months longer. When she awoke from her nightmare on the morning of the 11th, the rain, which had ceased overnight, was descending again in torrents.¹ The girl who had been *Madame Royale* swept her room, dressed herself, and took up her knitting, "of which she was exceedingly tired." Madame Elisabeth had accustomed her to occupy her time in this way.

As she was at work, she heard people coming into the ante-room. The bolts were withdrawn and her door thrown open. A man entered at the head of the usual procession. It was Robespierre.

How she recognised him Marie Thérèse has never told us. What he was doing there, where no duty summoned him, and where there was nothing to justify or explain his presence, none can tell. Beaulieu² relates that, on the day of Madame Elisabeth's execution, Robespierre, passing by Maret's bookstall, then in the Palais-Royal, went into the shop, as he frequently did, and, turning over a few books, inquired what was the topic of the day.

"People are loud in their indignation against you," frankly answered the bookseller, "and are asking what harm Madame Elisabeth had done you, what crimes she had committed, that you should have

¹ It rained very heavily on the 11th May, from five in the morning to four in the afternoon (Unpublished Diary of Célestin Guitard).

² *Essais historiques sur les causes et les effets de la Révolution de France*, vol. vi. p. 10, note. Quoted by Ernest Hamel, *Histoire de Robespierre*, vol. iii. p. 492.

sent such an innocent and virtuous lady to the scaffold ? ”

“ There, you hear,” said Robespierre, turning to Barère, who happened to be present, “ it is always my doing. . . . I assure you, my dear Maret, that so far from having been the author of Madame Elisabeth’s death, I was only too anxious to save her. It was that rascal Collot d’Herbois who snatched her from me.” ¹

Was it interest, curiosity, or pity for the lonely orphan, or was it some other less definite feeling that took him to the Temple the very next day ? Evidently the affair was kept remarkably quiet, for we find not the slightest reference to it save in Madame Royale’s narrative. We should, indeed, be almost tempted to entertain a little doubt concerning this portion of her story were it not that the connection between the date of the incident just related and that of the visit paid to the daughter of Louis XVI.,² seems to indicate that some mysterious idea was at that time obsessing the mind of Robespierre, then at the zenith of his power and a prey to that species of megalomania which sets no limit to the dreams of ambition. Later on Barère insinuated that the “ Incorruptible ” had planned to marry the daughter

¹ It is said that Beaulieu got this story from Maret himself. Hamel considers that Robespierre’s opposition to the murder of the King’s sister “ is an established fact that never was, and never could be called in question.” “ Moreover,” he adds, “ the Thermidorians declared he intended to marry Madame Elisabeth in the hopes of sitting beside her on the throne of France.”

² Beauchesne and Chantelauze actually fix the date of this visit as the 11th May 1794.

of Louis XVI.,¹ but whatever his object was, there is no doubt that he ran the risk of putting himself in a strangely awkward predicament by such inexplicable conduct.²

When Robespierre entered Madame's room he never said a word but merely looked at her "insolently." Though thin and frail she was pretty. Her complexion was pale and her skin delicate, but spoilt by a kind of eruption which used to come out in red patches on her cheeks. Her blue eyes were large and prominent, and gave her a look of innocent surprise.³ She remained impassive under his gaze, without breaking the silence. But she presented him with a paper on which she had written : ⁴ " My brother is

¹ *Mémoires de Barras*, i. p. 204.

² It would be highly interesting to know from whom Robespierre got authorisation to visit the Temple that day, since no one was allowed in without an order to discharge some specific duty. It even happened (the 6th floréal, Year III.), that Bourlier, Acting Assistant-Commandant-General of the National Guard of Paris, on presenting himself at the prison with a decree of the Committee of General Surety, requiring him "to satisfy himself that the duties of the place were regularly carried out," was refused admission to the tower on the ground that there was nothing in the decree "authorising him to enter the prisoners' quarters." Lasne and Gomin, who had charge of *Capet's children* at the time, when reporting the matter to the Committee of General Surety, said "Citizen Bourlier, having called upon us to show by what authority we refused to accede to his request, we were unable to produce any" (National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 93).

³ This description was given by Guérin, Commissioner at the Temple in June 1795, and consequently dates from a year later than Robespierre's visit. It quite agrees with the engravings of Madame Royale at the time of her sojourn in the Temple. Guérin's description was published in *Les Faux Louis XVII.* by La Sicotière.

⁴ Beforehand? If so, the Princess had received notice of Robespierre's visit. Beauchesne, and after him Chantelauze, give the text of this note; Madame Royale herself makes no reference to it.

ill. I have written to the Convention for permission to nurse him. The Convention has not yet answered. I now repeat my request."

Robespierre took the note, glanced at the few books that had been left at the prisoner's disposal, and took his departure. The municipal officers paid him "a great deal of respect."¹ Once more silence fell upon the prison, a silence broken only by the noise of keys turning in massive locks, the muffled sound of drums and clattering arms, and the commands of the officers at the changing of the guard.

* * *

The Temple was a fortress. The great close, surrounded by a wall part of which was still crenelated, was reached through the Rue du Temple by a wide and massive portal, at which a former beadle, named Darque, acted as gate-keeper. Beyond this entrance was a spacious court planted with espaliered limes, at the end of which arose the severe façade of what was formerly the palace of the Grand Prior, built in 1720 from plans designed by Oppenord, chief architect to the Regent.²

Quartered in the palace was the "grand poste." It was furnished every day by the National Guard, and consisted of a commandant-general, a *chef de légion*, a sub-adjutant-general, an adjutant-major, an ensign, fourteen gunners, and a hundred and ninety

¹ Madame Royale's narrative.

² *Guide des amateurs et des étrangers voyageurs à Paris*, by M. Thiery, 1787, vol. i. p. 595.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE, IN THE RUE DU TEMPLE
From an Engraving dated about the middle of the Nineteenth Century



rank and file. Two pieces of artillery were mounted in the courtyard.¹

Beyond was the garden, bounded by an enormous wall thirty-six feet in height,² surrounding the tower on all sides. This wall was pierced by two entrances; the one, for vehicles, was made of oaken planks bound together by iron bars, and two gate-keepers were required to open it, one of whom was stationed inside and the other outside the wall, each being in possession of a different key. The second door was a narrow wicket, similarly guarded. One of the gatekeepers, Mancel by name, was an old pensioner, who had been in the service of the Comte d'Artois, the last of the Grand Priors; the other, Richard Fontaine, had been a navvy.

As soon as the gates were passed, the tower, freed from the buildings by which until August 1792 it was encumbered, stood out completely isolated, enclosed, together with a little garden and a few trees, by the four sides of the high wall. A huge block of masonry, it lowered bare, grey and melancholy, with its rounded turrets surmounted by high pitched roofs above which rose the slate-covered summit of the keep, crowned by an enormous cap of liberty made of zinc, and painted vermilion.³

¹ The guard of the Temple was reduced as time went on. Before the death of Louis XVI. it consisted of 287 men, including officers. Later, it only mustered 210. The number was again diminished, and in thermidor, Year III., it was reduced from 50 to 15 (National Archives, F⁷ 4392).

² National Archives, F⁷ 4392.

³ National Archives, F⁷ 4392. According to Watin, a painter, the price of vermilion rose remarkably during the Terror.

About sixty feet from the ground on all sides of the great building, wooden structures blocked the second floor windows; behind them a little boy of eight was languishing in noisome gloom. Twenty feet above, on the third floor, the windows were also obstructed with screens; it was there the girl was immured. When one looked at these wooden hoardings it was easy to see that little light and air could find their way to the prisoners through the hidden casements.

Projecting from these prison windows (*tabatières*) were enormous stove-pipes protected from the gales by iron braces fixed into the walls: they took the place of chimneys, of which there were none on the tower, and carried up to the height of the roof the smoke from the stoves, which scarcely warmed the rooms, the walls of which were more than seven feet thick.¹

On the ground floor of the great tower, in a room about forty feet square, with a high vaulted ogee ceiling supported on a central pillar, was held the Council of the Temple, which consisted of the four Commissioners on duty, the turnkeys—Gourlet and Jérôme²—and the steward.³ In the north-west

“Formerly to be had for six livres, it now costs twenty-five francs a pound.” (The word “livre” used here and throughout the present work, signifies an obsolete coin, the value of which may be roughly taken as a franc.—Translator’s note.)

¹ *Mémoire de poëlerie, au Temple*, by Marguerite and Firino. (National Archives, F 1306).

² Jérôme’s place was taken by Baron on the 29th September 1794.

³ The stewardship of the Temple was first in the hands of one Jubaud(?). He was succeeded by Lelièvre who, in turn, gave place, in floréal, Year II., to Coru. Lelièvre, however, was re-instated, and held his office until the 12th thermidor of the same

turret was the splendid stone staircase, more than six feet wide, which extended right up to the battlemented platform encircling the central spire. It was divided by seven gates. On the first storey a room similar to that on the ground floor served as a guard room ; on the second was an iron door pierced, about five feet from the ground, with a grating fitted with a sliding shutter.¹

On the third floor was a similar iron door and grating, and these walls nearly eight feet thick, the seven gates on the staircase, the locks, the gratings, the iron doors, the window-screens, the great wall, the warders, the turnkeys, the guard, the council, the soldiers at the palace, the generals, artillerymen and cannon were all there to prevent the escape of two delicate terrified children. Truly a formidable cage for such fledglings !

The young Princess's room on the topmost floor of this stronghold was of no very generous dimensions—it was about fifteen feet square.² But to make up

year, when he was arrested in consequence of a denunciation. The duties were finally entrusted to Liénard (National Archives, F⁷ 4393).

¹ To making and furnishing a small tessellated panel to be fixed to the door leading to the apartments of the ci-devant King to enable the turnkey to see the persons who apply for admission. Cutting in the material of the above-mentioned panel, ten inches square, and a quarter of an inch thick, 112 openings each half an inch square and equidistant from one another. Similar panel for the door of the third storey. *Mémoire des ouvrages de serrurerie faits au Temple par Durand, serrurier* (National Archives, F⁴ 1306).

² The tower—not counting the turrets—measured rather more than forty-four feet square, the thickness of the walls being seven and a half feet. The one room on each floor was about thirty feet square. The third and fourth floors were divided by partitions into four equal-sized rooms. Each of these rooms, therefore, was about fifteen feet square. *La Maison du Temple de Paris*, H. de Curzon, p. 115.

for this it was sixteen feet high, and the vaulted ceiling had recently had a coat of whitewash.¹ The apartment was furnished just as it had been when Marie Antoinette took up her quarters there. It contained a large four-poster hung with green damask which belonged to the Queen, and which Madame Elisabeth had occupied after her departure; a smaller bed for Marie Thérèse; a mahogany chest of drawers with a marble top on which was placed a mirror; a sofa, two arm-chairs and a screen, and a table by the side of each bed.²

The pattern of the wall-paper consisted of wavy lines in very pale blue and green. A dressing-room had been fitted up in the south-west turret, to which access was gained through a sort of lobby shut off by a white door. This dressing-room was about eight feet square.

Such was Madame Royale's limited domain. In it she passed a laborious and monotonous existence, amid a weary and unbroken solitude, like a castaway on a desert shore. Madame Elisabeth had trained her to do her hair, dress herself, and lace her corsets without assistance. When she had put her room in order and dressed herself, she would sprinkle water about to freshen the air, mend her stockings, her dresses, and "even her shoes," in order "not to have

¹ On the second floor the rooms, twenty-one feet high, were fitted with false canvas ceilings, but this had not been done on the third floor. "To scraping and whitewashing the four ogees in ceiling." *Mémoire des ouvrages faits au Temple par Watin, peintre* (National Archives, F⁴ 1306).

² National Archives, F⁷ 4391.

to ask any favours of her gaolers.”¹ Then, “to make up for the lack of proper exercise, she would walk about as briskly as she could for an hour, timing herself by her watch.” Afterwards she would take down a book from one of the little shelves fixed in the corners of the chimney-piece. Her mother and aunt had left a few books behind them, including La Harpe’s “Travels,” which she read through several times.²

Three times a day the Commissioners came to inspect her room, exhibiting more or less severity as their zeal or fear impelled them ; for they were afraid of the plots which this girl of fifteen might be hatching, all by herself.

“Come now, Citoyenne, have you got many knives?”

“No, Messieurs, only two.”

“None in the drawer of your dressing-table?

... and no scissors?”

“No, Messieurs, no.”

One day they found her stove alight.

“May we ask why you have lit a fire?”

“To make some water hot to put my feet in.”

“What did you light it with?”

“A flint and steel.”

“Who gave it to you?”

“I do not know.”

“Well, we shall take it away from you for the time being. We do so for your own good lest you fall

¹ *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans. Récit d'une dame de Madame la Dauphine*, p. 251.

² The Queen had also obtained a copy of *Gil Blas* from her gaolers, which Madame Royale had possibly been allowed to keep (National Archives, F⁷ 4392).

asleep and get burnt at the fire. There is nothing else you have got ? ”

“ No, Messieurs.”

For seven months the Commune supplied men who were not ashamed to go about such pitiable work as this.

When direct questions were put to her, the daughter of Louis XVI. answered briefly with a sort of proud reserve, which formed her sole defence against her gaolers’ insolence. Otherwise she lived apart in silence, and in utter ignorance of the causes that were being lost and won outside her prison. Cut off from the light of the sun, from freedom and fresh air, without distractions and with none to care for her, none to whom she could unburden her heart, forced to dissemble, to smother her feelings at the critical age of budding womanhood, it was small wonder that her soul drooped and withered, and that whatever dreams she nourished in a heart so resolutely shut in upon itself were fated to turn to bitterness and gloom.

Paris was seething with tumult during this second year of the Republic. Day by day there fell at the scaffold scores of men and women who had bent in homage over her cradle, but Madame Royale heard nothing of it all, nothing save, now and again, the sound of a drum beating the alarm, the cry of a news-vendor¹ in a neighbouring street, or the tocsin ringing

¹ A newsvendor, with a stentorian voice, was paid to cry the summary of his journal beneath the walls of the Temple. *Souvenirs de Jean-François Lepître.*

from some bell that had escaped destruction.¹ Or else from the other side of the thin partition the sound of a cough or a footstep would reach her ears. It was Tison, the servant employed by the Commune to spy upon the Queen, who after fulfilling his duty only too well, had been kept in solitary confinement for a year past in one of the rooms on the third floor.²

The Princess knew nothing of his being there, and was in complete ignorance of everything that was going on around her. For a while she tried to distinguish the sound of voices that came up from the floor below where her brother was in the custody of the Simons. But now for a long time these voices had ceased. There was "a lot of noise" one night in January followed by complete silence. She thought the Dauphin had gone away, and peeping through a crevice in the shutters of her windows she saw "parcels

¹ "We learnt of the death of the Duc d'Orléans from the news-vendors" (Narrative of Marie Thérèse Charlotte).

"I heard the tocsin sound and the drums beating to arms several times, but my warders did not tell me why." Letter from Madame Royale to Louis XVIII., published by E. Daudet. *Histoire de l'Emigration*.

² Pierre Joseph Tison, formerly a clerk at the customs, was born at Valenciennes in 1735, and married Anne Victoire Baudet, who was born in Paris in 1736. They had a son and a daughter. The latter, Anne Victoire Pierrette Tison, married Thomas Mascaret, who lived in Paris. Tison and his wife were largely responsible for the death of the Queen and of Madame Elisabeth. The woman Tison, filled with horror at the tragedy in which she was implicated, lost her reason. She was shut up in the Hôtel-Dieu from the 8th July 1793 until the 24th February 1795. Tison remained in solitary confinement at the Temple until after the departure of Madame Royale. He died at 36 Rue de Limoges, Paris, the 3rd nivôse, Year VI. (23rd December 1797), and his wife only survived him a few months. *Communication de A. Bégis*, also, *l'Intermédiaire des chercheurs et curieux*, 30th March 1897.

being removed." She believed that she was the only one of all her family left behind at the Temple, and that she would remain there for ever ; but she had sufficient self-command never to risk a question that might be construed as an entreaty.

Once, on a hot day in July—dateless as prison days are wont to be—she thought there was more noise in the city than usual ; the drums rolled and the tocsin pealed. Caron, the servant, when he brought her dinner, vouchsafed no information, and she would ask no questions, but at six o'clock on the following morning the occupants of the tower were aroused by a most unusual hubbub. Doors kept opening and shutting, and the guard called *To arms !* Marie Thérèse sprang out of bed and hurriedly put on her clothes. Scarcely had she done so, when the bolts of her door were withdrawn and a party of men entered. They were gorgeously decked out with sashes and plumes, a most unusual display. One of them—she afterwards learnt it was Barras—came up to her and "spoke to her by name." He expressed surprise at finding her up so early and tried to get her to converse, but she did not reply. They then went away, and a minute or two later she heard them haranguing the soldiers of the guard, and cries of *Vive la République ! Vive la Convention !* greeted the conclusion of their speeches. The day passed and she heard no more. She remained in a state of great anxiety. Two days later, about half-past nine at night, after she had got into bed in the dark, her door opened and several people came in, but this time they forbore to curse and threaten

her. A new era was about to begin for her. That was the night on which Laurent was presented to her. He had been appointed *Keeper of the Tyrant's Children* as from the 10th thermidor.¹

We shall see later, from Madame Royale's own narrative, how Laurent conducted himself with regard to the prisoner.

As soon as she learnt from his manner of addressing her that he was not one of those ruthless men whose coarse brutality had filled her with terror, she made inquiries of him concerning her family and asked whether they were going to take her to her mother. Laurent answered "with a very troubled air" that he had nothing to do with the matter. And so from him too she learnt nothing—either of what they were doing with the Dauphin, or of the Queen's fate or Robespierre's fall. His bearing was marked by great deference, but, on these points, he maintained an obstinate silence.

The visits of the "men of the plumes" now began to take place pretty frequently. Two of them came the day after Laurent had taken up his position. With a feeling of greater confidence, she repeated her questions, but their only answer was to bid her be patient. Five weeks later, a few hours after the explosion of the powder magazine at Grenelle, the shock of which was felt in Paris even at the Temple, two more members of the Convention put in an ap-

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4391. Laurent was then twenty-four years old, having been born at Fort-Royal (Martinique), on the 25th July 1770, as attested by his birth certificate published by M. Tantet (*Revue Hebdomadaire*, 19th August 1905).

pearance.¹ Another inspection took place at the end of October 1794, in the middle of the night.

At this time a change took place in the regulations of the Temple. Laurent was given an assistant, a man of thirty-eight called Gomin.² He was a straightforward, steady-going, methodical individual of moderate views, and although not insensible to pity, was careful never to allow his feelings of compassion to outweigh his habitual caution. He began his duties on the 9th November, and the Committee of General Surety, on appointing Gomin to this position of trust, decided to dispense with the daily attendance of the four Commissioners sent by the Commune. For the future, one attendant only, chosen from among the Civil Commissioners of the Paris sections, was to come on duty at the Temple every day at noon.³

The fact that Madame Royale's gaolers were now more kindly disposed towards her did not relieve the almost absolute solitude in which she was obliged to live. Laurent and Gomin came up to her room three times a day to see that her fire was alight, her room in order, and her meals properly served, but from neither one of them had she ever been able to glean a word that would throw light on what had happened

¹ Madame Royale does not tell us their names, but they were André Dumont and Goupilleau. They came at ten o'clock in the morning "to verify the existence of the two children" (Letter from Laurent to the Committee of General Surety, National Archives, F⁷ 4392).

² Gomin was born on the 17th January 1757.

³ Paris was divided into thirty-eight sections, there being six Civil Commissioners for each section. It therefore follows that, in the ordinary course, each Commissioner would only be liable for service at the Temple once in every ten months.

to those she loved or on the fate that was in store for herself. The greater part of her time she dwelt alone, for although leave had been given her to ring for her attendants whenever she needed their services, she scarcely ever availed herself of this permission. One day she had an attack of syncope and fainted away. She came to without assistance and never thought of calling for help. Her health was almost a matter of indifference to her, and, at times, she felt so despondent that she would have been glad to die.¹

Meantime the months were rolling by, and signs were not wanting, had she been able to interpret them, that the tyrants were growing weary of their savagery. But what could she, child as she was, be expected to understand of the tragedy of which she was an innocent victim, since for nearly three years past every scrap of news had been carefully withheld from her? She had scarcely seen anything of the world, and now that world, of which she had but caught a glimpse, had been utterly swept away without her having even a suspicion of its passing.

At the beginning of the winter² the "men of the plumes" came again. They were three in number—three members of the Convention, three regicides,

¹ *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans.*

² Eckard mentions the 2nd December 1794, Beauchesne and Chantelauze the 27th February 1795, as the date of this visit. M. Henri Provins, in *Le dernier roi légitime de France*, vol. i. p. 327, demonstrates that it must necessarily have taken place between the 5th November 1794, and the 4th January 1795, but it was reserved for M. Frédéric Barbey to fix the exact date, which was the 19th December 1794. Vide *Madame Atkins et la prison du Temple*, by Frédéric Barbey, p. 184.

namely, Jean Baptiste Charles Mathieu Mirampal, deputy for l'Oise ; J. Reverchon, deputy for Saône-et-Loire, and the ci-devant Baron Jean Baptiste Harmand, deputy for La Meuse. The report which these delegates of the Committee of General Surety would doubtless have had to draw up after their visit has never been found, but Harmand de la Meuse subsequently wrote an account of it. His narrative, it is true, dates from the period of the Restoration,¹ and is conceived, as will be seen, in a very different style from what this tame-spirited individual would have employed if Madame Royale, who had then become Duchesse d'Angoulême and Dauphine of France, had been still only the *girl Capet*. This rhapsodical effusion, which displays an equal admixture of conceit and servility on the part of its author, would certainly not merit reproduction were it not for the fact that it contains some valuable particulars regarding the prison of Marie Thérèse and of her attitude towards the people who came to visit her. It is interesting for this further reason also : in the Spring of 1816 the body of a poor outcast, who had died from want, was found one morning lying on the pavement in the Rue du Monceau Saint Gervais. It was taken to the Morgue, where, beneath the rags which covered it, was found a piece of paper containing the following words :—

“ To Her Royal Highness Madame la Duchesse

¹ From a brochure entitled *Anecdotes relatives à quelques personnes et à plusieurs événements remarquables de la Révolution*. This publication ran through two editions, the second of which is here followed.

d'Angoulême. Will Your Royal Highness deign to forgive one of the Members of the horrible National Convention ? " ¹

The body was recognised by some passers-by and removed from the Morgue for burial. It was that of the Baron Harmand de la Meuse, formerly Representative of the People and Prefect of Napoleon in the Department of the Bas-Rhin.

His last appeal, when dying of hunger, was to her whom twenty years before he had gone to visit, decked out in all the appurtenances of his office, in her prison-cell, where he found her shivering with cold, her hands covered with chilblains, and yet made not the least effort to mitigate the harshness of her lot.

¹ Archives de la Préfecture de Police ; Dossiers des Conventions régicides, 1816.

CHAPTER II

AN ACCOUNT BY HARMAND DE LA MEUSE OF HIS VISIT TO
MADAME ROYALE IN THE TEMPLE.

“**T**O conclude with, I have a far more interesting story to relate. I have recounted the misfortunes of innocence oppressed, fresh from Nature’s hands; I have now to tell of those of innocence adorned by virtues innate and acquired, and by all the graces.

“Celestial Beings who watch over the destinies of France, inspire me and bestow upon my pen the power of depicting the truth, and with it a style befitting my subject!

“On leaving the Prince’s chamber¹ we ascended to Madame’s room; I counted the steps and, unless my memory plays me false, there were eighty-two of them.² The Commissioners informed us that these rooms had been occupied by the King.³ I had found them very high up when I had proceeded there in October 1792, but I no longer recognised them, owing

¹ Before going up to the third floor, Harmand and his colleagues had spent some time on the second, in order to acquaint themselves with the state of the Dauphin’s health.

² That is between the second and third floors. From the ground floor to the first storey there were more than a hundred.

³ This is an error. The King’s quarters, on the second floor, were occupied by the Dauphin. The third floor had been the Queen’s.

to the changes that had been effected since that date. In order to shut out the view from the King and his august companions, on the pretext that certain faithful subjects were in the habit of going to the top windows of the houses round about the Temple in order to testify by signs their hopes or their grief, not only had the walls round the building been raised to an enormous height, but the windows of their horrible prison had been barricaded on the outside with certain wooden structures known, I believe, as 'abat-jour' (screens). The effect was that there was little light; it was in fact practically dark. When, however, I reached the first room opposite the open door of another room which led out of it, I thought I recognised, at the far end of the latter, the door¹ through which I had seen Cléry, the King's valet-de-chambre, disappear, when he was summoned by his royal master on the occasion which I have described.

"We had been warned by the Commissioners, as I have already stated, that Madame would not deign to speak to us.

"I do not know to what to ascribe the mental alertness and lightness of heart which I experienced on my arrival there. I no longer suffered from that sense of oppressive but indescribable grief. It existed as powerfully as ever, but I was not weighed down by it. If I had been permitted to speak, had I dared

¹ With one or two trifling exceptions the arrangement of the rooms was the same on both floors, and it is by no means surprising that Harmand should have thought he recognised the rooms of the second floor when he visited those on the third. As a matter of fact, however, the door referred to did not exist on the third floor.

to express all that was in my mind, I verily believe that I should have been forgiven.

"A very large fireplace and, in it, a very small fire appeared opposite the door of entry. On the left was a bed and, at the foot of the bed, the door of the other room of which I have spoken.¹

"It was a bleak wet day, and the cold seized you as you entered the great room with its lofty, old-fashioned ceiling and walls of enormous thickness. The whole place seemed to me damp and chilly, though very orderly.

"Madame was seated in an armchair beneath one of those windows which, as I have described above,² were blocked by large grilles and were several feet above the level of the head. It was the only one which lighted the room. A ray of light, broken and partially intercepted by the grille, descended perpendicularly without throwing any light around. Beneath the window the effect of this shaft of light was such as might be produced in a dark place by means of a mirror presented to the sun, and Madame, as she sat under this disc of light, seemed as though invested with an aureole of glory. Such was my idea of this scene, truly worthy of an artist's brush.

¹ The only door in Madame Royale's room, beside the door of entry, was that leading to the little room in the turret, and that was on the right, and not on the left facing the fireplace. The confusion between the two floors is here manifest, for on the second, in the King's former quarters, there was a door leading from Louis XVI.'s room to that of Cléry. The ladies had frequently requested that a similar door should be made in their apartments, but this had always been refused.

² In the account of his visit to the Dauphin.

"Madame, who was dressed in a gown of plain grey cotton, was sitting huddled up as though she were not sufficiently clad and protected from the cold. She was wearing a hat which, as well as her shoes, seemed much the worse for wear. Madame was knitting. Her hands looked swollen and purple with cold, and her fingers were disfigured with chilblains. Madame knitted with difficulty and with an air of obvious discomfort.

"I should mention that I went into the room alone, my colleagues remaining at the doorway, whence, however, they could see and hear all that took place. The Commissioners of the Commune had stayed in a little office which I noticed on my way up, but which I did not take sufficient stock of to enable me to describe it.¹

"Madame turned her head slightly as I came in, my entrance appearing to cause her some uneasiness. I was quite a stranger to Her Royal Highness, and it was natural that my arrival should occasion her some misgiving. Was I the herald, she no doubt wondered, of some fresh event, some new catastrophe, some further trouble?

"The state in which I found Her Royal Highness did not admit of any introductory remark on my part, or allow me time to explain the object of our visit. I had determined, on my way up, to ask her to permit me to converse with her, but I could not carry out my intention. This then is how I began. I do not offer it as a model method for opening a

¹ The ante-chamber which preceded Madame Royale's room.

conversation, but simply as an indication of the embarrassment and confusion into which I was thrown. All my fine plans were scattered to the winds.

“ ‘Madame,’ said I, ‘how is it you are sitting so far away from the fire when it is so exceedingly cold?’

“ ‘Her Highness replied :—

“ ‘Because I cannot see near the fire-place.’

“ ‘But, Madame, by making up a bigger fire the room would be warmer, and you would not feel it so cold under the window.’

“ ‘They do not give me any wood’—such was Madame’s response.

“ ‘I have said, and I repeat, that the fire was a very small one. It was, indeed, composed of three little fagots of wood (called in Paris *bois de cotrets*) placed on a heap of cinders.

“ ‘After what the Commissioners had told me I hardly expected a reply, whereas I had not only obtained two, but I further noticed that Madame ceased working now and again, and that she looked on me without fear or disdain, and even with an expression of tranquil expectation.

“ ‘I then assumed a little courage and ventured to say, ‘Madame, the government, which only learnt yesterday of the pains and indignities which you have had to suffer, and of which the evidences are only too clearly present to my eyes, has sent us here, in the first place to confirm the existing state of affairs, and in the second to receive your orders for any changes you may desire and the circumstances admit.’

“ ‘Madame had not been accustomed to this mode

of address since she had been in captivity. Her bearing showed this, but she made no reply.

“After my brief speech I took the liberty of walking round the room in which Madame was sitting, and of inspecting the furniture in it as well as that in the adjoining chamber.¹ There was not a great deal of it, but it was of good quality and well looked after.

“In a corner of the second room, on the same side as Madame’s bed, was a very fine grand piano.² Ill at ease, and anxious to find another excuse for making Her Highness speak, and of showing her that my clumsiness was less the effect of stupidity than of the equivocal position in which I was placed, I touched the keyboard of the piano, and, although I was no judge of the matter, I told Madame that I thought the instrument was out of tune, and asked her if she would like me to send someone to put it right.

“‘No, Monsieur,’ she replied, ‘the piano is not mine, it is the Queen’s. I have not played on it, and I will not do so.’

“Who could express, who could give an idea of the full significance of this touching reply? Those alone who are capable of feeling can fathom its painful meaning, and be moved by it. I did not fail to realise it, and my legs trembled beneath me from their burden of grief.

¹ Clearly the ante-chamber, since there was no direct connection between Madame’s room and the other bedroom which had formerly been occupied by Madame Elisabeth.

² The Queen had certainly had a piano. *Mémoires de dépenses faites pour Louis XVI.*, December 1792, payment to the pianoforte maker. *Papiers du Temple*, by M. de la Morinerie.

"I then went back to the other room. I had to pass by the foot of the bed, which was very well made, but I then did a most imprudent thing, which could not be justified by any intention on my part, however good and well-meaning. I passed my hand lightly over the foot of the bed to see what sort of quality the bed-clothes were. I clearly saw, however, that this action, which I greatly regretted, though nothing was further from my intentions than to give offence, had quite destroyed in the mind of Her Royal Highness the favourable impression my earlier proceedings had created.

"Still the thing was done. I perceived my mistake immediately, and endeavoured to palliate it by interrogating Madame as I ought to have done in the first instance without touching the bed. I inquired if she was satisfied with her bed, and she did me the honour to reply 'Yes.'

"I added :—

"'And with the linen, Madame?'

"Her answer was :—

"'For several weeks past they have given me none.'

"Every detail of the scene must have served to augment her indignation and grief, but at this last reply of Her Royal Highness the pain of my colleagues and myself knew no bounds. They expressed it vigorously by word and gesture, calling down curses upon the guilty Commune.

"Nevertheless I still continued my bold inventory of Madame's room. There were some mahogany

shelves in the two corners of the fire-place, above the mantel-piece, and on them a few books.

“I was in despair at the thought that on quitting the Temple I should only leave behind me, in the mind of Her Royal Highness, the reputation shared by all who had visited her up to then. There was, however, such a vast difference between them and myself, in every respect, that although I had not the honour of being known, I felt indignant with myself for having given Madame just occasion to remark that hitherto she had not seen a single being who had any acquaintance with good manners. I was anxious to recover my lost ground, and if no witnesses had been present, witnesses whom, though they were not malevolent, I did not trust, repentance, respect and every feeling I owed as a Frenchman to Madame would have inspired me, and I felt clearly what I should have been called upon to do and say. But the opportunity was not favourable, and, moreover, my powers were restricted.

“In this perplexing situation I went up to the shelves of which I have just made mention. There were not more than ten or a dozen octavo et duodecimo volumes upon them. The first I happened to take up was an ‘Imitation of Jesus Christ,’ and the rest were all books of a religious and devotional character.

“I took the liberty of pointing out that these books were hardly calculated to procure for her the distraction and relaxation her situation required, and I ventured to ask her if she would care to have some others to read.

“ Judge of her reply.

“ ‘No, Monsieur,’ were her words, ‘such books as these are the only ones that befit my situation.’

“ How sublime, how edifying a response. Her misfortunes and her God ! God and her virtues ! Such, during her most unjust captivity, were the sole companions and preoccupations of Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France.

“ The fresh train of thought into which I was cast by this sublime response and Madame’s graciousness in deigning to answer me somewhat restored my self-respect. I thus learnt from a young and great princess that, though cut off from the world and beset by the greatest troubles, a steadfast and righteous soul may find consolation.

“ I should have liked to withdraw in order to meditate, without interruption, upon this noble thought, but it would have been neither possible nor seemly in me to leave without assuring Her Royal Highness that, in accordance with our report, the Government would lose no time in changing the present condition of affairs at the Temple. In giving her this assurance I begged her to let me know if there was any preliminary service that could be rendered her that very day.

“ Madame first made a request for some wood ; then, doubtless feeling more confident, she condescended to ask me about the young prince, her brother.

“ It had never entered our heads (who indeed would have conceived such a thing ?) that the Commune would push its barbarous severity to the point of

depriving these two youthful and illustrious victims of the pleasure of seeing each other.

“ So, in the course of the terrible hours we spent in the Temple, we passed from one shocking disclosure to another, and our indignation grew greater and greater.

“ ‘ Madame,’ I answered, ‘ we had the honour to see him before we came to you.’

“ ‘ Can I see him ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, Madame.’

“ ‘ Where is he ? ’

“ ‘ In this place, beneath your rooms, and we will arrange for you to see and communicate with each other whenever you may desire.’

“ So saying we retired and bade the Commissioners carry out, then and there, the promises we had just made to Madame.

“ The princess had, no doubt, dined at the same time and in the same manner as her brother, but everything had been cleared away, and put in a state of order that was a pleasure to behold, by the time we reached her room.

“ Fear and shame prevented me from asking Madame any details concerning this meal, and all we could do was to give orders that the circumstances should not be allowed to occur again, and this we did.

“ As we descended the tower in which the illustrious scions of the most august family in Europe were imprisoned, and in which one of them was soon to perish, a victim of unheard-of cruelty and unparalleled barbarities, and whence she who was the hope and glory

of France was afterwards to issue, my colleagues and I, with tears in our eyes, after freely confiding in one another our opinions and feelings of profound affliction, once more agreed that we would demand a secret sitting of the Committee in order that we might place our report before it. I hasten to state that the Government showed the utmost zeal in endeavouring to give effect to the promises we had made in its name, and in bringing to pass that very evening the hopes to which we had given rise.

“ I was to have been entrusted with the execution of these matters, which would have been a much more agreeable experience for me than that which I have just described, but, as I have already stated, an intrigue compassed my removal, in the capacity of Commissioner, to the West Indies, whither I set out a few days later without knowing how the intentions of the Government had been carried out, nor whether the young Prince had had those interviews with his august sister. Such is probably the case, but I know nothing for certain about the matter.”

CHAPTER III

FURTHER DETAILS CONCERNING THE TREATMENT OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN IN THEIR PRISON—THEIR SEPARATION—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN—AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

ON the 31st March 1795 Laurent left the Temple, we know not why.¹ His place was taken by Étienne Lasne, a house-painter, a man of thirty-eight, who, to judge by his gossipings with Beauchesne,² seems to have been a "gay dog," like so many others of the French Guard, to which he belonged. Lasne was "an honest man," writes Madame Royale, and the prisoners who occupied the tower after her did not belie her statement,³ but his wife was "a harpy."

¹ It would be very interesting to learn the reason. Beauchesne states, without citing his authority, that Laurent had just lost his mother. No such circumstance is mentioned in the records published by Victor Tantet, *Revue Hebdomadaire*, 19th August 1905. At the time of the inauguration of the Directory Laurent was "chef du bureau de la justice et de la police dans les bureaux du nouveau gouvernement." In 1796, he went to San Domingo, and returning to Paris in Year V. was employed at the Ministry of Police until Year VII. He died at Cayenne on the 12th August 1807.

² Beauchesne became acquainted with Lasne in 1837.

³ "The honesty and humanity of the concierge, M. Lasne, formed a marked contrast with the savagery of the *sbirri* of the Directory. He had always treated the prisoners with great consideration, and he maintained this reputation with regard to us." *La déportation des députés à la Guyane* by the Chevalier de Larue, p. 58, note.

"Lasne was a good fellow enough, though he had a very sharp

She did not, however, appear at the Temple during the imprisonment of the daughter of Louis XVI.

The latter remained from the 10th May 1794 to the 21st June 1795 without setting eyes on a woman. She had been brought to the pass of not allowing her guards to enter her room unless it was absolutely necessary, taking her meals from their hands at the threshold. Belanger, the architect, who went on duty at the Temple on the 12th prairial, says that while he was at the tower there was not a sentry who would allow him to visit the room occupied by the Princess.

"They brought up her dinner to her, and when she heard them at the door which led out on to the staircase, she opened it, took what they had brought her, and apparently handed back some crockery; then without uttering a word she went in and shut the door. In the evening they came to tell me that Marie Thérèse Charlotte would be walking on the platform after her meal. I was conducted thither. The Princess was very plainly dressed. She was wearing

manner. His wife was a harpy, and made us pay three livres for a detestable dinner, without any wine, which she prepared herself in a very slovenly manner." P. Fr. Remusat, *Mémoire sur ma détention au Temple, publié par la Société d'histoire contemporaine*, by Victor Pierre, p. 25.

M. le Baron de Maricourt, great grandson of Baron Hue, relates that one of his relatives saw Madame Lasne at Avon, whither she had retired after the death of her husband. "Madame Lasne, about 1850, was a person of advanced age, very spare and prim. Her face, which was still handsome, was framed by those long ringlets called 'anglaises.' She was very talkative, and her eyes filled with tears when she showed Madame Hue (her visitor) a portrait and some mementoes of the Dauphin. She talked a great deal about the young Prince's death." *Souvenirs du Baron Hue publiés par le Baron de Maricourt, son arrière-petit-fils*, p. 143, note.

a reddish-coloured bodice, and round her neck was a muslin fichu which had actually got a hole in it. She had a book in her hand, and was walking rapidly round and round the platform,¹ which had been fitted up with Venetian shutters to block the view from the inside. To demonstrate the interest I took in her plight, I picked up some pieces of slate and inserted them between the laths of the shutters to enable her to see out. After her walk she went down to her room.”²

From January 1794 until the 9th thermidor we have no information concerning the prisoner's treatment, but at the time of Harmand's visit she was well cared for. From the material point of view it is clear she lacked nothing, and that, then at all events, she was not reduced to mending “her stockings and even her shoes.”³ On the 20th November 1794 she was supplied with—

5 ells of linen at 20 livres the ell.

9 ells of ribbon at 6 livres the ell.

16 busks at 10 sols apiece.

8 ells of lace at 5 livres the ell.

There was also a payment of 72 livres in respect of four corsets at 18 livres each.⁴

¹ “Early in the spring they (Lasne and Gomin) asked me to go up on to the tower, which I did” (Madame Royale's narrative).

² National Archives, BB³⁰ 264; information supplied by M. Frédéric Barbey.

³ *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Tourzel*, ii. p. 320.

⁴ *Mémoires des ouvrages faits et fournis par moi, Diacre, tailleur, rue Denis No. 58, par ordre du commissaire du Temple pour la fille de Capet, ce 30 brumaire, An III.* (National Archives, F⁷ 4393, Pièce No. 128).

In January 1795 the following entry occurs in the accounts of Liénard, the steward :—

“ 4 pairs of cotton stockings for the girl Capet, 64 livres.

“ Thread, needle, ribbons, and a thimble for the girl Capet, 36 livres.

“ One pound of powder, 3 livres.”

We also find “ thread, knitting-needles, and pomade,” and several luxuries, such as “ tea, syrup of orange blossom, liquorice,” etc.

There was plenty of washing done, to judge by the laundry bill for the month of germinal, Year III.¹ (21st March to 19th April 1795).

Thérèse Capet's Linen.

1 Nankin morning jacket, to be mended.

2 Cotton dresses, one to be mended.

2 Aprons.

21 Shifts.

8 Towels.

13 Cambric handkerchiefs.

6 Linen overalls.

9 Linen petticoats.

1 Dimity under-petticoat.

2 Corsets.

1 Pair of pockets.

2 Caps of lawn, stiffened.

11 Cambric fichus.

¹ *Tour du Temple*. Expenditure from vendémiaire to nivôse, Year III. (September 1794 to January 1795) (National Archives, F⁷ 4393).

7 Lawn fichus.

7 Linen caps.

1 Pair of grey stockings, to be mended.

1 Pair of black silk stockings.¹

It is no easy matter to discover from the expenditure of the *chef de cuisine* what the children of Louis XVI. were given to eat, since the supplies for the Civil Commissioners, the guards, and doubtless the whole domestic staff were entered indiscriminately.

However, from time to time we notice items like these :—

1st germinal, 2 chickens for the prisoners, 20 livres.

8th germinal, 2 chickens for the prisoners, 20 livres.

11th germinal, 1 chicken for the prisoners, 10 livres, and the same again on the 18th, 21st, 24th, and 30th. Then there are mushrooms, salsify, asparagus. Often too we find cake, sweetmeats, one pound of chocolate, syrup of marsh-mallow. It even appears that days of abstinence were thought of. On 21st germinal, which happened to be Friday the 10th April, fish and a bundle of asparagus were served, and again on the 28th, also a Friday, we find ten livres paid for whiting. The meals must have been properly served, for the table linen was changed every day.²

¹ There is very little difference between the washing bills for the months of nivôse and ventôse, Year III. For the month of pluviôse (January and February), the Dauphin's linen sent to the wash only comprises three shirts, four cambric handkerchiefs, one cravat, and two cotton caps. No stockings (National Archives, F⁷ 4393).

² National Archives, F⁷ 4393.

To whom was the girl Capet indebted for these attentions? Who had the courage to mark, probably without anyone's knowledge, the connection between the months with their pagan names and the old "slave style" calendar in order to prepare for her at certain times the food which she desired? Gomin had not got enough spirit; Lasne, we may take it, did not give the matter a thought. There was, however, down in the kitchens of the tower, an honest fellow, loyal to his culinary duties and devoted to his former masters. This was Meunier, a former servant in the royal kitchens at the Tuileries. He had followed Louis XVI. to the Temple in the capacity of *rôtisseur*, and since the 13th August 1792 he had not left his spits. Thus there were some humble folk whom the fury of the storm did not reach. To them the principal hardship of the Revolution was the rise in prices. In August 1794, when Liénard was carrying out his great reforms, Meunier was given Gagnié's place as *chef de cuisine*, and he it was without doubt who did his best to send up to the Princess the proper Friday fare.

This was not the only way in which her feelings were studied; there were others, more mysterious and more tragic.

Early in June 1795 the unfortunate child who had been languishing for months on the second storey of the Great Tower grew so weak that it was feared he would die. The doctors were summoned, and the matter was all the more grave in that they could not say for certain what the malady was. How was it that the compassionate men who nursed him had not

the courage to inform his brave and lonely sister in her lofty prison-room? They knew that in a few hours these orphans, who had already suffered so many sorrows, would be sundered for ever. Besides, they would have incurred no risk, for Barras, nearly a year ago, had given orders that the children were to be united, and Harmand, Mathieu, and Reverchon had, more recently, confirmed these orders in the name of the Committee of General Surety. What higher power then was it that kept them so relentlessly apart? Marie Thérèse was no longer ignorant that her brother was near her in the tower, for Harmand had revealed it.

Was it, then, her brother? It cannot be denied that the cruel act which debarred the Princess from approaching the sick bed of the Dauphin evoked a doubt concerning the identity of the dying child that has never been dispelled. Even though no other circumstance had cast its shadow over that last dark tragedy of the Temple, the mind would ever be justified in refusing to admit that such implacable and useless severity could have been persisted in without some deep and hidden motive. It is as though history were fated ever to bear the burden of this crowning act of cruelty.

Whoever he may have been the child died on Monday the 8th June at three o'clock in the afternoon. At the request of Pelletan, his medical attendant, he had been placed during the last few days in the parlour on the second floor of the little tower, a rectangular-shaped building adjoining the north side of the Great Tower. The Royal Family had been quartered there

at the commencement of their captivity. This little parlour had been the Queen's room until 26th October 1792. It had a large window with a balcony facing west which admitted plenty of sun and air. Doors had been made in the wall of the staircase of the keep so that the rooms of the great and little towers communicated with one another practically on the same level,¹ and Gomin was able to move his little patient without being seen by the guards stationed on the first floor of the keep.

Marie Thérèse knew nothing of all these changes. Had she listened carefully she might have heard strange noises echoing through the tower, bells rung hastily at unusual hours, and hurried footsteps on the stairs. On the 8th of June Gomin went to the Committee of General Surety to report that the child was dead. He returned towards nightfall, and at supper-time went up with Caron to the prisoner's room, and then, indeed, had her watchfulness been aroused, she must infallibly have read in the constrained demeanour of the two men, in their silence and their compassionate eagerness to do her bidding, that the

¹ The communications are marked on the plans of the two towers preserved in the National Archives, and notwithstanding all that has been said, the arrangements must have been as indicated, since the little tower only had a staircase of its own from the first floor upwards. Up to that point the staircase of the keep was used. Hue describes his entry into the Temple in the following terms: "A low narrow doorway led to a spiral staircase." "*When I passed from this main staircase to a smaller one which led to the second floor, etc. . . .*"

The municipal officer Goret says, "They (the prisoners) were then in the building which backed on to the tower, *the staircase of which branched off from that of the tower.*"

Angel of Death had just passed over the tower. Were they then so careful to compose their countenances? At all events, it is a fact that she suspected nothing. When, on the following day, the surgeons proceeded to make the post-mortem examination, she heard nothing, neither the scraping of the saw on the little skull, nor the goings and comings of Guermont, the water-carrier, who was kept hard at work that morning. The day after, not a sound of the sinister strokes of the hammer reached her ears nor of the tramp of the guard on the floor below. If, at sundown, she had thought of peering out through a crevice in the hoarding riveted to her windows, she might have beheld the soldiers of the guard taking part—silently, on her account—in the passing of the little bier of white wood that was being borne out of the close. But she noticed nothing of it all; neither Gomin's sobs,¹ nor the measured tread of the bearers on the gravel of the courtyard, nor the voices of the women of the neighbourhood gathered round the gateway of the Temple. At night the deep silence that enveloped the lower storeys of the tower failed to rouse her suspicions. Only from time to time there stole upon her ear a hollow, moaning sound. It never varied, and she had known it long, but had not been able to discover whence it came. It was Tison wailing in his cell.²

¹ The Commissioners wept bitterly for him, so greatly had he endeared himself to them. (Madame Royale's narrative.)

² We had ascended a few steps, when we were arrested by a piteous moaning sound proceeding from a grating on the staircase. It was such as one would associate rather with the den of some filthy animal than with a place tenanted by a human being. We were

46 THE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XVI

At dawn, though the Princess knew it not, a great change had taken place in her existence. The orphan boy of ten, at whose name the Republic trembled, was no longer in the Great Tower of the Temple. She alone remained of all those who had entered there three years before. The bodies of the rest were now dispersed among all the common burial-grounds of Paris.

told that a former valet-de-chambre of Louis XVI. was shut up there. I have forgotten his name. *Anecdotes de Harmand de la Meuse*, 2nd Edition. 175.

CHAPTER IV

MADAME DE CHANTERENNE APPOINTED COMPANION TO THE PRINCESS—PETITION OF THE PEOPLE OF ORLEANS FOR THE RELEASE OF MARIE THÉRÈSE—MME. DE MACKAU AND MME. DE TOURZEL VISIT THE PRISONER.

ON the 13th June, 1795, just three days after the body of the child who had died in the Temple had been borne to the cemetery of Sainte Marguerite, the Committee of General Surety, as if anxious to proclaim that it was the boy alone whom they had wished to keep so closely hidden, but that they no longer intended to subject the girl to the penalty of such mysterious isolation, informed the Commissioners of Administrative Police that it was their intention to provide a companion for the daughter of Louis Capet. With this end in view, they instructed them to submit, within twenty-four hours, the names of three women from whom they would choose the one best suited for the post. They were to be of irreproachable character and staunch Republicans. The matter was a delicate one and the Commissioners replied as follows :—

“ Paris, 27th Prairial, 3rd Year of the French Republic,
one and indivisible (14th June 1795).

“ The Commissioners of Police are fully sensible of the signal mark of confidence with which the Committee

of General Surety has honoured them in entrusting them with the duty of selecting three candidates for the position of companion to the daughter of Louis Capet. Nothing would have afforded them more pleasure than to have been able to fulfil this mission within the twenty-four hours accorded them; they feel, however, compelled to point out that, with whatever assiduity they may apply themselves to the task, they do not anticipate being in a position to give effect to the decree of the Committee before the 28th of this month.

“BOYT, GOSSET, etc., Members of the Commission.”¹

Three days later the choice of the Committee fell upon Citoyenne Chanterenne, with regard to whom it had been furnished with the following information :

“Citoyenne Madeleine Elisabeth Renée Hillaire la Rochette, wife of Citizen Chanterenne, is about thirty years of age.

“Her father occupies an administrative position in the service of the Republic in Paris.

“Citizen Bocquet Chanterenne, her husband, who resides at No. 24 Rue des Rosiers, Section des Droits de l'Homme, is chief of a department of the Commission of Administrative Police.

“She herself has been reared with care, in circumstances of moderate ease. Her manners are agreeable and ladylike, and she is of good appearance. Although she has lived much in the country she is fully able to adapt herself to the conditions of town-life; the

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 58.

circles in which she has moved, though not brilliant, have always been select.

“She speaks French well, and writes it with ease and correctness. She also knows Italian and a little English. Her time has been spent in the study of languages, history, geography, music, drawing, and in those various pursuits and amusements with which the members of her sex are accustomed to beguile their time.

“Her commune, which she only quitted a few months ago, is Couilly near Meaux, where she was a general favourite. Her loyalty to the Republic has never been called in question.”¹

The Committee considered it vain to look for a more suitable candidate, and adopted the following resolution :—

“2nd Messidor, 3rd Year of the French Republic,
one and indivisible (20th June 1795).

“In consideration of the information furnished by the Administrative Commission of Police, the Committee of General Surety decrees that Citoyenne Magdeleine Elisabeth René Hillaire la Rochette, wife of Citizen Bocquet de Chanterenne, residing at No. 24 Rue des Rosiers, Section des Droits de l’Homme, Paris, be appointed to act as companion to the daughter of Louis Capet. Board and lodging will be provided her, and her remuneration will be fixed by a resolution of the Committee of General Surety. Permission for her to leave the Temple will be limited to occasions of urgent necessity.

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392.

"This decree will be forwarded both to the said Citoyenne Hillaire la Rochette and to the Commissioners in charge of the Temple, who will transmit it to the various departments concerned with its proper execution.

"SIGNED: Boudin, Gauthier, Gènevois, Isabeau, Rovère, Bergoing, and Lomont—representatives of the people, members of the Committee of General Surety." ¹

The same day the Committee, in a mood of belated compassion, resolved as follows:—

"Whereas the Commissioners in charge of the Temple have made various reports regarding the needs of the daughter of Louis Capet, the Commission of Mercy has been instructed to provide the daughter of Louis Capet with whatsoever she has requested for her food and maintenance, and to furnish her with a supply of books.

"The said Commission shall render an account each month of every act performed by it in pursuance of the present resolution, as well as of all other resolutions affecting the persons detained in the Temple.

"Boudin, J. F. Rovère, L. B. Gènevois, Calès, Ysabeau, Bergoing and Lomont.—The representatives of the people, members of the Committee of General Surety." ²

And on the next day the following further resolution

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 10.

² National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 23.

abolished the control of the Civil Commissioners who, since the departure of Simon eighteen months before, had taken it in turns to attend daily at the Temple to keep watch on the Royal Family.

" 3rd Messidor, Year III. (21st June 1795).

" Whereas in a letter received from the Commissioners of Police, and dated the 2nd of this month, it is petitioned that the Civil Committees be relieved of the obligation of sending daily one of their members to the Temple ; first, because of the onerous nature of the said duty ; secondly, because it withdraws them from their avocations ; and thirdly, because the death of the son of Louis Capet would appear to diminish the necessity for such a precaution, the Committee of General Surety has determined that the provisions of articles 3 and 4 of its decree of the 7th Brumaire last, enacting that a member of the Civil Committees of the Sections of Paris be called on to attend each day at the Temple, shall be abrogated.

" The present resolution shall be forwarded by the Commissioners of Police to the Civil Committees of each section.

" SIGNED : Gauthier, Boudin, Pierre Guyomar, Courtois, Marie Joseph Chénier, Lomont, Monmayou, Pierret and Bergoing,

" Certified true copy,

" JOLLIVET." ¹

Although the daughter of Louis XVI. was not yet allowed to quit the Temple, she was no longer a

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 67.

prisoner there in the strict sense of the word. She was henceforth relieved of all apprehension of annoyance from the capricious humours of the different Commissioners, while pity for her calamities had long since disarmed the severity of her permanent warders, who showed themselves both attentive and respectful. At this period the staff of surety at the tower comprised, besides Lasne and Gomin, only Darque the concierge, Baron and Gourlet the turnkeys, and Richard and Mancel the gaolers.¹ The military guard had been reduced to fifteen men.²

Since the news of the Dauphin's death had got abroad, there had been a strong reaction in favour of the young Princess. The thoughts of all France were centred on the famous tower, the terror of honest men. The thought that its last victim was awaiting her death within its gloomy walls was more than could be borne, and from every heart the cry went up "Forbear." Already on the 18th June a deputation from the city of Orleans had presented a petition at the bar of the Hall of Convention demanding, in the following terms, the release of Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Bourbon :—

" Citizen Representatives,—

" Though you have loosed the fetters of many a victim of a dark and cruel policy, there yet languishes in a ghastly prison a hapless girl who, born to an heritage of sorrow, bereft of all consolation and help, has been brought, at length, to mourn the loss of all

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce 273.

² National Archives, F⁷ 4392.

she held most dear. Though but a child, she is an orphan ; though but a child, she has drunk so deep of the cup of bitterness that she has surely most grievously expiated her one crime, that of her royal birth. Who is there so steeled against compassion that he can restrain his tears at the sight of such youth and such innocence wedded to such calamities ?

“ Now that clemency may raise her voice, without fear of the assassin’s dagger or the executioner’s axe, we crave that she may be set free and restored to her kindred. For who amongst you would compel her to dwell amid scenes that are still reeking with the blood of her beloved ones ? Justice and mercy cry aloud for her deliverance. Is there a heart so craven, a mind so base, as to wish to hold her in captivity ?

“ Come then, as to a shrine, and gather round those walls, all sons of France whose hearts are not proof against pity, and all who have tasted kindness at the hands of this ill-starred family. Come and, mingling our tears, let us beg for the freedom of this innocent child. Surely our prayers will be heard, you will grant them, Citizen Representatives, and Europe will acclaim your resolution, and the day of her liberation will be for us, and for the whole of France, a day of happiness and rejoicing.

“ Rozier père, Singèle, Tremblat, Filiâtre, Lefèvre, Cujantre, Porcher, Vallet, Gibbon, Costé, Potier de Mersan.” ¹

The Convention greeted this courageous petition

¹ De Beauchesne, *Louis XVII.*, vol. ii. p. 374, note.

with applause : its Committee of Public Safety, "in order to avoid the appearance of too absolute a concession to popular sentiment and to impart a revolutionary character to the step towards which they felt themselves impelled,"¹ made the release of Madame Royale conditional upon Austria consenting to give up, in exchange for the Princess, the five representatives of the people and the minister who were handed over in 1793, by Dumouriez, to the Prince of Coburg, as well as the post-master Drouet, who had been captured on the frontiers of Hainault, and the ambassadors Maret and Sémonville, who had been made prisoners in Italy—all of whom had been kept, for many months, in solitary confinement in the Imperial prisons. The Emperor of Austria would have preferred that the exchange should affect only the prisoners of war, and was willing to offer a ransom of two million francs for Madame.

There did not seem much likelihood of a settlement on this basis ; nevertheless, the principle was adopted, and on the 30th June it was made the subject of a motion by Treilhard,² and the Assembly passed the following formal resolution :—

"An Act providing that the daughter of the last King of the French shall be handed over to Austria as soon as the representatives of the people, etc., detained by order of the Austrian Government, shall have been set at liberty.

¹ A. Nettement, *Vie de Marie Thérèse, fille de Louis XVI.*

² The text is given in *Le Moniteur* of the 15th messidor, Year III.

" 12th Messidor, Year III.

" The National Convention, after hearing the report of its joint Committees of Public Safety and General Surety, declares that when the five representatives of the people, the minister, the French ambassadors and the persons composing their suite, who were handed over to Austria, and detained by her, shall have been set at liberty and conducted to French soil, the daughter of the last King of the French shall be delivered to whomsoever may be chosen by the Austrian Government to receive her; and that the other members of the Bourbon family now detained in France shall be free to quit the territory of the Republic.¹

" The National Convention orders the Committee of Public Safety to take all measures necessary to ensure the promulgation and execution of this decree.

" The National Convention decrees that the Report be printed, distributed, and inserted in full in the minutes."

As yet the young Princess knew nothing of the measures that had been taken concerning her. Some better clothing had been given her, " two morning gowns of coloured taffeta, and two of pekin and cottonnade with a lining of Florence taffeta, six pairs of coloured silk stockings, six pairs of shoes, two dozen chemises of finest Dutch linen, and a green silk gown," ² while orders had been given " to mend as much of her apparel as possible." She had, moreover, been granted

This refers to the wife and children of Philippe Égalité, the Duchesse de Bourbon and the Prince de Conti, at that time imprisoned at Marseilles.

² Beauchesne, *loc. cit.*

the use of "paper, pencils, Indian-ink and brushes," and books had been obtained for her from a library in the Rue Saint-Marc, namely Vély's *Histoire de France*, and Fontenelle's *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*. Further than this, no mitigation had been introduced into the severity of her captivity. No one had informed her of her mother's fate or of that of her aunt and her brother; the prison blinds of her windows had never been removed.¹ While the journals gave out that "pending her departure for Austria the daughter of Louis XVI. was to be sent into the country,"² her monotonous promenades were still confined to the platform of the tower, where she could see no farther than the oak planks which walled up the spaces between the battlements, and where she beheld no living creature save the bats which, at dusk, wheeled in restless flight around the turret-roofs.³

So weary was she of her solitude, so faint-hearted and low-spirited had she grown, that she used to declare that if ever she were granted the society of a person who was not quite a monster, such a person she could not forbear to love.⁴

One day—it was the 21st or 22nd of June⁵—Marie Thérèse was reading in her room near the window; the door opened, but she paid no heed to the sound. With

¹ Fauche-Borel found them there when he was imprisoned in the Temple at the end of the Consulate (*Mémoires*, iii. p. 24).

² The *Courrier Republicain* of the 5th messidor, Year III.

³ Fauche-Borel, *Mémoires*, iii. p. 43.

⁴ *Souvenir de Quarante ans. Récit d'une dame de Madame la Dauphine*, by the Princesse de Béarn, p. 252.

⁵ Certainly not before, since the decree of the Committee of General^s Surety, appointing Citoyenne Chanterenne, is dated the 20th,

noiseless tread someone crossed the room and fell at the feet of its lonely occupant. It was a woman, well-dressed, distinguished-looking, young and of elegant appearance. She was trembling, and her eyes were filled with tears. This was Madame de Chanterenne.¹ She briefly explained what had brought her to the Temple, and added that, for the future, she was to have the honour of dwelling with Madame. What were the first thoughts that crossed the mind of the daughter of Louis XVI. we can only conjecture. Perhaps a shadow of suspicion may have prevented her, at first, from unburdening her heart to her new friend. But from the very outset her unknown visitor must have appeared like the good fairy of the tale who comes and breathes a kiss upon the sleeping princess and wakes her from a hundred years of heavy slumber. The sound of a gentle voice calling her *Madame* (and it might be *Your Royal Highness* later on in their *tête-à-têtes*), all the unremitting attentions to which she had so long been a stranger, the delight of having near her someone of a compassionate and sensitive nature, the knowledge that the ghastly nightmare was over, and that this tender care, these bright looks, and these gentle feelings were to wrap her round every day like an atmosphere—to what agency could she have ascribed this sudden and delightful change in her surroundings but to the magical intervention of an enchanter?

¹ The Marquis Costa de Beauregard, who has had access to the letters preserved in the Chanterenne family, has given a very touching account of this first interview. *Mémoire rédigé par Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France*. Preface. See below.

She fell to loving her companion with a love that was at once full of admiration and tender childish eagerness, the sort of affection that springs up spontaneously in the heart of a girl of sixteen. Madame de Chanterenne was clearly the perfection of tact and prudence. Hers was not an easy part to play. She had been enjoined not to breathe a word to Madame Royale which might reveal to her the fate of her mother and of Madame Elisabeth, and, least of all, that of the Dauphin. But what reply could the kind-hearted companion make to the Princess, "who used to ask every day if she might see her young brother."¹ What was the reason of this caution after all the cruelty that had been practised? What scruple, what misgiving, what feeling of shame or fear made the Committee of General Surety so anxious to conceal the fact that the child had died on the 8th of June. Even if it be argued that Madame de Chanterenne was ignorant of a circumstance that was common property for the rest of the world, what menace was it that sealed the lips of Lasne and Gomin who had actually been witnesses of his death? It was to them no doubt that Marie Thérèse addressed her most urgent inquiries. How must they have borne

¹ Although the wording of this injunction is not exactly known, since it was no doubt given verbally, Madame de Chanterenne's silence on this unhappy subject is borne out by the evidence contained in the correspondence (which will be quoted later) of the fact that Madame was in the habit of wearing a *green gown*. Besides, on the 17th August, two months after Madame de Chanterenne entered the Temple, the *Gazette française* stated "The daughter of Louis XVI. is still ignorant of her brother's death." Vide Anlard. *La réaction thermidorienne* II., 173.

themselves when, weary of plying them with questions, she said one day with a sigh, "All I hope is that the poor boy will fall into good hands, and grow up to be an honest man." ¹

Marie Thérèse got on perfectly with her new friend, who, ever since her arrival at the Temple, had been scheming to obtain permission for her ward to walk in the garden. She had asked leave of Gomin and of Lasne, and they referred the matter, on the 26th June, to the Committee of General Surety in the following terms:—

"Citizen Representatives,

"Citoyenne Bocquet Chanterenne, whom you have appointed to attend on the daughter of Louis Capet, has informed us that in consequence of the latter's impaired state of health, it is absolutely necessary that she should be allowed to take exercise in the grounds of the tower.

"We would point out to the Committee that there are no longer any guards stationed during the day within the precincts, that we ourselves are in constant attendance there, and that the place is surrounded by walls thirty-six feet in height.

"We beg you, Citizen Representatives, to acquaint us with your decision in the matter.

"The regulations of the service are strictly carried out.

"GOMIN—Guard at the Temple.

"LASNE—Guard at the Temple." ²

¹ *Gazette française*, 17th August 1795. Quoted by Aulard. *Révolution thermidorienne*, II. 173.

² National Archives, F⁷ 4392. Pièce No. 6.

The permission was granted, and for the first time since the autumn of 1792 the orphan, leaning on the arm of Madame de Chanterenne, descended the broad stone staircase down which the King, the Queen, and Madame Elisabeth had all passed on their way to the scaffold, and down which quite recently a little deal coffin had been borne to the graveyard of Sainte Marguerite. For the first time for three and a half years this child of sixteen looked once more upon the trees of the quadrangle and the flowers of the garden. She beheld with startled eyes—eyes that had formerly surveyed with the indifference born of habit the stately landscapes of Versailles—the houses that overlooked the high walls of the close, houses that harboured living beings, windows without bars, attics gay with flowers, and smoking chimneys, all of them sights which the meanest citizen would not turn his head to see, but which to this daughter of a race of kings seemed like a glimpse into fairyland.

The invigorating effect of the open air and of the summer sun, the delight of treading the gravel walk between Palloy's four walls restored, in the space of a few hours, her high spirits and her girlish gaiety. Her cheeks glowed, she grew light-hearted, and bandied jokes with *Renète* as she soon came affectionately to call Madame de Chanterenne. One evening when the latter had left the Temple for a few hours, Marie Thérèse wrote her the following letter, which has been preserved in the Chanterenne family, and published by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard.¹

¹ *Mémoire rédigé par Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France. Preface.*

“ Madame,

“ It is six o'clock ; everyone is so enchanted with your company, that one is obliged to drag you away in order to have the pleasure of seeing you. That is what I should like to do ; but never mind, it is natural enough that you should love your sister Jussie,¹ and I will try and exist without you so that you may remain the longer with her. I give you then, till seven o'clock. But you must come back after that, for I hardly saw you the whole morning. You see I still retain a little kindness in my composition in spite of my foolishness this morning. . . .²

“ I must confess, however, that I am glad I put you in a rage by making you hunt for your watch a little. I took it away and put it by my side right in front of your eyes before I went into the kitchen. . . .”

In the spirited address she put on this letter one gets an idea of the innocent delight with which she revelled in her semi-freedom, and of the effect the open air had had upon her, and the liberty to while away her time as she pleased beneath the chestnuts. This is how she worded it :—

The letter of Madame Royale is not dated, but it was probably written on the 26th July, as on that day Madame de Chanterenne was away from the Temple for a few hours. See below.

¹ *Jussier* was a place name borne by one of Madame de Chanterenne's sisters.

² We only give an extract from this sprightly letter. It may be read in its entirety in the preface of the Marquis Costa de Beauregard. *Mémoire rédigé par Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France*. The original is included in the collection of M. Henri Lavedan of the Académie Française.

"Immediate. To Madame de Chanterenne, in the Temple Garden; through the fatal wicket, on seat No. 2 under the trees."

As for Madame de Chanterenne, she quickly became attached to the child who had none but her to love. After they had been together for six weeks, she sent a report of her doings to the Committee. If in this letter she insists a little too strongly on the "success of her management," she also exhibits something of the proud satisfaction that a woman would naturally feel at being called upon to play the part of Mentor to the grand-daughter of Louis XIV.

"The Temple, 10th thermidor, 3rd Year of the French Republic, one and indivisible (28th July 1795).

"Citizen Representatives,

"I have deferred writing you till now in order that I might give a fuller account of my actions in my capacity as the companion, appointed by the Committee, to the daughter of Louis Capet. From the very beginning of my residence here I have had every cause to congratulate myself on the success of my measures, a success which I can affirm with confidence now surpasses all my expectations. This result I owe to the happy disposition of my companion, who is responsive to the slightest encouragement on my side. She already possesses a strength of character far in advance of her years, and all that she requires is a proper field for the development and exercise of her talents and good qualities. Her kindness of heart is united to much strength and energy of

mind, while the brooding and constrained air which she generally used to display has given place to a frank and engaging sweetness of manner. Everything that can be of use to her she has at her disposal. The unremitting attentions of her guardians supply her every necessity. Since she has been taking more exercise, and her thoughts have been diverted, by frequent change of occupation, from melancholy subjects, her health has quite recovered.

"I will only add, Citizen Representatives, how greatly pleased I am with my charge, and how deeply I am indebted to you for having afforded me the opportunity of giving you some proof of my zeal, and the occasion of justifying the confidence you have placed in me.

"You have been informed, Citizen Representatives, by one of the last reports of the Citizens of the Temple, that I was absent for a few hours the day before yesterday on some private business of my own. I shall, however, never be away more often than is absolutely necessary, my principal object being to carry out your wishes and designs.

"Fraternal greetings,

"HILLAIRE CHANTERENNE."¹

As soon as it became generally known that the Convention had decided to appoint a companion to the daughter of Louis XVI., the Committee received numerous requests signed by well known people,

¹ National Archives, F¹ 4392, Pièce No. 5. Quoted by Beauchesne.

some of them devoted to the Royalist cause, asking permission for former "dames de Madame" to enter the Temple.

Madame Hüe was the first to make application. She was the wife of the King's valet-de-chambre, who is immortalised by a passage in the will of Louis XVI. She wrote in the following terms:—

"To the Citizens of the Committee of General Surety,

"Having learned from a decree that a person was about to be chosen to attend upon Marie Thérèse Charlotte Bourbon, who is under detention in the Temple, Citoyenne Victoire Madeleine Henriette Hutin requests you to grant her the appointment. She is thirty-four years of age, and was born at Saint Dizier in the department of Haute Marne. She is the wife of François Hue, a native of Fontainebleau, with whom she resides at No. 6 Quai de l'Egalité, Ile de la Fraternité, Paris. The said François Hue was formerly in the service of Louis XVI. and his family, whom he followed to the Temple and was there imprisoned with them.¹ Citoyenne Hue is confident that any inquiries you may make concerning her will be answered to her credit, since she has never failed in her duties to her husband or her children.

"V. M. H. HUTIN-HUE.

"7th Messidor, 3rd Year of the French Republic
(25th June 1795)."²

¹ Hue remained in the Temple from 14th August to 2nd September 1792.

² *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, published by his great grandson the Baron de Maricourt, page 193.

Madame Hüe repeated her request four times within three days, and her last letter has also been preserved:—

“ To Citizen Bergoing, President of the Committee of General Surety,

“ I venture for the fourth time to beg for a reply to the letter which I addressed to the Committee, applying for the post of companion to Marie Thérèse Charlotte Bourbon. I am aware that pressure of business may prevent you from giving your immediate attention to my request, but my anxiety is increased by the delay, and by the distressing thought that this hapless young woman is suffering increasing injury to her health for lack of the companionship of someone capable of ministering to her needs, and of sharing and assuaging the bitterness of her solitude and her misfortunes.

“ Fraternal Greetings,

“ HÜE.

“ Décadi, 10th messidor, 3rd Year of the French Republic
(28th June 1795).” ¹

Madame Hüe never received an answer to her letter. The Committee—who had been kept well informed in the matter—knew that her husband, who had been shut up in the Luxembourg during the Terror, had, immediately on regaining his freedom, put himself into communication with the Pretender who had taken refuge in Verona, and that he was now acting as one of the Paris agents of the exiled King. It was, moreover, a part of their settled policy to avoid any intercourse

¹ *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, published by his great grandson the Baron de Maricourt, p. 194.

between the young Princess and anyone directly or indirectly concerned with politics, or persons who might play the part of intermediaries betwixt herself and her uncle.

Two other letters reached the Committee almost simultaneously with that of Madame Hüe. The first was from Madame Fréminville, a former *femme de chambre* of Madame Royale. It was addressed to the representatives composing the Committee of General Surety, and was couched in the following terms :—

“ Citizen Representatives,

“ I was in close relationship with the daughter of Louis Capet from the time of her birth. I had sole charge of her during her infancy, and subsequently I was entrusted with her education. Though then a young woman and dwelling in the heart of society, I ever lived a life of retirement, the whole of my time being divided between the Princess and my three daughters. It is then with a feeling of confidence that I beg to be allowed access to this young woman, for I am convinced that a just government will do everything in its power to mitigate the hardships of the unfortunate. It will, I feel sure, afford her much consolation to see, once more, a friend whose never-failing affection is still further quickened by the knowledge of her afflictions. Even though you are unable to grant my request, I shall at all events rejoice that I have borne this testimony to my deep regard for her. I may add that of all those connected with the daughter of Louis

Capet during her infancy and girlhood, there were none but myself whose duties kept them at her side for thirteen years, none that won from her the deeply-rooted affection that such long continued service can inspire.

“FRÉMINVILLE,

“No. 8, Rue de la Michaudière.”¹

The second letter bore the signature of Madame de Mackau late governess to the Princess from whom she had only been parted on the 10th August 1792, when the mob were clamouring at the Tuileries. Madame de Mackau was advanced in years; after her imprisonment she had fled with her daughter, Madame de Soucy, to Vitry-sur-Seine whence she sent this touching letter to the Committee of General Surety:—

“Citoyenne Mackau to the representatives of the people composing the Committee of General Surety.

“Citizens,

“So long as the fate of the children imprisoned in the Temple, was in any way bound up with the politics of the nation, I refrained from giving utterance to the feelings which would naturally spring up in the heart of one who had brought them up as children. But now that the Convention appears anxious to soften the lot of the surviving child by granting her the society of such as are able to bring her consolation, I think I ought to put before the

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 28, quoted by Beauchesne.

Committee the claims I have to be near her. I had charge of her from a baby, and, when she was about seven years old, she was confided to the special care of myself and my sister-in-law, the Citoyenne Soucy, who, in the capacity of under-governesses were together occupied in her preliminary education. But at the beginning of the year 1789, she was given entirely into my hands, nor was I responsible to anyone save her parents for the performance of my duties towards her. I never left her until the 10th August, and, judging by the affection which my tender care inspired in her, I think there could be no one to whom she would wish to be reunited rather than to me ; no one who would more befittingly carry out the dictates of mercy towards her ; no one with a better title to your trust, since by a fortitude and resignation which, in the midst of all the hardships and perils that assailed me, never wavered for an instant, I have gained (as I have reason to think) the respect even of the revolutionary Committees.

“ When the Royal Family fled to Varennes (a plan of which I was kept in complete ignorance) I barely escaped with my life, owing my deliverance from the fury of the populace to the zeal and energy of the National Guard of the Quartier Saint Jacques whither I had retired. On the 3rd September I was beset by similar perils at La Force, where I was tried and acquitted by the people. It would, then, be a fitting crown to my long life if I were permitted to devote my last moments to the child who has been the innocent cause of all my sufferings. I have been lately much

indisposed, but I hope in a few days to be able to go and learn the decision of the Committee.

“ Fraternal greetings,

“ VEUVE MACKAU.

“ Vitry-sur-Seine, 18th messidor, 3rd Year of
the Republic (6th July 1795).”¹

Madame de Mackau was more fortunate than Madame Hüe and Madame Fréminville, and obtained permission to visit the Princess, her former pupil. She must have gone to the Temple at the beginning of September 1795, for a Paris newspaper, the *Messenger du Soir*, evidently well posted in what went on at the Tower, published in its issue of the 17th of that month, the following charming account of the meeting between Marie Thérèse and her former governess :—

“ The daughter of Louis XVI. was visited by Madame de Mackau, and spent a part of the day with her. Madame de Mackau, who is very aged and has suffered greatly from the effects of her long imprisonment, appeared ill and very feeble, and the daughter of Louis XVI. took her arm and passing it through her own supported her steps. Madame de Mackau carried in her hand a large white hat with which she intended to shield herself from the sun, which she found very trying, but the daughter of Louis XVI., took it from her and held it up with her unoccupied hand so that Madame de Mackau should suffer no inconvenience. Ever since this unhappy young lady has been allowed to leave the tower, she has been in

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 26, quoted by Beauchesne.

the habit of walking in the garden from five o'clock till dusk. Madame de Mackau had not arranged to leave until seven o'clock, but she did not feel equal to remaining all the time out of doors. The prisoner therefore went into the tower with her and remaining at her side shewed her every attention. It was just three years, one month, and one day, since Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Bourbon had last seen Madame de Mackau."¹

Though the visit gave great pleasure to the Princess, it was scarcely so agreeable to Madame de Chanterenne, why, we do not exactly know. It is possible that Madame de Mackau inadvertently said something calculated to shake the belief entertained by Madame Royale regarding her brother's safety. The letter quoted below, however, seems to indicate that a much more probable explanation may be found in the mortification that a woman like Madame de Chanterenne would naturally feel when she saw that a renewal of her ward's relationship with the aristocratic friends of her childhood, must inevitably entail the diminution of her own influence. It is at all events beyond question that such meetings caused Madame de Chanterenne considerable uneasiness, for she wrote in the following strain to the Committee of Surety :—

“ The Temple, 6th supplementary day, 3rd Year
of the Republic (12th September 1795).

“ Citizen Representatives,

“ In accordance with the permission of the Com-

¹ *Messenger du Soir* of the 1st complementary day of the Year III., 17th September 1795, quoted by Aulard, *Révolution Thermidorienne*, ii. p. 243.

mittee, Citoyenne Mackau has visited Marie Thérèse Charlotte who received her with the liveliest demonstrations of pleasure, while, on her side, Madame de Mackau evinced a degree of feeling which leaves no room for doubt as to the depth of affection she entertains for her interesting pupil. The latter, Citizen Representatives, appears fully to appreciate the measures that have relaxed the stringency of her confinement, particularly with regard to the facilities afforded her for the reception and entertainment of her friends. But her feelings are now satisfied on that score, she has indeed told me as much and said that meeting any other people than those whom she now sees, would be almost a matter of indifference to her. I am therefore of opinion that it would be as well to avoid, as far as possible, any unnecessary repetitions of these emotional scenes, as they may be injurious to her health or at the very least have the undesirable effect of disturbing that serenity of mind which by appealing to her reason and her fortitude I have succeeded in producing in her. Your discretion will, of course, determine whether this suggestion, which I make in accordance with the results of my own observation, is or is not worthy of your consideration, and I have no doubt that any decision you may come to will fully conform to those kindly and humane principles by which you are ever actuated, and of which Marie Thérèse Charlotte is so worthy an object. I cannot too often reiterate how eagerly this unfortunate young woman looks forward to the termination of her captivity, of which the kind actions of the

Government appear to justify the hope. Her regard for me is equalled by the affectionate interest which I take in her, and which an acquaintance with her cannot fail to evoke.

“ Fraternal Greetings,

“ HILLAIRE CHANTERENNE.” ¹

This somewhat disingenuous letter was directed not only against Madame de Mackau, but also against Madame de Tourzel; for the former governess of the Royal children had also succeeded, after much trouble, in gaining access to the Temple.²

Madame de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline, who was of the same age as Madame Royale, were both familiar with the tower. They had remained there with the family of Louis XVI. during the early days of their imprisonment, and had only come out to be again imprisoned at La Force. Subsequently, they had spent several months in the prisons of Port Libre and the English Benedictines in the Faubourg Saint Victor, and they had finally taken refuge in a hovel at Vincennes where they remained in hiding for some time.

When at length she obtained permission to see the young Princess—which was some time in the early part of September 1795.³—Madame de Tourzel in-

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 3.

² Madame de Tourzel has given a full account of the matter in her *Mémoires*, vol. ii. p. 311.

³ Madame de Tourzel does not give the date of her first interview with the Princess; but in speaking of the letter which Madame Royale wrote to her uncle, she observes, “ This letter was written the day after I first saw her.” Now that letter is dated 15th September. On the other hand, Madame la Princesse de Béarn

quired of a member of the Committee of General Surety "whether Madame was aware of all the bereavements she had sustained," and the member replied *that he knew nothing about the matter*. On reaching the Temple, Madame de Tourzel, after presenting her permit to Lasne and Gomin, asked to see Madame de Chanterenne in private. The latter asserted that Madame *was aware of all her losses*. In spite of this explicit statement it is clear from the *Mémoires* of Madame de Tourzel and still more from the *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans* written from Pauline's dictation, that, at the time in question, neither mother nor daughter regarded the Dauphin's death as an established fact. A week before the report of the young prince's death was known in Paris, Madame de Tourzel had been told by Hüe, who was still in secret communication with the prisoners, that the child was in excellent health.¹ The news of his death had therefore greatly startled and upset the ex-governess though she was still somewhat doubtful of its authenticity,² so doubtful indeed that when she was at the Temple she searched the prison register to see if she could find out something definite about the matter.³ This fact has

(Pauline de Tourzel) in her *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans* states that the second time she went with her mother to the Temple, Madame handed her a letter—which will be quoted later—evidently written that day, and this letter is dated the 6th September.

¹ *Mémoires* de Madame de Tourzel, vol. ii., p. 311.

² *Mémoires* de Madame de Tourzel, vol. ii., p. 328.

³ Madame said to me, "If you were to look in the register which is on the table here you would see the report of the Commissioners since the date we entered the Temple. I did not hesitate and

been so frequently noticed that it is useless to refer to it again.

But what seems more convincing is the entire absence of any allusion in the *Souvenirs* of Pauline de Tourzel (who always accompanied her mother to the Temple) to the young prince's death or to Madame's alleged conviction regarding it. "August and hapless child," she writes, "what fate was in store for him. . . .¹ The first thing we did on regaining our freedom was to offer our sympathy to Madame. She was all alone; *the King, the Queen, Madame Elisabeth*, all were dead.² We did not know when we went to the Temple whether Madame knew of all her losses. Was it to fall to our lot to tell her *that after having lost her father she had also lost the Queen, her mother*,

began forthwith to turn over the pages. My first desire was to find out what I could concerning our young King. I read all about his illness and all the details of his last hours and of his funeral. When I had finished the melancholy story and was beginning to read about the Royal Family, Gomin came into the library, and seeing me with the register flew into a violent passion, reproached me very bitterly with my rashness and threatened to report my action. Madame, with her customary kindness, said she was to blame for having given me the register, and said it would grieve her if the matter went any farther. The fear of bringing blame on himself put him at his wits' end, and he called in his colleague, Lasne, to know whether he could do as Madame wished. Lasne advised him not to do anything to cause her pain, but merely to make me promise not to tell anyone that I had seen the register or to mention its contents." Without laying undue stress on the misgivings of the pusillanimous Gomin, it must be observed that it would have been very strange if Madame de Tourzel had found in an *official* register anything but *official* matters. Still the fact remains that even after several visits to Madame the ex-governess was not convinced that the Dauphin was dead, and that, consequently, she did not find the Princess aware of all her bereavements.

¹ *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans*, p. 238.

² *Idem*, p. 245.

and *Madame Elisabeth*.¹ . . . Madame also spoke to us of the young King, her brother, and of the ill-usage he had daily to undergo." ² And that is all. There is only one conclusion to be drawn from these passages and that is, that neither Madame de Chanterenne, nor Madame de Mackau, nor Lasne, nor Gomin, nor Madame de Tourzel, nor her daughter Pauline had given Madame Royale any convincing evidence regarding her brother's death, and that she still deluded herself with hopes though feeling perhaps all the while that they were illusory.

* * *

Still, how tragic these meetings must have been ! Marie Thérèse knew nothing of the course of the Revolution. Almost everyone who had been attached to her family at Versailles or the Tuileries, almost all those whose names had once been so familiar to her, had disappeared. What had befallen such an one ? Nobody could tell. Another had died on the scaffold ! Another had been murdered ! Thus in a few hours of conversation she learned of such catastrophes and such disasters that the appalling horror of them remained with her to her dying day. Such no doubt was the origin of that unconquerable aversion she afterwards displayed for anything that tended to remind her of those days of bloodshed. She had for a long time been anxious to learn the fate of one of the companions of her childhood, Mademoiselle Lambriquet, the daughter of a person in the service of the Royal

¹ *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans*, p. 246.

² *Idem*, p. 246.

Family and lately attached to the household of *Monsieur*.¹

Inquiries were made, and it was found out that Lambriquet had been guillotined, and that his daughter had vanished, no one knew whither.²

On the other hand Madame discovered one of her former *femmes de service*, Madame Varennes, and her nurse, Madame Laurent.³ She had also to endure the attentions of a strange individual, the self-styled Comtesse Stéphanie Louise de Montcairzain, who called herself *her cousin*, and stated that she was the offspring of the *liaison* of the Prince de Conti with the Duchesse de Mazarin, though she was only able to offer the flimsiest of evidence in support of her claims to this exalted but irregular lineage. Of the two names Conti and Mazarin, Stéphanie had constructed the anagrammatical patronymic of *Montcairzain*. Since

¹ Jean Lambriquet "valet de chambre de la ci-devant cour de Capet et du ci-devant Monsieur," included in the *batch* of the 14th July 1794 (25th messidor, Year II.). V. Wallon. *Tribunal révolutionnaire*, v. p. 34.

² Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs. Vienna, 364.

³ "I had the happiness of giving to H.M. the Queen during her captivity, and in her last hours, proofs of my absolute devotion. I had even asked the Council of the Commune to allow me to be imprisoned in the Temple with H.R.H. the Duchesse d'Angoulême, but this favour was refused me" (vide the *Journal de Paris* of the 27th January 1793.) (National Archives, O³ 621.) After the 8th June 1795, Madame Laurent obtained permission to enter the Temple. *Mémoires historiques sur Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France*, published by J. M. Gazier. At the time of the Restoration Madame Laurent was living at No. 20 Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière. She solicited an appointment in the King's household for her future son-in-law, M. de Monforand, son of a captain in the Conti Dragoons, and a grandson of M. Rouhette, *bâtonnier des avocats* in the Parliament of Paris (National Archives, O³ 621).

1787 she had been wearying the Royal Family with her claims. She alleged that on the 9th August 1792—which seems rather late in the day—Louis XVI. had recognised her as a relation, and had made her superintendent of the Queen's household in place of Madame de Lamballe, but the events of the following day prevented him from confirming the appointment. Since then the Comtesse de Montcairzain had never missed a chance of proclaiming her royal origin, and to prove it she would willingly have died on the scaffold ; but this distinction was denied her. As soon as admission to the Temple began to be granted, she made the most of her *cousinship*, and gave the Committees no rest till they had given her leave to see her *unfortunate relative*. This adventuress has left behind her a record of her meetings with the daughter of Louis XVI., which, on account of the valuable details it contains, deserves to be quoted in full.

CHAPTER V

THE "COMTESSE DE MONTCAIRZAIN'S" STORY OF HER VISITS TO THE TEMPLE AND THEIR SEQUEL—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PARISIANS FOR THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS—THE CONCERTS AT THE ROTUNDA—POLITICAL INTRIGUE—THE EMPEROR'S DESIGNS.

"EVERYBODY is aware that, even when Robespierre was in power, Stéphanie Louise de Bourbon had requested the revolutionary government to permit her to share the captivity of her cousin Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Bourbon, the daughter of Louis XVI. No sooner had she regained her liberty than she addressed herself to the attainment of this object which she held so dear, and everybody knows (since the announcement was made public in the papers) that the permission so long sought for was granted her on the 30th thermidor¹ in the third year of the Republic. To obtain it she had spared herself neither anxiety, time nor trouble, and, at length, when she had sacrificed her health, and even her well-being, to secure this longed-for consolation, the sole favour that Stéphanie Louise was accorded by the Convention was the permission to hold communication with her cousin in the Temple.

"Her reception there may be more easily imagined

¹ 17th August 1795.

than described. But what happened is no secret, since they met in the Temple gardens which are overlooked on every side by windows daily occupied by all the sightseers of Paris, who come in a continuous stream to get a sight of the prisoner.

“ Marie Thérèse at first showed great reserve, being in ignorance of the object of the visit ; but when Stéphanie Louise made known to her, in measured terms, her deep affection, the perfect unselfishness of what she had done, and of what she hoped to do, Marie Thérèse cast herself into her cousin’s arms, and kissed and embraced her again and again. The two Commissioners of the Temple and Madame Chanterelle¹ were *eye-witnesses* of the scene. Marie Thérèse put a number of questions to her cousin. ‘ Why had she not brought any needle-work ? Did the Government protect her ? How did she live ? Did she walk or drive ? What was her income, her position, and the state of her health ? ’ The first thing she said was, ‘ *You have suffered many misfortunes. . . .* She had their chairs placed side by side, and Madame Chanterelle seated herself opposite and never took her eyes off the two unhappy women, which they found very trying. But prisoners have a way of understanding one another, and the two hapless cousins expressed with their eyes the thoughts that their lips dared not utter, and mutual embraces sealed their secret understanding. The demands of nature

¹ Contemporary documents not infrequently refer to Madame de Chanterenne by this name. The correct name, however, is undoubtedly *Chanterenne* ; see, in this connection, a note by M. Aulard. *Révolution thermidorienne*, vol. ii. p. 45.

are imperious, and it is so difficult to stifle them. . . . Madame Chanterelle more than once said things that vexed Mademoiselle de Bourbon, and her cousin took her up with an impatient stamp of the foot. . . . Stéphanie Louise said that she had begged the Government to be allowed to remain with her always; and that, if it was her cousin's wish, she would stay with her through life, and never quit her side . . . that the position to which she had been appointed in place of Madame de Lamballe, and the avowed wishes of Louis XVI. made this her duty, but that her heart inclined her still more strongly to the step. Marie Thérèse embraced her again, and more affectionately than ever, and they remained for several moments cheek pressed to cheek. Stéphanie, as well she might, looked on these demonstrations of affection as a testimony of her regard, and felt deep pride in consequence; but terrible events were to follow, as the sequel will show, and jealousy was undoubtedly the motive which brought them about. Stéphanie continued to go daily to the Temple, and every day Marie Thérèse extended to her the same welcome. On one occasion the latter complained of the quantity of fleas and bugs which tormented her. Mademoiselle de Bourbon went at once to the Committee of General Surety, passed the night there, and did not leave till she had obtained a promise that the room in the Temple should be cleaned out. The very same evening the bed was taken down, and the following day her young cousin was quit of her troubles. The unhappy girl asked Stéphanie Louise 'Whether she had had luncheon?

When her name-day was?' and begged her to fix it at as early a date as possible, saying over and over again what a pretty name *Stéphanie* was. 'We must call you *Mademoiselle de Conti*,' she said, 'so as to distinguish you from *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*.' She happened to see a dainty little basket in *Stéphanie*'s work-bag. Seeing that she greatly admired it, *Stéphanie* offered to give it to her. Her cousin accepted it, and also a ring that was in it, which *Louis XVI.* had given her as a token of his gratitude and affection. *Stéphanie* put it on her finger, repeating to her what her father had said when he presented her with the precious gift. *Marie Thérèse* asked *Stéphanie* about her former *valet-de-chambre*, whether he left his medical studies to accompany her to the Temple; whether he waited for her near the outer gates, and whether he was given a seat. She inquired also if he had taken care of her after all she had suffered, and why he did not prepare dinner for her. She told her cousin that she laced her corsets herself. *Stéphanie* begged her to let *Madame Chanterelle* dress her, telling her she might do herself an injury by twisting her arms back to lace her corsets. Next day as she embraced her she said, 'You will be satisfied now, for I have not put on my corsets.' On *Saint Louis'* day she said to *Stéphanie Louise*, 'It is your name-day to-day. It was the first thing that I thought of on getting up.' Then she asked her whether she liked wigs. *Stéphanie* replied, 'If *Madame* likes them, and wears one on her journey, I will get one.' She said that she did not, and it was agreed that they should go

without wigs ; that they should bequeath them to France. Surely that was a sufficiently clear indication that Marie Thérèse wished her cousin to go with her.

“ On another occasion she had been asking her about her debts : Madame Chanterelle said to Stéphanie, ‘ You are on excellent terms with the revolutionary Committees, you are there every day.’ Stéphanie replied, ‘ You are aware, Madame, that to obtain a request a great deal of asking is necessary.’ She answered that as far as she was concerned she had not asked to be sent to the Temple, but that the Government had *selected her in preference* to the other competitors for the coveted favour. Marie Thérèse felt this, and felt it very keenly, for she flushed and dropped her gaze. The next day as she kissed her cousin she said, ‘ You go to the Committees, and you will bear in mind that *it was not I who sent for Madame Chanterelle, but that it was the Government who selected and sent her.*’ Stéphanie Louise received this order, but did not officially give effect to it, as she had no instructions from the Government to give an account of what Marie Thérèse said to her, and she knew by experience that the Government was possibly aware of all that passed. Nevertheless, it was this incident which proved fatal to the happiness of Stéphanie Louise, and which undoubtedly was the origin of the enormities which were perpetrated against her. The next day, the 9th fructidor, in the 3rd Year of the Republic, Citizen Lasne, one of the Commissioners of the Temple, pretended that he had received orders to

exclude Mademoiselle de Bourbon from the Temple ; and, as he showed her the warrant, he folded the paper in such a manner that nothing save the first line and President Barère's signature could be seen. Mademoiselle de Bourbon did everything she could to continue her visits to her cousin, but everywhere she was told the same thing : ' Refer to Citizen Lasne, the matter is in his hands. If your cousin asks for you, you will go . . . ' After repeated applications the Committee of General Surety passed a resolution on the 13 fructidor, ordering two Commissioners to proceed to the Temple to ask Marie Thérèse in the name of the Government whether she wished to have her cousin Mademoiselle de Bourbon for her companion. On the 15th, two members of the Committee attended at the Temple, and put the question to Marie Thérèse, who replied that such was not her wish. The two members then went to report this decision to the Committee, and also to announce it to Stéphanie Louise, who, in view of all the marks of kindness, of confidence and of friendship that her relative had shown her, was equally surprised and grieved. She subsequently learned, however, that the Committee had caused some woman of ill repute to be entered in the prison register as insane under the name *Stéphanie Louise de Bourbon*, and that this woman had been paid to commit, in her name, the most flagrant acts of insanity in the very offices of the Committee itself. She further acquired the knowledge that the resolution of the Committee, dated 18th Vendémiaire, Year IV., directed that *Stéphanie*

Louise de Bourbon, of unsound mind, who was confined at Les Orties, should be removed to Sainte Pélagie and detained there until further orders. When, moreover, she became aware that this very woman, who had the effrontery to sign her name as de Bourbon, had for various misdeeds undergone well-deserved imprisonment in the Salpêtrière, that she had been branded as a malefactor, and that her real name was Manon Rosine Mornan, sempstress, of the rue Sébastien Pont aux Choux, she was no longer astonished that Marie Thérèse had refused to have her with her or to see her. On the contrary, it was quite natural that she should refuse the society of a woman, an account of whose *registration as a lunatic* was doubtless given her to read before her decision was asked for.

Such then is the truth concerning this abominable conspiracy. The originators of it were soon unmasked. It was at the time when Mademoiselle de Bourbon was going to and fro from Committee to Committee and from office to office, not only on account of the affair at the Temple, but also to request Government assistance for herself, nay, while she was making known her own wretched plight, and publicly demonstrating that she was dying of starvation, that these very members gave out that she was a person of unsound mind, and was being transferred from one prison to another. Their plot, horrible, daring and difficult of execution as it was, succeeded only too well. By it Stéphanie Louise has been brought to the depth of misery and want; by it, too, she has been deprived of the consolation of fulfilling a duty which the dictates of her own heart

and the recommendation of Louis XVI. urged her to perform, which, moreover, would have ensured her a livelihood and a position. The printed memorial addressed to the National Convention and to the French People, and published on the 18th vendémiaire last (the date of her alleged transference from one prison to another), this memorial, spoken of in all the papers, clearly sets forth her position. But her appeals and her despairing utterances have proved of no avail. She still dwells in a garret, broken in health, without fire, without light, without help, lacking the very necessities of life. As there is no law in existence which inflicts the death penalty until judgment has been delivered, the National dignity requires that help should be given to an unhappy woman who has never merited her misfortunes ; and that, until the fate of the Bourbons has been decided, the means of subsistence should be granted her, and that she should be delivered from the persecution, the injustice, and the misery which are crushing her into the grave.

“Wherever she goes, she is told that she is insane. She has to put up with the insults and obloquy which might justly be applied to the creature detained in her name. Is it not the duty of the Government to help Mademoiselle de Bourbon ? It can no longer suffer the continuance of such an error, and, since the wrong done her has been a public wrong, public also must be its reparation.”

* * *

As we have seen, Marie Thérèse had no lack of companionship ; and the novelty of receiving her guests

taught her to live again after so many months of loneliness. It seemed to her no doubt as though the world were opening out before her, and, as a matter of fact, the advice which Madame de Chanterenne gave her, the confidences of her former governesses, the laments of her nurse, the babble of her *soi-disant* cousin, revealed to her mind, that had matured in solitude, the existence of so many passions, such a world of hatred, selfishness, and cloaked ambition, that she never afterwards lost the harsh and suspicious disposition which she then acquired.

Her disappointment, however, did not come suddenly: Madame de Tourzel was astonished to find that the "weak and delicate" Princess from whom she had been separated three years previously, had become "a beautiful woman," tall and strong, with an air of nobility that imparted great expression to her countenance. Now, at the end of the summer of 1795, she was living in the Temple as free as if she had been its châtelaine.

She roamed at will about the huge tower, opening its massive iron doors as her fancy prompted her, wandering about the maze of staircases, corridors, and chambers which formed the two adjoining towers, pointing out to her guests the apartments whose story was known to all the world, where the Monarchy of France had suffered its death agony.¹

But most frequently she might be seen in the garden-

¹ "Madame one day offered to conduct us into the King's apartments. She went in, followed by Pauline, with deep reverence." *Memoires de Mme de Tourzel*, ii. 331.

court, beneath the trees, reading with Madame de Chanterenne, or sketching the different views of her prison. Lasne and Gomin never lost sight of her; they always uncovered when they approached her, and invariably treated her with respect. When she had company, her visitors remained with her the whole day, and she scarcely ever dined alone.¹ Her guards made her a present of a little dog called Coco, of which the Dauphin had been very fond. It never left its mistress's side, and appeared greatly attached to her. She also had a goat which followed her about everywhere, and its faithfulness and jealousy were the amusement of all the occupants of the Temple.

Hue, the King's valet-de-chambre, having failed to gain admission to the Temple, had hired a room in the Rotunda, the huge edifice of which the windows looked right down onto the close. From there he could see the daughter of his former masters ² seated beneath the chestnut trees. It soon became the mode to undertake the pilgrimage to the Temple. People used to come and occupy windows in the Rue de la Corderie or the Rue de Beaujolais, in order to gaze upon the prisoner as she took her walks in the garden. They saw her walking up and down followed by the

¹ Many citizens censured the expense which the Government were putting themselves to on account of the daughter of Louis XVI., and asserted that the coalition Powers would show themselves none the better disposed because of it. There were others, again, who claimed that French honour and generosity demanded that no limits should be set to the amount of money the country ought to spend in such a case (*Rapport de Police*, 13th August 1795, Aulard; *Reaction thermidorienne*, ii. 162).

² *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, published by Baron de Maricourt, p. 196.

dog and her goat, her fair hair floating loosely on her shoulders.¹ To contribute to her entertainment music was played outside the prison, and an artist, by making use of a telescope, managed to paint her portrait.² Laments were sung appropriate to her hapless situation :

" De mes parents l'affreux supplice
 Vous l'avez vu sans vous armer,³
 Français; qui de vous fut complice ?
 . . . Mais ils m'ont dit de vous aimer ! "

Nor was the faithful Coco forgotten :

" Vous qui toujours éloignés d'elle
 Sur son sort n'avez pas gémi
 Ingrats, voyez son chien fidèle
 Et rougisiez de votre oubli ! "

There was also a dialogue on the misfortunes of the Princess, between Célis and Dorilas. Its pathetic tones and lachrymose style were scarcely calculated to bring comfort to the prisoner.

CÉLIS.

Louis voit couler son sang.
 " Quoi," dit-il, " tout m'abandonne !
 Amis, je meurs innocent
 Et cependant je vous pardonne . . . "
 Vains regrets, pleurs superflus,
 Louis bien-aimé n'est plus ! ⁴

¹ *Almanach pour 1796, loc. cit.*

² A reproduction of this portrait appears as a frontispiece to this volume.

³ This ballad is by Lacreteille Junr.

⁴ *Souvenirs du baron Hue*, published by the Baron de Maricourt, p. 199. The dialogue is there given in its entirety. In his valuable *Catalogue des hymnes et chansons de la Révolution*, M. Constant Pierre quotes No. 1788, *Plaintes et vœux de tout cœur sensible en faveur de l'infortunée Marie Thérèse Charlotte, fille de Louis XVI.*, air à composer, by Normand. No. 1788 bis, *La jeune infortunée du Temple* by Citizen Dumoustier, air *Daigne écouter*.



THE LAST COMPANION OF THE YOUNG KING LOUIS XVII. AND HIS
SISTER IN THE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE



No more was needed to set the Parisians wild with enthusiasm and to transform their pity into something resembling the devotion of a lover to his mistress. By September 1795, this orphan girl had admirers without number. Though seen by few people, her blue eyes, her frank yet dignified bearing, wondrous complexion, and delicacy of feeling—a virtue then much in vogue—formed the universal theme of conversation. Songs sung at the open windows became charged with sentiment, and probably at no other period of her life did the future Duchesse d'Angoulême receive such tender addresses or hear herself compared to *Venus rising from the foam*.

“ O Dieu d'amour ! La France t'abandonne,
A la beauté les cachots sont ouverts :
Chez les Français l'amour avait un trône
Et maintenant, il n'a plus que des fers.

Venez tous voir sa chevelure blonde
Dans son chagrin flotter au gré des airs ;
Le ciel reçut Vénus sortant de l'onde
Et dans Paris, on la charge de fers.

Un jeune chien prend part à sa misère ;
Loin des humains, loin d'un siècle pervers
Dans sa prison Vénus s'est fait bergère ;
Amours, jetez des myrtes sur ses fers ! ”¹

There were some enthusiasts who threw off all disguise in their declarations to the Princess. At the beginning of September there appeared in print a letter addressed to Mme. de Chanterel (*sic*) signed by an unknown individual—Alexandre Raimond. This ardent lover inserted into a mass of trivial condolences

¹ *Les Adieux de Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Almanach pour 1796.*

the following testimony of his devotion. "Of one thing, Madame, you may give her absolute assurance, that there is not in the whole of France a single being—unless he be an assassin—who does not feel sincerely for her, that almost all are deeply grieved at her calamities, and, further, that there are thousands who cherish her in their inmost hearts, and that among them there will never be wanting men who would willingly lay down their lives on the scaffold of the Robespierrists, if so be they could purchase her immunity from a single trouble."¹

The prisoner seemed decidedly appreciative of the homage paid her by her anonymous admirers. She even betrayed some little inclination to coquetry: but how short lived it was! Nevertheless, if ever in her life she experienced a few brief hours of happiness it was during these weeks of her prison-life when, immured within the Temple, she faintly caught the soothing murmur of popular adoration.

But while she felt herself thus idolised by the Parisians, with a love that was as unselfish as it was compassionate, there were gathering around this poor, despised, resourceless Princess, whose only followers were a few romantic troubadours, the toils of that fatal web of intrigue which was to decide her fate for ever. The few women who composed her meagre court were already showing signs of jealousy, and each began to suspect the other of scheming to curry favour with her mistress. We have seen what pains Madame de

¹ Letter dated 22nd August 1795, to Madame Chanterel, in the Tower of the Temple.

Chanterenne took to obtain the dismissal of Madame de Mackau, but before long she herself gave some offence to Madame de Tourzel. "Madame de Chanterenne," writes the latter, "was not lacking in intellectual qualities, and had apparently been well educated. She knew Italian, and this had given pleasure to Madame, who had learnt it as a child. She was a skilful embroiderer, and gave lessons in the art to the young Princess. But she had been brought up in a little provincial town where a great deal of attention had been shown her, and this had given her rather too much self-importance, and such an exaggerated idea of her own powers that she presumed to play the part of Mentor to Madame, and to address her familiarly, though the latter was too good-natured to notice it. Pauline and I endeavoured by our own example to impress her with an idea of the respectful attitude she [ought to adopt, but our efforts were vain. So little notion had she of what was becoming, that she even thought she had the right to put on little airs of authority, which it pained us to behold. She was, moreover, very sensitive, and liked people to show her attention, so that she regarded us with great disfavour when it became apparent that we intended to limit our intercourse with her to the barest demands of good breeding. Madame had taken a liking to her, and nursed her with the most affectionate care during a nervous attack she had one day when we were at the Temple. She appeared to be fond of Madame, and in the circumstances it was fortunate that the latter had near

her someone whom she appeared to like, and who undoubtedly possessed some good qualities.”¹

Marie Thérèse was too delighted at her deliverance to trouble about the jealous rivalry of the people around her. She was fond of *Renète* because she did her best to occupy and amuse her. She also liked Pauline because she was about her own age, and she could make a confidante of her. There exists a charming letter which she wrote to Mademoiselle de Tourzel. Such letters, in which she lets her heart speak simply and naturally, are few and far between, and space must be found for this one.

“ ‘My dear Pauline,’ she writes, ‘the pleasure I felt at seeing you has done a great deal to lighten my sufferings. All the time that I have been debarred from seeing you, I have thought much about you. In spite of all I had to undergo, I trembled when I thought of you at La Force ; then I learned that you were free,² and hoped that you would remain so, and my mind was at rest. But my hopes were not to be fulfilled, for you were cast into another dungeon to remain there longer than in the first ;³ but at length you were happily set free. I only learnt of your second imprisonment after you had come out of Port Royal,⁴ and ever since then you have tried to come

¹ *Mémoires de Madame de Tourzel*, ii. 322.

² In the volume dealing with the *Massacres de Septembre*, the story is told of what befell Mademoiselle de Tourzel during her imprisonment in La Force.

³ At the prison of the English Benedictines in the Rue Saint Victor.

⁴ The ladies De Tourzel were confined in this, their third prison, until after the 9th thermidor.

back to me, or at least to see me. Even had I not known you and loved you as I did, the proofs of affection which you have given to my family and myself would have sufficed to make me your friend for life. But I already loved you tenderly; and you may judge, therefore, how dear you are to me now. I love you, and shall never cease to love you all my life.

“ Tower of the Temple, 6th September.

“ MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE.”¹

If the control exercised by Madame de Chanterenne was disquieting to Madame de Tourzel, her anxiety was not altogether groundless. As soon as the ex-governess of the Royal children had obtained permission to enter the Temple, she conveyed the news to *Monsieur*, the brother of Louis XVI., who, on the announcement of the Dauphin's death, had proclaimed himself King with the title of Louis XVIII., and who, as we have stated, was at that time in Verona. She had received from him a letter addressed to his niece which she had delivered with considerable precaution. It was indeed a somewhat courageous action on her part to walk across Paris, in September 1795, with a letter from the *King* in her pocket or her reticule. Madame managed to elude the vigilance of Madame de Chanterenne and sent an answer to her uncle.² But here again there is no mention of her brother's death. She

¹ *Souvenirs de Quarante ans*, by one of the ladies of Madame la Dauphine (the Princesse de Béarn, née Pauline de Tourzel).

² M. E. Daudet, in his *Histoire de l'émigration*, has given the text of these two letters.

calls the King "my dear uncle" and not "Sire," as she invariably did when she was on the way to Vienna. And even after she had been away from the Temple for nearly a month, she did not appear to be perfectly convinced of the death of Louis XVII., for she wrote the following words, which have been engraved under one of her well-known portraits: "I have a boon to ask of you, my uncle. It is that you should forgive the French people and be at peace with them. Yes, my uncle, I, whom they have bereft of father, mother, and aunt, I beseech you on my knees to pardon them, and to grant them peace."

This persistent silence regarding the Dauphin remains inexplicable: it cannot be attributed to a lapse of memory. To ascribe it to a hatred of the child on account of his statements about the Queen, would be incredibly unjust. Can it be that she got to hear one of the calumnies regarding the legitimacy of the Dauphin, so freely circulated among the enemies of Marie Antoinette, and that she was so impressed by it as to disown her brother? Yet who would have been guilty of such a hideous atrocity? ¹ It would appear, therefore, that the only conclusion to be deduced

¹ Louis XVIII., when annotating the history of the journey from Varennes, written by Madame Royale, did not think it unbecoming to make allusion to this calumny. To the passage in which the Princess speaks of the devotion shown to her mother by the Comte de Fersen, the Swedish gentleman mentioned in these malevolent rumours, he added in his own writing the following note: "*For a thousand reasons of which my niece is and, I hope, always will be ignorant, it is fitting that she should show interest in a man who at that time gave evidence of so much devotion.*" *Journal de Marie Thérèse de France*, corrected and annotated by Louis XVIII., 1 vol. Didot.

from her silence is that she was not absolutely certain that her brother was dead. She soon realised, moreover, how circumspect and how reserved she would henceforth be obliged to show herself; circumspect with regard to her uncle, who was all the more tenacious of his authority because it was imaginary; reserved before everyone and about everything; for already she was a prey in the grasp of political intrigue.

Indeed, this child who had not a single thing in the world to call her own, who was dependent on the charity of the Republic for food and clothing, was, on account of the illustrious name she bore, the object of as many rivalries as if she had been a wealthy heiress.

The Emperor of Austria had calculated that she would receive, on her mother's side, the dowry which had been promised to Marie Antoinette but had never been paid; while the demesnes of Rambouillet and Saint Cloud, which had been the private property of her parents should, he considered, also revert to her. It was also thought at Vienna that the least the Republic could do would be to hand over to the daughter of Louis XVI. the contents of the Royal Castles, or, at all events, an equivalent sum of money.¹ There was also still some idea that by skilful negotiations Lorraine and the Pays-Bas might supplement her dowry, and a vague rumour was current among the Parisian populace concerning the abrogation of the Salic law, the belief being entertained that whosoever married the daughter of Louis XVI. would become, *ipso facto*,

¹ In this connection see *Droits et répétitions de Madame de France*.

King of France.¹ The Emperor had some such idea in mind when he determined to bring about a match between the Princess and the Archduke Charles. As for Louis XVIII. who was hopelessly in debt, and knew not whither to turn, he also attached a high importance to his niece and her destinies. He recognised that she was as rich in popularity as he himself was lacking in that valuable quality; that she personified, as it were, the tragic story of the Temple; and that, quite apart from the possible dowry, she was by no means a negligible factor in the situation. He therefore resolved to marry her to his nephew the Duc d'Angoulême. The story of the melancholy duel for this fair-haired child has often been told. As soon as her imprisonment was over she recognised that her destiny was to be a stake in the game of European politics, and it was from that moment, perhaps, that she decided to seal up her affections. Intrigue was busy weaving its meshes around her. She received through Hüe a letter from Charette,² while Madame de Tourzel still continued to bring her communications from Louis XVIII.

The Convention was in its death-throes, and all France thought the Revolution was over. Its functionaries, who received little or no pay, began to neglect their duties. In the Temple all discipline was at an end, and Lasne and Gomin, who were in sole charge, had both long ago espoused the cause of their prisoner.

¹ Aulard. *Réaction thermidorienne*, II. 585. Report of the 28th December 1795.

² *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, published by the Baron de Maricourt, his great-grandson, p. 201.

Finally, on the 26th October, the "horrible"¹ National Convention sat for the last time. In a spirit of tardy remorse it endeavoured, before dissolving, "to heal the deep wounds from which the country had bled so long." It was decided that the Place de la Révolution should henceforth be called the Place de la Concorde. This was its last decree. It was half past two when Génissieux, the President, rose and solemnly stated that the Convention declared its mission fulfilled, and that its sittings were at an end. A week later, on the 2nd November, All Souls' Day, the Directory took possession of the Luxembourg Palace. The next day, the regicide Delacroix was made Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Bénézech, who had been the proprietor of "Petites Affiches," and chief of the Commission of Arms, was appointed Minister of the Interior. Both of them, on taking office, had to consider the proposal to hand over the daughter of Louis XVI. in exchange for the prisoners in Austria, a matter which had remained in abeyance ever since the resolution of the 30th June.

¹ As we have seen, this word was used by Harmand de la Meuse.

CHAPTER VI

ROYALIST RISING—STRINGENCY RENEWED—NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE EXCHANGE OF MARIE THÉRÈSE—CARLETTI'S INDISCRETIONS—THE ENERGY OF BÉNEZECH—PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY—FAREWELL TO THE TEMPLE.

AT the Temple a sudden change had come over the situation. The Royalist rising of the 13th vendémiaire, which had been so carelessly planned and which proved such a dismal fiasco, did not fail to awaken the apprehensions of the new Government. Nevertheless, Madame de Tourzel and Pauline were suffered to continue their visits for some days. They used to cross the city on foot, and arrive at the prison at an early hour, so as to remain as long as possible with the Princess. When it was fine they walked in the garden, and when they could not go out they would play *reversi* or work together at their tapestry, and listen to the ballads sung at the open windows of the surrounding houses in melodious homage to the royal captive. It was not precisely "happiness," said Madame de Chanterenne, but "a calm content, a tranquil hopefulness." But now it was in this connection that the first trouble occurred. The concerts, though they had been tacitly permitted during the

latter days of the Convention,¹ came to a sudden stop on being denounced by some unknown person.

“ It is now about four months—so the communication ran—that concerts have been held from time to time in the rooms at the top of staircase No. 4 in the Rotunda. These rooms were occupied by some respectable people, who had been handsomely paid to give them up. During the last two decades these ‘concerts’ have been taking place much more frequently, and fashionably attired men and women go to them in order to gaze, at their leisure, upon the girl Capet who betakes herself to the garden as soon as she is told that the Royalist gathering is complete. Then the partisans of the late Court make signs to her in testimony of their humble allegiance to her *Royal* person. As the concert-room is not large enough to hold all this distinguished company, a good many of them go to a house in the rue de Beaujolais, No. 12, the windows of which also command a view of the Temple garden. There the same signs of loyalty are made to the daughter of Marie Antoinette, who is said to reply to them sometimes a little haughtily ; her

¹ The Committee of General Surety had, as the following letter will show, been aware of this since the month of August, but had taken no steps in the matter :—

“Citizen Representatives,

“ We noticed to-day that a ballad was sung from the windows in the rue de la Corderie, which command a view of the garden. Believing that the appearance of the young prisoner was the signal for the repetition of this ballad we caused her to walk in a different direction.

“ Fraternal Greetings,

“ LASNE, guard at the Temple.

“ GOMIN, guard at the Temple.”

maid of honour, however, is quick to make up for anything that might appear ungracious in the bearing of the *Princess*.

"On the first of vendémiaire, there was a concert about five in the evening, which is the time they usually begin, and the series of obeisances and communications by dumb-show went on till dark. Members of several theatrical companies are believed to have been recognised, and since the date mentioned carriages, which were previously almost unknown in the neighbourhood, are frequently seen there.

"It is considered that about a hundred people at a time proceed to the places above referred to, and on leaving they are always succeeded by others.

"Le Blanc, rue Melée, No. 79."¹

A few days later, as Madame de Tourzel was returning home, she was informed by neighbours that an armed force was in possession of her house. As soon as she had entered she was placed under arrest. For two hours she underwent an examination at the Committee of General Surety, the offices of which were still doing duty, and she was plainly informed that all royalists—even *dames à chapeaux*²—would henceforth be treated with the utmost severity. She was then removed to the Prison des Quatre Nations, where she was detained for three days.

It is not quite clear what gave rise to these suspicions in the minds of the new Directory. Perhaps someone

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392.

² Mémoires de Madame de Tourzel, II. 339.

had given information regarding the part played by the Marquise de Tourzel in the communications that passed between Louis XVIII. and Madame. It is likely enough that such was the case; but the fact is, that the Directory in its anxiety to bring itself into prominence easily persuaded itself that it had laid bare "a vast conspiracy." The following resolution, dated 9 p.m., 8th November, appears in the private register in which its secret resolutions are copied :—

"In accordance with information received, Vallier of the Maison de Suède, rue de Tournon, the woman Bahutier of the same address, the woman Tourzel in the service of the girl Capet, and one Bournazet, have been arrested on a charge of conspiracy against the safety of the State."¹

The next day the following further resolutions were adopted :—

"18th of brumaire, 10 p.m. The woman Tourzel will be handed over to the Police Authorities on the morning of the 20th instant to be dealt with according to law.

"Charlotte Capet, imprisoned in the Temple, will also be examined regarding any matters of which she may be cognisant relating to the conspiracy: her evidence will be duly reported."²

Two days later the Directory passed the subjoined decree :—

"20th of brumaire. Neither Citoyenne Tourzel

¹ National Archives, AF* III. 20.

² National Archives, AF* III. 20.

nor her daughter can be allowed to enter the Temple three times in each decade as they have hitherto been permitted to do.

"Same date. Leave of absence from the Temple will not in future be granted to Citoyenne Chanteraine (*sic*)."¹

Madame de Chanterenne gave evidence, and Madame Royale had also to appear before the Commissioners of the Directory.² The Temple had once more become a prison, the concerts were forbidden, and no visitors were allowed. Poor *Renète*, who but a little while before had entered its portals like a harbinger of freedom, found herself a prisoner in her turn, and separated perhaps for ever from those whom she loved. Could it be that of all those whom this fatal tower drew within its shadow none were destined to come forth again? In a panic of terror she made the following appeal for mercy to the Minister of the Interior:—

" 22nd brumaire, 4th Year of the Republic,
(13th November 1795).

" Citizen Minister,

" The mind that has done no wrong is generally able to bear with equanimity and courage the

¹ National Archives. *Registre particulier portant transcription des arrêtés et délibérations secrets du Directoire exécutif*. AF. III. 20.

² I have not been able to lay hands upon the reports of these examinations, to which Beauchesne, however, seems to have had access. In order to discover the documents I have sorely taxed the kindness of the keepers of the National Archives. To M. M. Legrand, Schmidt and Daumet, my special thanks are due for the great trouble they have taken in aiding my researches which, without their courteous assistance, could never have been carried out.

hardships at which the guilty might well tremble, and such is my case. Nevertheless, I cannot disguise how cruelly the Government has wounded me in cutting me off from all society, even from that of my own family. It is the sole relaxation (and certainly I never indulged in it to excess) that I have permitted myself since, at the Government's bidding, I undertook this voluntary exile. Hitherto my solitude has been no hardship. The duties assigned to me have been performed with such scrupulous precision that I never entertained the thought that my liberty could be compromised. And now this precious Liberty which the virtuous and the tender-hearted above all hold so dear, is cruelly assailed, and I am forbidden even to see my parents. The thought of their terrible anxiety regarding my fate, and the feeling that I am unable to set their minds at rest, never cease to haunt me, and to overshadow every moment of my existence. Can nothing be allowed to soften the rigour of my lot? Is it contrary to Justice to deny me everything that would render my trouble more easy to bear? Must I, in a word, consider myself a prisoner? And what crime have I committed? Doubtless the Government is well advised in the measures it takes for the public safety; I respect them and should utter no complaint if I were the only one to suffer.

"I beseech you, Citizen Minister, favourably to consider my petition. Justice, mercy, and the knowledge that you will be extending your protection to one who is innocent, all constrain you to hearken to my prayer. I call on the Government, I supplicate

them to grant me from time to time permission to see but for a few minutes a member of my family, be it my mother or one of my sisters, in the presence of the Commissioners of the Temple, or under any other condition that it may be deemed necessary to impose. I have nothing to fear from my actions being known, for they are dictated only by motives that are pure and upright. That this truth may soon be recognised is my earnest prayer in this the most unhappy moment of my life.

"I rely on your generosity, Citizen Minister, to grant me justice and protection. I am worthy of the latter, and my claims to the former cannot be gainsaid.

"Respectful Greetings,

"HILLAIRE BOCQUET-CHANTERENNE."¹

"The Temple, the 28th brumaire, 4th Year of the French Republic (19th November 1795).

"Citizen Minister,

"Have I then nothing to hope from your protection and the justice of my cause? For a whole week I have been bewailing the loss of my liberty. I have always performed my duties with the most careful exactitude in order to merit the confidence of the Government which I flattered myself I enjoyed, and I know not to what unlooked-for accident to ascribe its loss. The consciousness that my punishment is unmerited, and my natural stability of temperament, relieve me of all apprehension, and have banished the

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 20.

feelings of dismay and grief which for the moment had affected me. Still, I am none the less sensible of my misfortune, though I view it with calmness, and grieve for it with calmness. A sensitive nature is impatient of the counsels of cold logic, and my circumstances render me a prey to more than one anxiety. On the one hand is the thought of my parent's suspense about me, and on the other the disturbed tranquillity of my interesting companion. Her affection for me is only equalled by my love for her, and this it is that renders our troubles common. She sympathises keenly with me in the first and only trouble I have had since I have been with her. I assure the Government that its displeasure with regard to me has brought trouble and gloom to an abode where there had hitherto prevailed—I will not say happiness—but at least a feeling of tranquil hopefulness, which was the result of my presence there, and of the sedulous care I had bestowed upon my charge. And what has been my reward! My work, instead of being praised, has been destroyed. It is neither my duty nor my wish to utter a complaint, for I am without doubt the victim of a relentless chain of circumstances to which I must of necessity submit. I have been obliged, however, to relieve my feelings by putting before you a plain and unaffected account of my position. May it awake your compassion, and move you to obtain for me the favour which I begged of you in my letter of the 22nd, the permission, that is, to see one or two members of my family, father, mother, or sisters, in the presence of whomsoever may be desired, or with any other safeguard that may

be thought advisable. This is a favour to which I feel entitled, and it is all I now ask. May my prayers be heard by those who have the power to grant them, and whose actions are guided by feelings of justice and humanity. I am sure, Citizen Minister, that your kindness will prompt you to call the attention of the Government to my urgent petition. Your goodness and your high character are well known ; am I alone to be overlooked by them ?

“ Respectful Greetings,

“ HILLAIRE BOCQUET-CHANTERENNE.” ¹

“ 2nd frimaire, 4th Year of the French Republic,
(23rd November 1795).

“ Citizen Minister,

“ This is the third letter I have had the honour to write to you. I should be fearful of appearing importunate had I not reason to suppose that my two former letters have not reached you, for were this not the case I feel sure you would have sent me some proof of your kindness and your sense of justice, or at least some word of encouragement. Allow me, therefore, Citizen Minister, to lay before you once again the object of my just demands. It is my earnest desire to obtain some modification of the rigorous seclusion to which I have been subjected for ten days without having been informed of the cause. I therefore request that permission be granted me to see one or two members of my family, my father, mother, or sisters, in the presence of the Commissioners of the

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 17.

Temple, or with any other precaution that may be regarded as necessary. I venture to hope that this favour will not be refused, particularly if you honour me with the protection which I beseech you to grant me, of which as well as of the confidence of the Government I shall always prove myself worthy,

“ Respectful Greetings,

“ HILLAIRE BOCQUET-CHANTERENNE.” ¹

The indiscretion of an impetuous Italian, Count Carletti, the plenipotentiary of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was the first Prince to enter into diplomatic relations with the French Republic, all but irretrievably wrecked the proposal for the exchange of Madame Royale.

This Carletti was a man of limited capacity, whose head had been turned by the enthusiastic reception accorded him by the Parisians. At this period, after the Terror, a foreign diplomat was a *rara avis* in France, and one may guess how he was fêted. “ He was petted and flattered unceasingly, and so warmly was he treated that his friends sent him word from Florence that the Grand Duke was beginning to be suspicious about all this familiarity, and that Austria regarded it as positively unbecoming.” ² Since the month of June, Carletti had given up attempting formally to plead the cause of Madame Royale before the Committee of Public Safety. But, with an obsequiousness that was only equalled by his want of tact, he had

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 13.

² *Histoire secrète du Directoire*, attributed to the Comte Fabre de l'Aude, and revised according to his notes. *Bibliographie Tourneux*.

been demanding *in his own name* the release of the Princess, and asking for authority to dispatch a courier to the Grand Duke to declare the wished-for news, an announcement from which he hoped to derive considerable personal advantage.

The Committee rather coldly replied as follows :—

“ ‘ The Committee has received your two memoranda of the 6th and 9th instant.

“ ‘ While honouring the sentiments which prompted them, the Committee hope that the Republic has given sufficient evidence of its probity and sense of justice to reassure every unbiassed person regarding its treatment of those whom the French people have entrusted to its care.

“ ‘ When, moreover, you consider that the Government of the Republic has made it a rule never to interfere in the domestic policy of other powers, and that it therefore has a right to expect from them a similar line of conduct in this respect, you will readily understand that it is impossible to discuss a matter which relates exclusively to our own internal administration with the representative of a foreign power, however great the confidence inspired by his character and his principles.’ ”¹

Carletti regarded this as final ; but on the change of government he returned to the charge, and this time made application to the minister.

“ Pardon me, Citizen Minister, if I venture to write you these few lines in confidence. At this moment—

¹ Ludovic Sciout. *Le Directoire*, I. p. 499.

half past one in the afternoon—I have just been informed that the daughter of Louis XVI. is about to take her departure. I do not ask you to reveal your secret, but I frankly reveal to you my own. As the only foreign minister in France representing a sovereign related to the above mentioned daughter of Louis XVI., I think that if I failed to make direct appeal for permission to pay a complimentary visit to the illustrious prisoner, *in the presence of such persons as might be thought fitting*, I should lay myself open to reproach, particularly as the opinions with which I am credited may be thought to have inclined me to dispense you from fulfilling an obligation in this matter. Nevertheless, whatever decision you or the Government may come to regarding the interview I had with you on this subject, I shall accept it without complaint, only venturing to inform those whom it may concern that I have not failed to put forward my claims, although I have not made them officially.

“ I am, etc. . . .”¹

The following curt reply was immediately sent to the Tuscan diplomat :—

“ I have no information regarding the report referred to in your letter of to-day, nor do I consider the event so imminent as you have been advised. I will submit your private request to the Executive of the Directory, and will lose no time in informing you of its decision.”²

¹ *Histoire secrète du Directoire*, attributed to the Comte Fabre de l'Aude.

² Ludovic Sciout. *Le Directoire*, I. 501.

The phrase "I shall inform those whom it may concern that I have not failed to put forward my claims . . ." was construed as a threat by the fiery and sensitive Delacroix, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs. He regarded it as a piece of insolence that the representative of a *tyrant* should dare to occupy himself with the daughter of the last King of the French, and the unfortunate Carletti received his passports. This no doubt would not have been a diplomatic incident of any great importance had it not been of a nature to lead certain ill-disposed persons to believe that from the seclusion of her prison, the seventeen-year-old Princess was devising and threatening some conspiracy "to deliver Europe over to fire and sword."

In the event, however, it proved her salvation, inasmuch as it indicated to the Directory the great importance attached by foreign powers to the liberation of the prisoner. France and Austria were at war, and it was thought that an understanding with regard to the orphan of the Temple would doubtless furnish a convenient basis for a reconciliation. For four months past, in the absence of duly accredited ministers, the two powers had discussed the matter, rather half-heartedly it is true, through their military leaders. Pichegru, commanding the army of the Rhine, had sounded the intentions of the Imperial Court through Stein, the Austrian General, and it had been arranged in principle that the affair should be discussed at Bâle, which was neutral territory, and that the burgo-master Bourcart should act as intermediary between

de Bacher, chief secretary of the French Embassy in Switzerland, and the Baron de Degelmann, the Emperor's minister plenipotentiary.

This being agreed upon, the Directory on the 27th November 1795 passed the following decree:—

“The Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs are hereby entrusted with the duty of taking the steps necessary to facilitate the exchange of the daughter of the last King against the citizens Camus, Quinette, and other deputies or agents of the Republic: to appoint a suitable officer of the gendarmerie to accompany her to Bâle, and to grant her, as companion, a young woman of her own age named Lambriquet, whom she desires to take with her, as well as those people connected with her childhood to whom she is more particularly attached, with the exception of the woman Tourzel.

“REWBELL, *president.*”

Bénezech was an amiable well-intentioned man, and it is somewhat difficult to understand on what grounds the choice of the new Directors, who were all more or less compromised by the part they had played in the Revolution, fell upon this peace-loving individual who had done nothing to bring himself into prominence. On the very day of his nomination, one Étienne Pascal, an employee in the commission of the national revenues, lodged a complaint against him at the Directory accusing him of royalist sympathies. “He has a brother who has quitted the country, and his stepson, the issue of his wife's first marriage with

the ci-devant Marquis de Bouët, is also an *émigré*. His servants took up arms on the 13th vendémiaire against the Convention."¹

It was indeed a fact that Bénézech was not regarded as a very enthusiastic republican. In appearance he was a big dark man of imposing presence. His speech and manners denoted the finished courtier. Fond of display and formality, a skilful dissembler, energetic and endowed with great intellectual agility, he was full of resource and equal to any emergency.²

For his conduct of the whole affair Bénézech deserves nothing but praise. On the very day after the decree of the Directory was signed, he hastened to the Temple, "in order to convey to Madame the official news of her coming release, and to ask her the names of the ladies she wished to accompany her."³ The Princess named Madame de Mackau, Madame de Tourzel, and Madame de Sérent, of whom the last-named had been mistress of the robes to Madame Elisabeth.

Now in the portfolios of the Committee of Public Safety there existed the minute of a letter addressed

¹ National Archives, AF. III. 314. What appears remarkable is that La Réveillère-Lepeaux writes (*Mémoires*): "Bénézech is to be regarded as the founder of the Manufactory of Arms at Versailles. Without him the upholders of the Convention would have been absolutely without ammunition on the 13th vendémiaire. It was to the combinatin of these various circumstances that he owed his position as Minister of the Interior."

² *Mémoires de La Réveillère-Lepeaux*.

³ Beauchesne, *Louis XVII.*, page 418. I have not been able to trace Beauchesne's materials (to which he does not give a reference) for fixing the date of this visit, and for supplying the details of the conversation between Madame Royale and the Minister.

in the following terms to De Bacher, secretary to the French Embassy in Switzerland:—

“In accordance with the hint you have received regarding the desire of the Court of Vienna that we should allow the daughter of the late King to be accompanied by Madame de Tourzel and her daughters, you may reply that we consent to it with pleasure, and that there will be no difficulty on this head. With regard to M. de Degelmann’s inquiries respecting the number of persons who are to compose her suite,¹ you will answer that we do not intend that she should have a suite.”²

The daughter of Louis XVI. now knew of the death of her brother. She had busied herself with writing an account of her captivity, and had asked Gomin and Lasne about the events which she had not personally witnessed. It is possible to fix approximately the date when “she learned all her misfortunes,” which was probably at the end of September or the beginning of October 1795. Not that later on she was unvisited by some natural doubts, or that she did not secretly cherish a vague hope that the Dauphin had been hidden away and falsely reported as dead. In the absence of such an hypothesis it would be difficult to explain the persistent reserve which she henceforth maintained, even before her uncle, regarding this painful subject. During the closing weeks of her detention in the

¹ The *suite* of the daughter of Louis XVI.

² Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs, Vienna, 364, 25th September 1795.

Temple, she saw a great many people and received a great many expressions of sympathy, and we can scarcely assume that all her visitors were gifted with a caution equal to that exhibited by Mesdames de Chanterenne, de Tourzel, and de Mackau, who had managed to keep her in ignorance of the matter for three months. She had, moreover, received Guérin and Houdeyer, two members of the Administrative Commission of Police, whom Bénézech had sent to her to make the final arrangements for her departure, in addition to Citoyennes Clouët, linen sempstress, Garnier, a dressmaker, and Fouël, all of whom had been ordered by the Directory to prepare her trousseau.¹ The Justice of the Peace of the Section du Temple had also visited her in order to certify her existence in connection with certain annuities dependent on her life.²

There was now a desire to hasten matters to a conclusion. On the 10th November, the Directory was

¹ According to the account of Citoyenne Fouël, the trousseau cost 8,917,937 *livres* in *assignats* (National Archives, F⁴ 2315).

² "5th complementary day, Year III. (19th September 1795).

"Whereas the Committee of General Surety has heard the report made by one of its members regarding the mode of delivering the life certificate of the daughter of the late King in order to procure payment of the annuities depending on her life, and whereas the matter was referred by the Committee of Finance to the Committee of General Surety, with the request that it would lodge at the National Treasury the life certificate applied for by several French citizens, it is resolved that the present existence of Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the last King, be certified in the manner followed in the case of other persons, and that the Justice of the Peace for the *Section du Temple* shall repair to the dwelling-house of the Temple in company with Gauthier, one of the representatives of the people, and a member of the Committee of General

informed that "ladies of the Court of Vienna had already arrived on the Swiss frontier" to await Madame's coming.¹ Cardinal de la Fare, the agent of Louis XVIII. at Vienna, laid before his master the programme of the reception as proposed by the Imperial Court.

"The Prince de Gavre, who has been chosen to go to receive Madame Royale, left yesterday with a numerous suite, six carriages, ladies of various ranks, valets-de-chambre, cooks, and footmen. The Princess will leave France by the Alsatian frontier, and crossing the Rhine near Freiburg-in-Breisgau, will proceed by way of the Abbey de Saint Blaise, Constance, and Innsbrück, and will arrive at Vienna by the Tyrol. The route has been so arranged as to allow Madame to perform the whole journey under the protection Surety, who is directed to proceed to the execution of this duty with power to give any orders he may think fit. (*Signatures.*)

*"The people's representatives composing
the Committee of General Surety.*

"CONVENTION NATIONALE.

"LIBERTÉ ÉGALITÉ.

"The 9th of vendémiaire, Year IV. of the French Republic, one and indivisible (1st October 1795).

"The Committee of Finance, to the Committee of General Surety.

"Citizen Colleagues,

"We have just received the life certificate of the daughter of the last King of the French, and we send you an acknowledgment of its receipt, as requested in your letter of to-day.

"MONNOT, p.

"DYREZ,²

"Members of the Committee of Finance."

¹ Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs, Vienna, 364.

² National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 32.

of the Emperor. She will travel by very easy stages, and will consequently be a long time on the road. At Vienna the Imperial Family have arranged a warm welcome. The handsomest suite of rooms in the palace—that formerly occupied by the late Emperor Leopold and his Empress—has been got ready for her, and has been furnished sumptuously and with taste. It is expected that the Princess will be accompanied by the Marquise de Tourzel and two of her daughters, the Duchesse de Charost, and the girl so happily preserved from the hands of the assassins. It is already being given out that Madame will see no one here, particularly no Frenchmen. When the proper time arrives, I shall take the necessary steps to obtain leave to pay my respects to Her Royal Highness, and to deliver to her the messages with which His Majesty has entrusted me. Judging by the preparations that are being made, it is evident that every honour and attention will be shown to Madame. The Court ceremonial, which, since the death of Joseph II., has well-nigh fallen into desuetude, is apparently to be restored for her. Doubtless the solemn state with which the Princess will be received will afford a striking contrast to the plain and homely habits at present affected by the Imperial Family. What fate is in store for her time alone will show.

“ It is thought that Madame will have a considerable income at her disposal. The Emperor has declared more than once that *she would cost him nothing*. The general idea is that she will have the Queen’s dowry,

which had never been paid over, as well as the sums of money and the diamonds which had been sent to Brussels at the time of the attempted flight from France; and, finally, the treasures and diamonds that had been seized with M. de Sémonville. The whole, it is considered, might furnish a fund of several million florins. I have, however, talked the matter over with a highly placed minister, who inclines to the opinion that the figures are exaggerated, and that the amount will not be sufficient to cover the whole of Madame's expenditure.

"The following is a list of those who will compose the establishment of Madame Royale, which is to be on a similar scale to those of the Archduchesses:—

"Grand Master: the Prince de Gavre.

"Grand Mistress: the Marquise de Tourzel.

"Maids of Honour, Ladies in Waiting, etc.

"Two gentlemen in waiting, footmen, etc.

"I should be glad to receive, Monsieur le Baron, before her arrival if possible, the King's orders respecting the line of conduct I am to pursue with regard to Madame Royale. It has apparently been decided that she is to see but a few people, and particularly no Frenchmen. I trust, nevertheless, that I shall be allowed to pay my respects to her, at all events on her arrival." ¹

"She will cost me nothing." If these words are genuine, if they were really used by the Emperor

¹ Unpublished correspondence of Cardinl de la Fare. Letter to M. le Baron de Flaschlanden, Vienna, 11th November 1795. I have been kindly furnished with this correspondence by M. Maurice Pascal, to whom I venture to express my thanks.

about the unhappy orphan whom he was preparing to receive, they are certainly calculated to open our eyes to the real state of affairs. Was it, then, merely the desire to do a good stroke of business that made the Austrians so eager in the matter? The prisoners concerned in the proposed exchange had been brought some time ago to Freiburg-in-Breisgau, where they were waiting for the treaty to be executed. The Prince de Gavre and his suite, who had already taken up their quarters in Bale to await the daughter of Louis XVI., began to grow impatient at the delay, and threatened to return to Vienna.¹

In the meantime, the preparations at the Temple were nearly complete, though some trouble arose from the fact that, as yet, no official announcement had been made regarding the persons who were to accompany the Princess on her journey. The Court of Vienna had asked for Mesdames de Tourzel, but the Directory was now afraid (we do not know the source of their information) that the ex-governess of the Royal children would lend her support to the marriage of Madame with the Archduke Charles. Madame de Tourzel was therefore rejected. The daughter of Louis XVI., who had been consulted by Bénézech, expressed her desires as follows :—

" 17th December 1795.

" After taking everything into consideration, I should like Madame de Sérent to accompany me. I am not forgetful of Madame de Soucy's merits or of her affection for me, but seeing how I am situated, that I am

¹ Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs, Vienna, 364.

alone and utterly ignorant of the ways of the world, it is necessary that I should have some one to advise me, and there is, I think, no one better able to assist me in this respect than Madame de Sérent. I have been brought very much in contact with her, and have found her endowed with all the qualities I desire. If I am to have only one companion, my choice is for Madame de Sérent, but if you are willing to grant me a second, I should like to take Madame de Soucy also, as a mark of my gratitude for all the care her mother took of me for fourteen years.

"I strongly recommend to you M. Hu (*sic*). He is the only one left of those servants of my father who remained at his side in prison. My father, just before his death, commended him to me, and it is therefore a debt I owe to his memory. He lives at Quai d'Anjou, Isle Saint Louis, and his whereabouts cannot fail to be discovered.

"If one of my two warders is to go with me, let it be M. Gomin. He has been the longer at the Temple, and he it was who first mitigated the hardships of my captivity. As his habits are sedentary, I see more of him than of his colleague, and have greater confidence in him.

"I trust, Monsieur, that you will grant these requests. From the kindness with which you declared yesterday that you would do all I asked, I do not doubt that you will.

"MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE." ¹

¹ Letter from the daughter of Louis XVI. to Bénézech. Facsimile printed by Madame Veuve Bouchard-Hazard, Paris, 1867.

But the Directory had its misgivings regarding Madame de Soucy also. It was said (no doubt on equally flimsy grounds) that she was anxious for the Princess to wed the Duc d'Angoulême, and some well-informed person sent the following warning to the minister:—

“It is very necessary that no mistake be made regarding Madame de Soucy. The lady of that name referred to in the memorandum which I have forwarded is more than sixty years of age and lives at Vitry-sur-Seine. There is, however, another, much younger, who resides in Paris in the Rue Favart. She was also an under-governess. This latter is a sister-in-law of Bombelles, who was ambassador in Portugal, and she is not to be trusted.”¹

They ended by fixing on Madame de Soucy, the daughter of Madame de Mackau, the latter being too aged and too ailing to undertake, at such a time of year, so long and troublesome a journey. The Princess' suite then, besides Madame de Soucy, who was taking her son, aged seventeen, with her,² was to consist of Catherine Varennes, a confidential servant, François Hue, Gomin, Meunier, the *rôtisseur* of the Temple, whom Madame was taking in the capacity of cook,³ and Baron, the turnkey, who was to be one

¹ Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs, Vienna, 364.

Pierre Philippe de Soucy (Archives of the Department of Foreign Affairs).

³ “ . . . The Emperor has further asked that she should be accompanied by a young person with whom she had been brought up and of whom she is particularly fond. This young person is called Ernestine Lambriquet. Her father, who was attached to

of her valets-de-chambre. Bénézech was indefatigable. As the Directors and his colleagues were urging him to bring the matter to a conclusion, reminding him that the prisoners had, since the 27th November, been waiting at Freiburg-in-Breisgau for Madame to arrive on neutral territory, he made the following excuse for his delay.

“ 22nd of frimaire, Year IV. (13th December 1795).

“ The preparations I have had to make, my dear colleague, for the departure of Capet’s daughter, will be completed by the 26th. The little trousseau is what has hindered me most. I am arranging so that she will be able to start on the 28th without fail. She will travel night and day, so that she ought to be at Huningen by the 1st or 2nd nivôse. Kindly advise citizen Bacher.

“ Fraternal greetings,

“ BÉNEZECH.”¹

He had in fact given orders—out of regard for the reputation of the Republic, perhaps, so that the the household of Monsieur, perished during the Revolution. Her mother, who died a few years ago, was waiting-woman to the Princess. Mesdames de Mackau and de Soucy took her under their protection, and will know her present whereabouts.

“ The Emperor has also expressed the desire that if there were any domestics of either sex who had been in personal attendance upon her and whose services she wished to retain, the Government should kindly allow them to leave.

“ I think it very advisable that the Minister for Foreign Affairs should have a personal interview with the Princess. A discussion carried on with the charm and gentleness of manner that are natural to him, would obliterate from her mind at least some of the painful impressions so deeply graven there by the recollection of the past” (Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs).

¹ Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs, Vienna, 364.

daughter of Louis XVI. should not arrive at the Emperor's Court without linen—for a rich trousseau, at which skilled workers were toiling night and day. There was a muslin gown with gold embroidery, another of lawn with white embroidery, another of *moire satinée*, another of white satin, and one of pink velvet. There were articles of embroidered muslin, of dimity, of fine cambric, of point d'Alençon and Brussels lace, and furs, ribbons, etc.

By the 17th of December everything was in readiness. Bénézech had brought to bear on the matter "all that energy and taste for display" that La Révellière-Lepeaux speaks of. When Hue, whom he had told of the coming journey and to whom he was going to entrust the trousseau, expressed surprise at his zeal, Bénézech said to him, "I am at present merely playing a part. I will even go so far as to declare to you one of my most secret convictions. It is that France will never be at rest till her former government is restored. As soon, therefore, as you can, without compromising me, lay at the King's feet my offer of service, pray assure His Majesty of my zealous desire to further the interests of the Crown." Evidently Bénézech was preparing his ground. Lasne and Gomin, more practical in their ideas, no longer neglected their own interests. Several weeks earlier they had sent a petition to the minister in the following terms:—

"In a cupboard in the Little Turret are several articles that belonged to the late Louis Capet, and we ask the Committee to allow us to take out everything

that may be of service to his daughter, and to grant us whatever is of no use to her as well as the little wardrobe belonging to the son of Louis Capet. We think that we are entitled to claim this slight favour from you, seeing that one of us, who was appointed to his post a year ago, only received at the beginning of this month the salary voted him by the Committee, while the other has undergone an illness which he contracted when in attendance on the boy Capet, and from which he has not yet entirely recovered, and, finally, that neither of us has received any of the increased pay or bounties granted to public servants.

“We trust that you will be so good as to take our request into consideration.

“Respectful Greetings,

“GOMIN, LASNE,¹

“*Guards at the Tower of the Temple.*”

It seems that this request was granted. Perhaps it was only made with the view of allowing Madame Royale to take with her into exile some mementoes of her family.² The seals were also removed from a chest of drawers in the council-room on the ground floor of the tower³ in which were found Marie Antoinette's linen and gowns.

The 17th December was spent by Madame Royale in putting the finishing touches to the preparations for her journey. She selected the things with which

¹ National Archives, F⁷ 4392, Pièce No. 75.

² Such is the intention with which they are credited by Beauchesne, who, in this matter, had access to documents of which he gives very scanty particulars and with which I have no acquaintance.

³ National Archives, F⁷ 4393.

she did not wish to part, and all the rest she put aside to be distributed among the employees of the Temple. Afterwards, attired in her fine gown of green silk, she took a walk in the garden, and bowed to all those who, from the neighbouring windows, had so often given her assurance of their sympathy.¹

The same day Bénézech, who was greatly pressed by business, wrote the following letter to Delacroix.

“ Paris, 26th frimaire, Year IV.
(17th December 1795).

“ Pray forgive me for not going myself with Citizen Méchain,² to present to you the instructions which I have drawn up for his departure; but I have been overwhelmed ever since the morning with such a quantity of business that I have been unable to leave my office. Please therefore let it suffice that I send you Citizen Méchain with my private secretary, in whom I put absolute confidence. The latter will submit to you the draft of my instructions, which please rectify as you may think fit. Kindly give Citizen Méchain a passport to enable him to go from Huningen to Bâle with *his wife and daughter and a confidential agent*.³ As far as Huningen he will use the passport which I shall give him.

¹ Beauchesne, *Louis XVII.*, ii. 427.

² The captain of gendarmes commissioned to escort Madame to the frontier.

³ These were the names which Madame de Soucy, Madame Royale, and Gomin were going to adopt for the journey. Hue, Madame de Soucy's son, Baron Meunier, and Madame Varennes, who were to start in another carriage, were to have separate passports.

"You can also entrust him with a letter for Citizen Bacher¹ if you think it necessary.

"I again beg you to make any additions to my instructions that you may think requisite. All preparations are made, and the departure will take place to-morrow night at eleven o'clock.

"I trust that the precautions I have taken will prevent anyone getting wind of the matter.

"Fraternal greetings,

"BÉNEZECH,

"Minister of the Interior."

At eleven o'clock on the night of the 18th December, Bénezech left his residence in a carriage, having ordered the coachman to drive him to the Rue Meslay.² There he alighted, and accompanied by one trustworthy man,³ proceeded on foot to the Temple, where he gave two gentle knocks at the outer gate. This was the signal that had been agreed upon, and Lasne and the Civil Commissioner, who were on the watch, cautiously opened the gate, and saw that it was the minister. The latter drew from his pocket a paper which he gave to Lasne, saying, "This will relieve you of responsibility." It was an amplification of the decree of the 6th of frimaire (ordering him "to

¹ As we have seen, De Bacher was chief secretary to the French Embassy in Switzerland.

² I avail myself here of Beauchesne's narrative, which is manifestly based upon detailed documents on which I have not been able to lay hand.

³ Probably Citizen Cadet-Devaux, who had been instructed by the Minister to make the preparations for the journey.

facilitate the exchange of the daughter of the last King”), which he had copied out himself just before leaving his home, and to which he had added the following :—

“ In pursuance of the decree of the executive of the Directory whereof the foregoing is a copy, the Minister of the Interior declares that Citizens Gomin and Lasne, the Commissioners entrusted with the guarding of the Temple, have this day, at the hour of eleven o’clock P.M., handed over to him in perfect health Marie Thérèse Charlotte, daughter of the last King. He declares that the said Commissioners are duly relieved of the custody of the said Marie Thérèse Charlotte.

“ BÉNEZECH.

“ Paris, the 27th of frimaire, Year IV. of the one and indivisible Republic.”

Lasne hurried away to tell the news to the Princess and Gomin, who were waiting in the council-room. Madame de Chanterenne, too, was there. Poor *Renète*, her heart was very heavy ; she longed so much to go with Madame ! But the Austrian Court, it was said, were opposed to it. They would not hear of the daughter of Louis XVI. being attended by any one who had lived with her during her captivity in the Temple.

Bénezech made a bow. The door swung open, that terrible iron door which, though often unbolted before, had never until now opened upon liberty.

“ Madame took a step forward as if to pass out, then suddenly cast herself once more into *Renète’s*

arms.”¹ As she embraced her she managed to slip a sheaf of crumpled papers into her hand. Then, with a brisk step, she quitted the tower, leaving her friend in tears. With Bénézech at her side she crossed the courtyard and passed out of the gates. “Not a soul of those quartered within the Temple encountered her on the way or bade her farewell. A sentry was on duty at his post, but he had received his orders. The guard remained silent and motionless; the officer on duty alone stepped forward and saluted. . . .”² With tears in her eyes the daughter of Louis XVI. turned to gaze at the tower which frowned above her, sinister and vast in the gloom of night, empty now of all that illustrious company it had harboured within its walls. There remained within it but one other victim of the great tragedy. Low-born, obscure, and forgotten, Tison was still a prisoner on the third floor of one of the turrets, where he had been shut up two years ago. Long and steadfastly the young girl gazed at the grim stronghold. A woman now, she was but a child when she had entered it, and there “the spring-time of her life” had been passed. At length, taking the minister’s arm, she passed through the main entrance.

That evening, for the first time, Lasne was able to leave the doors unbolted. Alone, Renète reascended the long stone staircase and went back into the room on the third floor, into which six months earlier she had brought a message of consolation and hope. Then she

¹ *Mémoire écrit par Marie Thérèse Charlotte*. Preface by M. le Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

² Beauchesne, *loc. cit.*

unrolled the manuscript which the Princess had given her. It consisted of thirty-five pages of very coarse paper,¹ written all over in a firm, round, regular, and almost upright hand, and was entitled :—

JOURNAL WRITTEN BY MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE DE FRANCE, RELATING TO THE CAPTIVITY OF THE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES, HER RELATIVES, FROM 10TH AUGUST 1792 TO THE DATE OF HER BROTHER'S DEATH, THE 9TH JUNE 1795

¹ Note of the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, *Mémoire écrit par Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France*.

CHAPTER VII

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE THÉRÈSE (INTRODUCTORY)—ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED IN THE CHANTERENNE FAMILY—MADAME DE SOUCY'S COPY—FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1817—INACCURACIES AND OMISSIONS OF THE EARLY EDITIONS—ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT PRESENTED BY MADAME DE CHANTERENNE'S GRANDSON TO THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD—THE DUCHESSE DE MADRID AUTHORIZES ITS PUBLICATION—LETTER FROM THE DUCHESSE DE MADRID TO THE MARQUIS COSTA DE BEAUREGARD.

BEFORE reproducing this invaluable document, we must give a brief account of its history.

It was written in the Temple by Madame Royale early in October 1795, and in concluding her narrative she dated it the 14th of that month.

As may be imagined, Madame de Chanterenne preserved it religiously. Ten years afterwards, in 1805, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who was then at Mitau, desired to read it over again, and Renète sent it to her by Cléry, who had been Louis XVI.'s valet-de-chambre at the Temple. Madame made a few corrections, took a copy of it, and on her return to France at the Restoration sent back the original to Madame de Chanterenne.¹ The latter was then living in the Commune d'Abli, just outside Paris. Madame re-

¹ Information published by M. le Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

ceived her "with the greatest affection," and got her son, despite his youth, enrolled among the *gardes du corps*, and, later on, in the *garde royale*. She also granted *Renète* a pension of 3000 francs from her own purse.¹ The Princess one day even undertook a special journey to Abli to pay a visit to her former companion in the Temple.

After 1830, Madame de Chanterenne's son married and re-entered the army as a captain in the 8th Infantry of the Line. Madame de Chanterenne accompanied her son about the country on his various changes of garrison, and died at Grenoble in 1836.² She had never parted with the manuscript of Madame Royale or given permission for it to be published.

However, the copy which the Duchesse d'Angoulême had made at Mitau had been given to Madame de Soucy. It is from this manuscript that, contrary to the oft-expressed wishes of the Princess, the Journal was printed.

According to the *Bibliographie de l'histoire de Paris pendant la Révolution française*, compiled by M. Maurice Tourneux, this narrative was first published in 1817, under the title of *Mémoires particuliers formant avec l'ouvrage de M. Hüe et le journal de Cléry, l'histoire complète de la captivité de la famille royale à la Tour du Temple* (Audot, Paris). This edition, however, was very incomplete and full of inaccuracies, and its editor took the precaution to make the author speak

¹ Information given by M. H. de Chanterenne, grandson of Madame Bocquet de Chanterenne.

² From information supplied by M. H. de Chanterenne.

in the third person. The work was many times reprinted and translated.¹

During the same year, 1817, it was again brought out with the title, *Copie imprimée d'un manuscrit intitulé: Mémoire écrit par Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de France sur la captivité des princes et princesses, ses parents, depuis le 10 août 1792, jusqu'à la mort de son frère, arrivée le 9 juin 1795* (Séguin, Montpellier). It was incorporated in the *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à la Révolution française*, published by Baudouin in 1825, and it is this last-mentioned text, also faulty and incomplete, which has been employed in the subsequent reprints and in all the numerous narratives that have been written during the nineteenth century, concerning the Temple and the captivity of the Royal Family.

Madame de Chanterenne's family, however, were still in possession of the original manuscript. A few months before the death of the Comte de Chambord, the grandson of *Renète* presented the relic to him as a token of supreme homage. "The Duchesse de Madrid inherited it from her uncle, and it was at Viareggio that this august Princess gave permission for the handwriting of Madame Royale to be traced, so to speak, by a loyal hand," that of M. Gabriel de Saint Victor.²

Such were the circumstances in which this invaluable document came to be printed,³ for the first time

¹ Vide *la Bibliographie* de M. Maurice Tourneux, vol. i. Nos. 3568-3573, and vol. iv. 21,339-21,341.

² Information published by M. le Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

³ The work was published by Messrs. Plon, Nourrit et Cie., and the first edition consisted of 125 large-paper copies, demy octavo,

as a whole, in 1893, at the request of the Duchesse de Madrid. The Marquis Costa de Beauregard of the French Academy wrote a preface for this edition, distinguished by great loftiness of thought and generosity of feeling, using as his materials the letters of Madame which had been preserved in the Chanterenne family. I have several times availed myself of this preface, as the references mentioned above bear witness. The Marquis Costa de Beauregard has given me leave to reproduce in the present work the original text of the Journal, and for this favour I beg to express to him my deep and respectful gratitude.

After the book was published, he received the following letter from the Duchesse de Madrid, which it is interesting to quote, inasmuch as it places beyond all doubt the absolute fidelity of the reproduction to the text of Madame Royale.

“ MONSIEUR,

“ I cannot tell you how deeply touched I am, and how grateful I feel to you for your kindness in helping the publication of the first journal of my aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, by adorning it with a preface of such moving eloquence. Surely only a heart such as yours could have prompted words worthy of giving it to the world.

“ I think, with you, that the France of 1893 greatly resembles that of a hundred years ago. But there are still left many warm and noble hearts capable of with a title-page design representing the Temple, and six plates. A larger edition was printed later, but this also is now out of print.

appreciating the merits of the martyrs of those days, and in the beautiful introduction you have written to the book (which only reached me five days ago), you have uttered that which cannot fail to awaken their sympathies. I hope that if you come to Italy you will ask your way to La Reunta, where I shall be delighted to welcome you.

“ Believe me, Monsieur, yours most sincerely,

“ MARGUERITE.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE THÉRÈSE (CONTINUED)—ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE TEMPLE—MADAME DE LAMBALLE TAKEN AWAY—TISON AND HIS WIFE SENT TO THE TEMPLE BY PÉTHION—THE KING AND HIS FAMILY INSULTED AND THREATENED—VIOLENCE OF MATHIEU—THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES—MURDER OF MADAME DE LAMBALLE—HER HEAD PARADED ROUND THE TEMPLE—MODE OF LIFE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE TEMPLE—TRIAL AND DEATH OF THE KING.

“**T**HE King,¹ my father, arrived at the Temple with his family on Monday, the 13th August 1792, at seven o'clock in the evening.

“The gunners wished to take my father to the tower by himself and to leave us behind at the château; but Manuel had received during the morning a decree of the Commune ordering that we were all to go to the tower. Péthion appeased the fury of the gunners, and we went into the château. The municipal officers kept my father under observation. Péthion went away, but Manuel remained.

“My father took supper with us. My brother was so tired he could scarcely keep his eyes open. At eleven o'clock, Madame de Tourzelle took him to the

¹ The text of the Baudouin edition, published during the Restoration, differs at almost every line from the one here given. We shall only draw attention to the more important and interesting variations.

tower, where it had evidently been decided to fix our quarters.

“ My father came to the tower with us at one o'clock in the morning ; no preparations had been made for our reception. My aunt slept in a kitchen, and Manuel, it is said, was ashamed to take her there.

“ The following are the names of those who of their own free will came to share our captivity in this gloomy place :

“ Madame de Lamballe ;

“ Madame de Tourzelle and her daughter Pauline ;

“ MM. Hu and Chamilly, my father's attendants, who slept in his room above ;

“ Madame de Navarre, in attendance on my aunt, who slept with her and Pauline in the kitchen.

“ Madame Cimbris (*Saint-Brice*) in attendance on my brother. She slept in a billiard-room with my brother and Madame de Tourzelle.

“ Madame Thibaut, in attendance on my mother, and Madame Basire, on myself. They both slept downstairs.

“ My father had three men in the kitchen, Thurgé *Turgy*, Chrétien, and Marchand.

“ On the following day, the 14th, my father came and took lunch with my mother, and afterwards we went to see the great halls of the tower where it was said lodgings were to be prepared for us, because in the turret, where we were, there was not enough room for everybody.

“ After dinner, Manuel and Santerre having come, we went for a walk in the garden.

" There was a great deal of discontented murmuring about the women who had come with us. As soon as we arrived we found others who had been appointed by Péthion to wait on us, but we refused their services.

" Two days after, when we were at dinner, there came a decree of the Commune ordering all those persons who had accompanied us to take their departure.

" My father and mother protested, as also did the municipal officers on duty at the Temple. The order was, for the time being, rescinded.

" We all spent the day together.

" My father gave my brother lessons in geography, my mother taught him history, and made him repeat some poetry ; my aunt gave him lessons in arithmetic.

" My father had fortunately discovered a library, which kept him interested.

" My mother busied herself with some tapestry work.

" The municipal officers were very familiar, and showed very little respect for my father. One of them always had him under observation.

" My father asked for a man and a woman to do the menial work.

" At one o'clock on the morning of the 20th August, there came a decree of the Commune, ordering that all persons who were not members of the Royal Family should leave the Temple.

" They compelled MM. Hu and Chamilly to leave my father, who was left alone with a municipal officer.

" They then went downstairs to my mother's room

for Madame de Lamballe. My mother protested in vain against her removal, saying, as was true, that she was a relative. She was taken away all the same.

"My aunt went down with Pauline de Tourzelle and Madame de Navarre. The municipal officers assured us that these ladies would return as soon as their examination had been concluded.

"My brother was taken into my mother's room in order that he might not be left alone.

"We embraced the ladies, hoping to see them the next day. Two municipal officers remained with my mother. None of the four of us had any more sleep that night.

"Although my father had been awakened by the noise, he did not leave his room.

"On the following day at seven o'clock we learned that the ladies would not come back to the Temple again, but that they had been taken to La Force.

"At nine o'clock we were greatly astonished to see M. Hu, who told my father that the General Council had found him innocent and sent him back to the Temple.

"After dinner Péthion sent my father a man and a woman named Tison to do the menial work.

"My mother took my brother into her room, and I went into the other with my aunt. We were only separated from my mother by a small room in which were stationed a municipal officer and a sentry.

"My father stayed upstairs. He was no longer desirous of changing his quarters,¹ though he knew

¹ Text of the Baudouin edition, "because he would have been farther away from us."

another set of rooms was being prepared for him. Now that so many people had gone he was not cramped for room ; he was, moreover, nearer my mother in his present situation.

" He sent for Paloi, who was in charge of the workmen, to tell him not to go on with the work. Paloi insolently replied that he only took his orders from the Commune.

" Every morning we went upstairs to breakfast with my father, and then down again to my mother, where my father spent the day with us.

" We used to walk every day in the garden for the sake of my brother's health, and my father was almost always jeered at by the guards.

" On Saint Louis' Day, the *Ça ira* was sung outside the Temple at seven o'clock in the morning.

" In the morning a municipal officer told us that M. de la Fayette had left the country, and in the evening my father received confirmation of this news from Manuel. He brought my Aunt Elisabeth a letter from my aunts at Rome. It was the last letter my family received from the outer world.

" My father was no longer treated as a King. No respect was shown him. They no longer called him *Sire* or *Your Majesty*, but *Monsieur* or *Louis*.

" The municipal officers always remained seated in his room, and always kept their hats on in his presence. They took away my father's sword, which he was still carrying, and searched his pockets.

" Péthion sent Cléry to wait on my father, in whose service he was.

“ Péthion also sent Rocher as turnkey, or warder ; he was the wretch who forced open my father’s door on the 20th June 1792, and nearly assassinated him.

“ This man was always at the tower, and tried in every way to annoy my father ; sometimes he would sing the *Carmagnole* and numberless other outrageous things ; sometimes, knowing my father disliked the smell of a pipe, he would blow a puff in his face as he passed.

“ In the evening when we went to supper he had always gone to bed, because we had to pass through his room ; sometimes he was in bed even when we went to dinner.

“ There was no limit to the varieties of torments and insults he invented. My father bore them all with meekness, and forgave the man from the bottom of his heart.

“ My father had not a thing with him ; he wrote to Péthion to ask him for the money due to him, but received no reply.¹

“ The garden was filled with workmen who would often revile my father. One of them swore that he would strike my mother on the head with his tools ; Péthion had him arrested.

“ On the 2nd September these insults became worse than ever. We did not know what was taking place, but from the windows stones were thrown at my

¹ In the Baudouin edition the latter part of the sentence reads, “ As for my mother, she bore it all with a dignity which often commanded respect.”

father, though fortunately neither he nor any one else was struck.

"At one of the windows a woman wrote on a large piece of cardboard, 'Verdun is taken!' She held it up, and my aunt managed to read it. The municipal officer did not see it.

"We had only just learnt this news when another guard named Mathieu appeared. He was bursting with rage, and told my father to go upstairs again to his room.

"We went with him, fearing that they wished to separate us.

"When Mathieu got upstairs he found M. Hu, seized him by the collar, and said he arrested him. M. Hu asked to be allowed to put his things together. Mathieu refused, but another municipal officer, who was more kindly disposed, asked that M. Hu might be granted this favour, and took him away to get his belongings.

"Mathieu then turned towards my father and said everything that rage could suggest. Among other things, he said, 'The générale has beaten, the tocsin has sounded, the alarm-gun has been fired, the enemy is at Verdun. If they reach here, we shall all perish, but you will be the first to die.'

"My father listened to this abuse and infinitely more of the same kind with the calmness that arises from the consciousness of having done no wrong. My brother burst into tears and ran away to the next room. I had all the difficulty in the world to console him; he seemed to see my father dead already.

"M. Hu came back, and Mathieu, after having delivered himself of some more abuse, went away with him.

"M. Hu was taken to the Mairie, the massacre at the Abbey having already begun. He remained a month in prison. He then came out, but returned no more to the Temple.

"The municipal officers on duty all condemned Mathieu's violent procedure. Their own ideas, however, were not much better. They told my father there was no doubt that the King of Prussia was marching and putting French soldiers to death on an order signed *Louis*.

"My father was much grieved at this calumny, and begged the municipal officers to deny it among the people.¹

"My mother heard the drums beating all night long. We did not know, however, what was the matter.

"On the 3rd September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, Manuel came to see my father and assured him that Madame de Lamballe and the others who had been removed from the Temple were well, and that they were all together and unmolested at La Force.

"At three o'clock we heard a horrible shouting. As my father had got up from dinner and was playing a game of backgammon with my mother,² the municipal officer was kind enough to shut the windows and doors.

¹ In the Baudouin edition this sentence is replaced by the following: "There was no calumny which they did not invent, even the most ridiculous and incredible."

² The Baudouin edition adds, "For appearance sake and in order to be able to exchange a few words without being overheard."

He also drew the curtains so that we could not see out, and well it was he did so.

"The workmen at the Temple, and Rocher the warder, went out and joined the assassins, and that added to the uproar.

"Several municipal officers and officers of the guard came in, and the latter wanted my father to show himself at the window, but the former objected and with reason.

"My father inquired what the matter was, and a young officer replied, 'Well, Monsieur, since you desire to know, it is Madame Lamballe's head which they are anxious to show you.'

"My mother was stricken with horror. The municipal officers reprimanded the officer, but my father, with his usual good nature, took his part, saying it was his own fault, and that the officer was not to blame, since he had merely answered his question.

"The uproar continued until five o'clock. We afterwards learned that the mob had attempted to break down the doors, but that the municipal officers had prevented them by displaying a piece of tricolour ribbon on one of the gates. We heard, too, that they had at length allowed six of the murderers to march round the tower, carrying the head of Madame de Lamballe, but that they had made them leave her body, which they wished to drag with them, at the gate.

"As this procession entered, Rocher, when he saw the head of Madame de Lamballe, went wild with delight, and cursed a young man who turned sick at the horrible sight.

"The tumult had scarcely subsided when Péthion, who ought to have been trying to put a stop to the slaughter, coolly sent his secretary to my father about some money-matters.

"This secretary was a most ridiculous man, and said innumerable stupid things, which at any other time would have made us laugh. He thought my mother remained standing on his account.

"The municipal officer who had sacrificed his sash by hanging it on the gate made my father pay him for it.

"My aunt and I heard the drums beating all through that night.¹ We did not think the slaughter was still going on. My unhappy mother got no sleep ; it was only some time afterwards that we got to know that the massacre had lasted three days.

"One would scarcely credit the scenes that went on, not only among the municipal officers, but among the guards. The least thing terrified them, so guilty did they feel.

"One day a man outside fired off a new gun to test it. They drew up a report of the matter, and examined him minutely.

"Another evening, during supper, the cry *To Arms!* was heard several times, and they thought the foreign troops were upon them. The brute Rocher seized his long sabre and said to my father, 'If they come I will kill you.' It turned out, however, to be only a little fuss with the patrol.

¹ The Baudouin edition adds, "My unhappy mother did not even try to sleep ; we heard her sobbing."

"On another occasion a hundred workmen attempted to break down the railing near the Rotunda, but the municipal officers and the guards hurried to the spot and dispersed them.

"All these alarms increased their severity towards us. There were two municipal officers, however, who lightened my father's burden by showing him kindness and giving him hope ; I think they are both dead.

"There was a sentry also who in the evening used to talk with my aunt through the keyhole. The unhappy man did nothing but weep all the time he was at the Temple. I know not what has become of him. I pray Heaven that he has been granted his reward for the deep affection he entertained for his King.

"I used to work out questions in arithmetic, and write extracts from books, but I was always obliged to have a municipal officer looking over my shoulder to see that I was not preparing a plot.

"They deprived us of the newspapers, as they were afraid we should see the news from abroad. One day, however, they showed one to my father with glee, saying there was something in it that would interest him. This horrible thing was that they were going to make a red-hot ball of his head, and this it was that they took pleasure in giving him to read.¹

"One evening, too, a municipal officer appeared on the scene, who heaped abuse upon us, saying among

¹ The Baudouin edition has, "that they would make a bullet of his head. The calm and disdainful silence of my father nullified the delight with which they now brought this fatal passage."

other things that we should all die if the enemy came, and that the only one he felt any pity for was my brother, but that being a tyrant's son he would have to die.

"Such were the scenes my family had to endure every day.

"The Republic was established on the 22nd September; they brought us the news with delight. They also told us of the departure of the foreign troops. We were unwilling to believe it, but it was true.

"At the beginning of October, they came to take our pens, ink, paper, and pencils. They searched everywhere with great care, and even roughly, but that did not prevent my mother and I hiding our pencils from them. These we managed to retain, but my aunt and my father gave up theirs.

"The evening of the same day, as my father, who had just had supper, was preparing to go up to his room, he was told to stay where he was. Some other municipal officers came and told him he would have to go into the other set of rooms, and that he was to be separated from us. We parted from him with many tears, hoping, however, that we should see him next morning.

"Breakfast was brought to us alone, but my mother would take nothing. The municipal officers, who were alarmed and touched by our grief, gave us permission to see my father, but only at meals, and told us not to talk in a whisper or in foreign tongues, but to speak aloud in *good French*.

"We went down to have dinner with my father,

overjoyed at seeing him again. A municipal officer who was there thought he saw my aunt speaking to my father in a whisper, and made a scene with her about the matter.

"In the evening, as my brother was in bed at supper-time, my mother or my aunt remained with him, while the other came with me to take supper with my father. In the morning after breakfast we stayed there long enough for Cléry to do our hair, since he was not allowed to come to my mother's room.

"Every day at noon we all took a walk together. Manuel came to my father and roughly took away the red ribbon of his order. He assured my father that of all those who had been at the Temple, Madame de Lamballe was the only one who had suffered death.

"They made Cléry, Tison, and his wife, swear to be loyal to the nation.

"A municipal officer, coming in one evening, roughly roused my brother from sleep in order to satisfy himself that he was still in the Temple.

"Another municipal officer told my mother of a plan Péthion had, whereby my father was not to be put to death, but was to be shut up during his lifetime in the Château de Chambord, while my brother was to be forbidden to marry. I do not know what idea the man had in mentioning this; all I know is that we have not seen him since.

"My mother was put in rooms above my father. They wanted to separate my aunt and myself from my mother, but this did not take place, and we went with her.

“ My brother was taken away from my mother, and placed with my father, in whose room he slept. Cléry and a municipal officer also slept in his apartments.

“ Upstairs, my mother had with her my aunt, myself, Tison and his wife, and a municipal officer.

“ The windows were blocked up with iron bars and screens, the chimneys were of stove-pipe construction, and we were greatly inconvenienced by the smoke.

“ The following is the manner in which my illustrious parents spent their time. My father rose at seven, and prayed till eight. He then dressed himself and my brother, which took him till nine o'clock, when he went up to have breakfast with my mother.

“ After breakfast, my father came downstairs again with my brother and gave him lessons till eleven o'clock. My brother played until noon, when we all took our walk together, whatever the weather was, because the guard, which changed at that hour, wished to see my father and make certain that he was in the Temple.

“ Our promenade lasted until two o'clock, when we had dinner, after which my father and my mother played at backgammon or piquet.¹

“ At four o'clock my mother went up to her own room and took my brother, because my father usually went to sleep then.

“ At six my brother came down again, and my father gave him lessons and played with him till supper.

¹ In the Baudouin edition the following is added : “ or rather pretended to do so, in order to say a few words to each other.”

“ Regularly at nine o'clock, after supper, my mother undressed my brother and put him to bed. We then went upstairs, and my father sat up till eleven.

“ My mother's life was practically the same. She did a great deal of tapestry-work.

“ My aunt prayed frequently during the day. She said the office daily, read a great many devotional books, and spent much time in meditation.¹ She, as well as my father, observed the days of fasting and abstinence appointed by the Church.²

“ They allowed us the papers again in order that we might read about the departure of the foreign troops and the attacks on my father, of which they were full.

“ One day they said to us, ‘ Mesdames, here is some good news for you, the traitor Bouillé has been captured ; if you are patriots, you ought to be glad.’ My mother made no reply.

“ On All Souls' Day, the Convention came for the first time to visit my father. The members asked him if he had any complaints to make. He said he had not, and that he was content when he was with his family.

“ Cléry complained that the merchants who supplied my father were not paid. Chabot retorted haughtily, ‘ The nation is not reduced to its last halfpenny.’

“ The deputies who came were Chabot, Dupra (*Dupont*), Drouai (*Drouet*), and Lecointre Puyravaux. They returned after dinner and put the same questions to us all, and received the same answers.

¹ The Baudouin edition adds : “ The Queen often requested her to read aloud.”

² This passage is omitted from the Baudouin edition.

“ The very next day Drouai came again by himself and asked if we had no complaints to make. My mother said we had not.

“ Some time afterwards, when we were at dinner, some gendarmes came, and laying rough hands on Cléry, commanded him to accompany them to the tribunal.

“ The reason of this was that, a few days before, Cléry, when going downstairs with a municipal officer, had met a young guard whom he happened to know. They said good day to each other, and shook hands. The municipal officer objected to this, and had the young man arrested, and it was to confront him at the tribunal that Cléry was sent for. My father asked that he should be allowed to come back, but the municipal officers said he certainly would not. He returned, however, about midnight.

“ Cléry asked my father to forgive his past conduct, for which my father's bearing in prison and my aunt's exhortations had made him feel remorse. Henceforth he was always very devoted to my father.

“ One day we heard people crying loudly for the heads of my father and Marat. They had the cruelty to come shouting this out just under the Temple windows.

“ My father was taken ill with a bad cold and had a rather severe fever. He was allowed to see Le Monnier and Robert, his doctor and his apothecary. The Commune were anxious, and a bulletin regarding my father's condition was drawn up every day. All

the family were attacked by colds, but my father suffered the most.

"The Commune was changed on the 2nd December. The new municipal officers came to identify my father at ten o'clock at night.

"A few days later there came an order from the Commune to remove Tison and Cléry and to take away our knives, scissors, and all sharp instruments; it also contained instructions that all dishes should be scrupulously tasted.

"The first part of the order was not put into force. My mother and father opposed it on the grounds that if they were taken ill the municipal officers might be placed in a false position if they showed them any attention.¹

"A careful search was made for sharp instruments, but my mother and I hid our scissors. The municipal officers redoubled their severity.

"The 11th December we were greatly perturbed by the sound of drums beating and the arrival of the guard at the Temple. After breakfast my father went down to his room again with my brother.

"At eleven o'clock Chambon, the Mayor, Chaumet (*Chaumette*), *Procureur-Général* of the Commune, and Colombo (*Colombeau*), *secrétaire-greffier*, all came to see my father. They informed him of the decree of the Convention which ordered that he should be examined at the Bar of the Hall. They got my father to send my brother back to my mother, but not having

¹ This sentence is omitted from the Baudouin edition.

the decree of the Convention with them, they kept my father waiting two hours.

“ He did not leave until one o’clock, when he drove away in the Mayor’s carriage. With him were Chaumet and Colombo. The carriage was escorted by municipal officers on foot.

“ My father having noticed that Colombo nodded to a great many people, asked him if they were all friends of his. Colombo said, ‘ They are the good citizens of the 10th August whom it always gives me pleasure to see.’

“ I need not refer to the manner in which my father bore himself at the Convention. It is known to all. His dignity, his firmness, his gentleness, his good nature, and his courage, surrounded as he was by assassins eager for his blood, will never cease to be remembered and admired.

“ At six o’clock he returned to the Temple with the same escort. My mother and all of us had been in great anxiety.

“ My mother, hearing the drums beating, had again and again endeavoured to find out from the municipal officer on duty what was going on, but he had absolutely refused to tell her. It was only when my father came at eleven o’clock that we got to know. When he told her what had occurred, she said her mind was at peace now she knew that my father was in the hands of the Convention.¹

“ On my father’s return she asked eagerly to be

¹ Sentence omitted from the Baudouin edition.

allowed to see him. She also caused the request to be made to Chambon, but received no reply.

"My brother passed the night in my mother's room : he had no bed, and she gave up her own to him.

"The next day my mother asked again to see my father and to have the papers to read an account of his trial. She asked that, if she could not see my father, at least my brother and I might be allowed to do so.

"This request was conveyed to the General Council. They refused us the papers, but gave permission for my brother and myself to see my father, but quite apart from my mother ; they informed my father of this, who said that although it would give him great pleasure to see his children, the important matters which he had on hand prevented him occupying himself with his son, and that his daughter could not leave her mother.

"My brother's bed was brought upstairs.

"The Convention came to see my father. He asked to be allowed to have legal counsel, and made a request for paper and ink as well as for razors to shave with, all of which were granted him.

"M. de Malsherbes, Tronchet, and Desèze, his counsel, came to see him. He was often obliged to go into the turret in order to speak to them without being overheard.

"My father did not go down into the garden any more, neither did we. The only news my father got of us and we of him, was through the municipal officers, and that was exceedingly scanty.

“ I was suffering with a bad foot ; my father heard of it, and with his habitual kindness kept himself informed of my progress.

“ My family discovered in this Commune also some kindly disposed men, who softened the severity of their trials by their feeling conduct. They assured my mother that my father’s life would not be taken, and that his case would be referred to the Primary Assemblies, who would certainly preserve his life.

“ The Convention paid another visit to my father.

“ On the 26th December, St Stephen’s Day, my father made his will, because he thought he would be assassinated next day on his way to the Convention. And on the same day my father made his second appearance at the bar, with his usual courage. He left M. de Sèze to read his defence. He went away at eleven o’clock, and came back again at three. He saw his counsel every day.

“ At length, on the 18th January, when the verdict was given, the municipal officers came to my father at eleven o’clock and informed him that they had orders to keep him under strict surveillance. My father asked them if his fate had been decided, and they answered him that it had not.

“ On the following day, M. de Malsherbes came to tell my father that sentence had been pronounced, ‘ But, Sire,’ he added, ‘ the scoundrels are not yet masters of the situation, and there is not a man of honour but will rally to Your Majesty, to save you, or to lay down his life at your feet.’ ‘ No, Monsieur de Malsherbes,’ said my father, ‘ that would put too

many lives in danger and bring about civil war in Paris. I had rather die, and I pray you tell them from me to make no attempt at rescue.'

"He was not allowed to see his counsel any more. He gave a memorandum to the municipal officers in which he asked permission to consult his advisers again, and complained of the inconvenience he suffered by being perpetually watched when he had matters of such grave moment to attend to. No notice was taken.

"On Sunday, the 20th January, Garat, Member (Minister) of Justice, and the other members of the Executive, came to inform him that the sentence of death would be carried out the next day. My father heard them with saintly fortitude. He asked for a respite of three days, in which he might learn what was to become of his family and see a Catholic confessor.

"The respite was refused, Garat assuring my father that no accusation would be brought against his family, who would be sent out of France. Subsequently they brought the Abbé Edjorce (*sic*), or De Firmont, to hear his confession.

"My father ate his dinner as usual, which greatly surprised the municipal officers, who thought he would have committed suicide.

"We learnt the death (*sic*) of my father on Sunday, the 20th, from cries of newsvendors.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we were informed that a decree of the Convention permitted us to go downstairs to my father. We hurried to him and found him much changed. He wept at our grief, but not at the thoughts of his own death. He recounted

his trial to my mother, making excuses for the ruffians who were going to put him to death, and told my mother of the request for Primary Assemblies, and said that he had refused them because they would plunge the whole country into trouble. He then spoke on religious matters to my brother, recommending him above all to forgive those who were about to cause his death. He gave my brother and me his blessing.

“ My mother greatly desired that we should spend the night with my father, but he refused, as he wished to be quiet.

“ My mother asked at least to be allowed to return the next morning, and my father gave his consent to her, but when we had gone, he begged the guards not to let us come down again as he could not endure the anguish.

“ He then went back with his confessor. He went to bed at midnight, and slept till four o'clock, when he was awakened by the beat of the drums.

“ At six o'clock the Abbé said Mass, at which my father communicated ; he set out at nine. On his way downstairs he handed his will to a municipal officer. He also gave them a sum of money that M. de Malsherbes had lent him, and begged them to see that it was returned to him ; but they kept it for themselves.

“ He then met a warder whom he had spoken to rather sharply the night before. He held out his hand to him saying, ‘ Mathé, I am sorry I spoke harshly to you ; I ask your forgiveness.’

“ He read the prayers for the dying on the way.

When he reached the scaffold he desired to address the people, but Santerre prevented him by ordering the drums to be beaten. His speech was only heard by a few.

“ He then disrobed without assistance, making them tie his hands together with a handkerchief instead of with a rope.

“ The Abbé, who had remained at his side, said to him, ‘ Go forth, son of Saint Louis; the gates of eternity are open before you.’¹

“ He received his death-blow on Monday, the 21st January, at ten minutes past ten.

“ Thus perished Louis XVI., King of France and Navarre, at the age of thirty-nine years and five months, all but three days, in the eighteenth year of his reign, after having been in prison five months and eight days.

“ Such is the account of my father’s life during his cruel captivity. In it we see nothing but piety and greatness of soul, resolution, gentleness, courage, kindness, patience in bearing the vilest calumnies, clemency in forgiving his murderers from the bottom of his heart, great love of God, his family, and his people, to which he bore testimony till his last moment, and for which he has gone to receive his reward in the bosom of the Almighty and All Merciful God.

¹ The Baudouin edition has, “ Just as he was about to die the priest said to him, ‘ Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven.’ ”

CHAPTER IX

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE THÉRÈSE (CONTINUED)—THE KING'S DYING MESSAGE TO THE QUEEN—TISON'S DENUNCIATION—THE PRISONERS SEARCHED—ILLNESS OF THE DAUPHIN—TISON'S WIFE GOES MAD—THE DAUPHIN DELIVERED OVER TO THE SIMONS—THE QUEEN TAKEN TO THE CONCIERGERIE—HER ATTEMPTED ESCAPE—TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

“**W**E rose on the morning of that terrible day, after a night of fitful and uneasy slumber.

“ At six o'clock our door was opened and some one came in to find Madame Tison's prayer-book for my father's Mass. We thought we were going downstairs, and we retained this hope until the shouts of delight of the misguided populace told us that the crime had been accomplished.

“ In the afternoon my mother asked to see Cléry, who had been with my father till the end, thinking that perhaps he had given him some message for her.¹ This, indeed, was the case, for my father had entrusted Cléry with his wedding ring to give to my mother, saying that death alone compelled him to part with it. He had also given him a packet for her containing

¹ The Baudouin edition adds, “ We desired this in order to rouse her from her condition of hopeless grief, and so prevent her mind from becoming unhinged, as we feared it would do.”

a lock of her hair, saying it had ever been dear to him.

"The municipal officers said that Cléry's condition was terrible, and that he could not come.

"My mother also desired the Commissioners to ask the General Council's permission for her to wear mourning.

"They refused to let her see Cléry, but they allowed her to go into mourning.¹

"Cléry remained a month longer at the Temple, after which he was set at liberty.

"We were allowed a little more freedom, the guards being under the impression that we were to be sent away.² We were permitted to see the people who brought our mourning, but only in the presence of the municipal officers.

"My sufferings made the pain in my foot grow worse, and they sent for Brunier, my medical attendant, and for Lacaze, the surgeon, and I was cured in a month.

"My mother would not go down to take the air in the garden, because she had to pass by my father's door, and this she could not bear. But fearing my brother would suffer from the lack of fresh air, she asked at the end of February to be allowed to go up on to the top of the tower, and permission to do so was granted her.

¹ The latter part of this sentence is omitted from the Baudouin edition.

² The Baudouin edition adds: "But nothing could calm my mother's anguish; her heart was sealed against all hope; she cared not whether she lived or died. At times she looked upon us with an expression of pity that sent a shudder through us."

“The municipal officers discovered that a sealed packet which was in their room, and contained my father’s seal, ring, and several other things, had been broken open and the seal removed. The municipal officers were much perturbed at the occurrence, but they decided at length that a thief must have stolen the seal on account of the gold it contained. It was, however, a person of honour, and not a thief, who had taken it. He who took it acted for the best, but he is dead.

“Dumourier having quitted France, we were kept more closely watched. They built the wall which divides the garden, jalousies were fitted to the upper windows, and every aperture was carefully stopped up.

“On the evening of the 25th March the chimney caught fire. Chaumet, Procurator of the Commune, came to see my mother for the first time and asked her if she had any requests to make. My mother only asked that a door should be made between her room and my aunt’s, so as to afford more air. The municipal officers grumbled at this. Chaumet said that considerations of health made it necessary, and that he would mention the matter to the General Council.

“The following day, at 10 o’clock in the morning, he came again accompanied by Pache, the Mayor, and Santerre, commandant general of the National Guard.

“Chaumet told my mother that he had put her request before the Commune, and that it had been refused.

“Pache also asked my mother whether she had any complaint to make, or wanted anything. My mother said ‘No.’

“There were still a few men of feeling among the municipal officers, whose kindness of heart brought some comfort to my mother. There was also another man who attended on us, and performed services for my relations, and who ought to be loved and esteemed by all upright people. I will not mention their names lest harm come to them in the troubled state of affairs which still exists, but I shall never forget what they did for us.

“Precautions were redoubled. Tison was not allowed to see his daughter, at which he grumbled, and with some reason. One day, seeing a strange man come in with some things for my aunt, he flew into a passion at seeing this stranger taking the place of his daughter, and spoke his mind freely.

“Pache being below, Tison was had down. He said he was very dissatisfied, and on being asked why, replied that he was annoyed at not being able to see his daughter, and at the conduct of certain municipal officers who carried on whispered conversations with my mother and aunt. They asked him what their names were, and he told them, saying he was certain we held communication with people outside.

“Being asked for proof, he said that on one occasion at supper my mother when taking out her handkerchief dropped a pencil on the floor, and that one day, in my aunt’s room, he had found some wafers and sealing-wax in the socket of a candlestick.

“After he had made this statement they sent for his wife, who repeated the same things, asserting that we had carried on correspondence with my father

during his trial. They also denounced Brunier, the doctor, who had treated me for my foot, on the grounds that he had supplied us with news. Her husband induced her to put her signature to these charges, for which act she afterwards felt great remorse. She saw her daughter the next day. The denunciation was made on the 19th April.

"At half past ten at night on the 20th April, my mother and I had just gone to bed when Hébert and several other municipal officers arrived, and read to us a decree of the Commune ordering that we were to be thoroughly searched. They carried out their orders to the letter, even looking under the mattresses.

"My brother was asleep, but they dragged him roughly out of bed in order to search it. My mother took him in her arms quite benumbed with cold.

"They also rummaged in our pockets, taking away from my mother a tradesman's address which she had kept, and from my aunt a stick of sealing-wax ; while from me they took a Sacred Heart of Jesus and the copy of a prayer for France.

"They did not leave until four in the morning. They drew up a report of the things they had found, and forced my aunt and my mother to sign it.¹ They were furious at having found nothing but trifles. The following day they removed the seals in my father's room.

"Three days later they came and demanded to see my aunt in private. They questioned her regarding

¹ The Baudouin edition adds : "Threatening to remove my brother and myself if they refused."

a hat they had found in her room, inquiring where she got it, how long she had had it, and why she had kept it.

"She said it had belonged to my father, who had given it to her soon after we came to the Temple, and that she had kept it out of regard for him.

"They told her they were going to confiscate it as being an object of suspicion.

"My aunt tried hard to keep it, but she was unable to do so. They made her sign a statement of what she had just said, and she was never able to get the hat back.

"My mother went up on to the tower every day to take the air.

"For some time past my brother had been complaining of a stitch in the side which hurt him when he laughed, and on the 9th May about seven o'clock, he was taken with a rather severe feverish attack accompanied by headache and the usual stitch in the side. At first he was unable to lie down in bed because he could not get his breath. My mother became anxious, and asked the municipal officers to call in a doctor. They told my mother that it was nothing, and that maternal anxiety was causing her to exaggerate the matter. They mentioned the affair to the General Council to whom they conveyed my mother's request for doctor Brunier.

"The Council pooh-poohed my brother's illness, because Hébert had seen him in good health at five o'clock, the fever not having come on till two hours later. They would not hear of Brunier, who had lately been denounced by Tison.

“ Nevertheless, my brother had the fever badly. My aunt kindly came and took my place in my brother’s room, in order that I might not sleep in the infected atmosphere. She took my bed, and I went and slept in her room.

“ The fever continued all through the night as well as the next day and the day after, his temperature always getting higher towards evening. Notwithstanding this my brother took the air every day.

“ My mother vainly asked them to send for a doctor. They refused to grant her request. It was only on the Sunday, three days after my brother was taken with the fever—he fell ill on the Thursday—that Thierry came. He was a prison doctor, and had been appointed by the Commune to attend my brother.

“ As it was in the morning when he came, he did not find my brother very feverish, but my mother told him to come back in the afternoon. He did so, and found the fever very high. He undeceived the municipal officers who were under the impression that my mother was disturbing herself for nothing, and informed them that on the contrary it was more serious than my mother imagined.

“ Thierry even went out of his way to have a consultation with Brunier regarding my brother, and the treatment that ought to be followed. Brunier, who had attended my brother since he was a baby, and understood his constitution, gave him some medicine that did him good.

“ On the Wednesday he took his medicine, and I came back to sleep in his room. My mother was very

much afraid of the medicine, as when he took it before he had had frightful convulsions, and she feared he might have a similar attack now she was alone with no one to help her.

"I could not sleep at all that night for worry. My brother took his medicine, and happily no ill effects followed.

"A few days after he took some more, and derived great benefit from it, except that he got faint, but that was from heat. He had no more fever save an attack now and again, but the stitches in his side came on frequently. His health began to give way, and he never again recovered it, the change in his mode of life having done him a great deal of harm.

"On the 31st May we heard the drums beating, and the tocsin ringing, but no one would tell us what the noise was about. They would not allow us to go up on to the tower to take the air. We were always prevented from doing so when Paris was in an uproar as it was that day.

"In the early part of June, Chaumet and Hébert came at ten o'clock one night to ask my mother if there was anything she wanted, or if she had any complaints to make. My mother complained of the difficulty she had experienced in getting a doctor for my brother.

"My aunt asked Hébert for the hat he had taken away from her, but he told her the General Council had not seen fit to return it.

"As Chaumet did not seem disposed to go, my aunt asked him the reason of his presence. Chaumet

replied that he had been visiting the prisons, and that he had therefore come to the Temple, all prisons being on the same footing. My aunt said it was not so, and that some people were imprisoned rightfully and others wrongfully.

"They went away ; both of them were the worse for drink.

"My brother fainted one night, and the next day Thierry was sent for. He came with a surgeon named Soupé, and a truss-maker named Pipelet, to put on a truss for a rupture he had got.

"Madame Tison went out of her mind. She worried about my brother, of whom she was very fond. Remorse for her past conduct troubled her, and she had been ailing for a long time. After a while she refused to go out of doors any more, and one day she began to talk to herself.¹ She would talk of nothing but the wrong she had done, of the ruin of her family, and of prisons and scaffolds. She thought that the people she had denounced had all been put to death.

"Every night she waited to see whether the municipal officers whom she had informed against would come, and when they did not arrive, she went to bed more gloomy than ever, and was troubled with horrible dreams.

"The municipal officers permitted her frequently to see her daughter, of whom she was very fond.

¹ The Baudouin edition adds : "Alas, that made me laugh, and my poor mother and my aunt looked pleased at me as though my laughter did them good."

“One day when the porter, who was unaware of this, refused to admit the daughter, the municipal officers had her sent for at ten o'clock at night. The lateness of the hour terrified Madame Tison more than ever. She could not believe it was her daughter who had come, and thought they had come to arrest her. She was a long time making up her mind to go downstairs, and when they were on the stairs kept saying to her husband, ‘My friend, they are going to take us off to prison.’

“She saw her daughter, and started to go up again with a municipal officer. When she got half way she stopped, and refused to go up or down. The municipal officer became alarmed, and did all he could to get her up.

“When she did reach the top she refused to go to bed, and kept on talking and shouting, so that my family could not get to sleep. The doctor saw her the next day, and found her quite mad. She was all the time grovelling at my mother's feet, asking her forgiveness.

“No one could have treated this woman better than my mother and my aunt, though they had no grounds to be pleased with her. They looked after her, and comforted her all the time she was there.

“The next day she was removed from the tower and put in the château. Afterwards, as her madness grew worse, she was put in the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and a female spy was sent there to ask her a great many questions on behalf of the Government. The municipal officers asked us for some linen for the woman who had looked after her in the Temple.

“ On the 3rd July, at ten o'clock at night, a decree of the Convention was read to us to the effect that my brother was to be taken away from my mother, and lodged in the securest portion of the tower.

“ Scarcely had my brother heard this, than he began to weep aloud, and threw himself into my mother's arms, and begged not to be taken away from her.

“ My mother, too, was overwhelmed by this cruel order, and refused to give up my brother, endeavouring to repel the municipal officers from his bed.

“ The latter tried to seize him, threatening to use violence, and to call up the guard to have him removed by force.

“ An hour was passed in discussion, the municipal officers giving vent to abuse and threats and, we, on our side, protesting and weeping. In the end my mother consented to relinquish her son.¹ We took him out of bed, and when he was dressed she gave him into the hands of the municipal officers, bathing him with her tears, as though she had seen what was to come, and knew she would never behold him again.

“ The poor little child kissed us all very tenderly, and went away weeping with his captors.

“ My mother bade the municipal officers who were leaving earnestly to entreat the General Council to let her see her son, if only during meals. This they said they would do.

“ My mother thought her misfortunes were complete now that she had been deprived of her son ; she

¹ The Baudouin edition : “ They threatened so positively to kill him as well as me, that she had to give way for both our sakes.”

thought, however, that he was in the hands of an honest and educated man. Her despair increased when she knew that it was Simon the shoemaker, whom she had known as a municipal officer, who had charge of her unhappy child.

"My mother asked again and again to see him, but without avail. As for my brother he wept inconsolably for two days, and begged to see us.

"The municipal officers no longer remained with my mother. Night and day we were shut up under lock and key. The guards only came three times a day to bring us our meals, and to look at the iron window-bars to see they had not been tampered with.

"We often went up onto the tower. My brother used to go up every day, and my mother's sole pleasure was to look through a little window and see him go by in the distance. She would stay there for hours, till the moment came to catch a glimpse of the child she loved so dearly.

"News came very sparingly to my mother through the municipal officers, and through Tison, who went downstairs on washing days, when he saw Simon, and so got to know the news.

"Tison tried to make amends for his conduct and behaved better. He told my mother something of what was taking place, but was not very communicative.

"Simon behaved very harshly to my brother for weeping when he was taken away from us, so that he was too terrified now to shed any more tears.

"A false rumour was current that my brother had

been recognised on the boulevard and the guard was grumbling at not seeing him, and said that he was not in the Temple. The Convention therefore had him brought down into the garden so that he might be seen.

“ My brother complained to them of his separation from my mother and asked to see the law which ordered it.

“ When the members went up to see my mother she also complained of the cruel manner in which her son had been taken from her. They answered that it was a step they felt compelled to take.

“ Henriot, the new general, also came to see us. He astounded us by his rough manners. From the moment he came into the room to the moment he left it, he did nothing but swear.

“ On the 2nd August, at two o'clock in the morning, we were aroused in order that my mother might hear a decree of the Convention which laid down that on the requisition of the Procurator of the Commune, my mother should be taken to the Conciergerie to be tried.

“ My mother heard this decree unmoved. My aunt and I at once asked permission to accompany her, but as the decree did not say we might, our demand was refused.

“ My mother put her things together in a parcel, the municipal officers being present all the time. She was even obliged to dress herself before them. They searched her pockets and emptied them of all their contents, of which, though they were of no importance, they made a parcel saying that it would be opened

before the revolutionary tribunal, in my mother's presence. They left her only a handkerchief and a flask, for fear she fainted.

"At length, after kissing me many times, my mother left me, bidding me be brave and take care of my health. I made no answer for I felt sure that I was looking on her face for the last time.

"At the foot of the tower my mother had to halt again, while the municipal officers drew up a document recording her discharge from their custody.

"As she went out, my mother struck her head against the top of the portal, not thinking it was so low. However, she did not hurt herself much.¹ She then got into a carriage with a municipal officer and two gendarmes.

"On reaching the Conciergerie she was given the dampest and most unhealthy room in the prison. A gendarme was always with her, never leaving her night or day.

"My aunt and I were inconsolable and spent the night in weeping.

"They had assured my aunt, when my mother left, that she could put her mind at rest and that no harm would ever come to her. It was a great comfort for me to be with my aunt whom I loved so dearly; but alas! that was not to endure, and I have lost her.

"The day after my mother went away my aunt once more made, in my name and in her own, an urgent

¹ The Baudouin edition: "On going out she struck her head against the door forgetting to stoop; they asked her if she had hurt herself, 'Oh no,' she replied, 'nothing can hurt me now.'"

request that we should be reunited to her. This was never granted. We also asked for news of her, and although we made many requests we were never able to obtain any.

“Knowing that my mother could not drink river-water because it made her ill, we asked the municipal officers to see that she had water from Viledavr  which was brought every day to the Temple. They gave their consent and passed a resolution, but one of their colleagues came and raised an objection.

“Some days afterwards, my mother sent for some of her things, amongst others her knitting of which she thought a great deal as she was making my brother a pair of stockings. We sent it to her,¹ but we afterwards learnt that it was never given her for fear she should do some harm to herself with the needles.

“We heard a little of my brother through the municipal officers, but that did not last long. Every day we heard Simon and him singing the Carmagnole, the Marseillaise, and innumerable other abominable things.

“Simon put a red cap on his head and made him wear a carmagnole. He made him sing at the open windows so that the guard could hear him, and taught

¹ The Baudouin edition : “We sent it and also every other woollen or silk thing we could find, for we knew how much she liked to be busy. Formerly she had always made a practice of working unceasingly except on occasions of ceremony. And so it came about that she produced a huge quantity of useful things including even a table-cover and an infinite number of knitted articles in every description of wool.”

him frightful imprecations against God, his family and the aristocrats. My mother happily was spared a good many of the horrors, as she had gone away.

"Before her departure they had come for my brother's ordinary clothes. My mother said she hoped he would not leave off his mourning, but the first thing Simon did was to take his black things away from him.

"Changed conditions and ill-treatment made my brother fall ill at the end of August. Simon made him eat a disgusting quantity and drink a lot of wine which my brother detested.

"All this brought on fever. He took some medicine which did him no good and his health was quite destroyed. He had become very stout, but very little taller. Still Simon made him go up on to the tower for exercise and air.

"At the beginning of September, I grew very uneasy about my mother. I never heard the drums beat but I feared it was the 2nd of September come again.

"We spent the month of September fairly peacefully and went up on to the tower every day. The municipal officers came regularly, three times a day, but all their rigour did not prevent us from getting to hear some of the news, especially regarding my mother for whom we were anxious.

"We heard that she had been charged with holding communication with people outside. On learning this we at once destroyed our writing cases and pencils, fearing we should be compelled to undress before

Madame Simon, and that the things we possessed might compromise my mother.

“ In spite of the searches, we had still got ink and pencils. I am no longer afraid to say so since my relations are now no more. We also learned that my mother had almost escaped and that the wife of the concierge was kind and took care of her. We afterwards got to know that she had been examined secretly but we did not know on what matter.

“ The municipal officers came to us again for my mother’s linen, but refused to tell us anything about her health. They took our tapestry away from us thinking it was a magical and dangerous pattern.

“ On the 21st September at one o’clock in the morning, Hébert and several other municipal officers came to carry out a decree of the Commune, ordering a great increase in the severity of our confinement. The terms were that my aunt and I should remain together ; that Tison should be taken away and shut up as a prisoner in the turret ; that we should be given nothing that was not absolutely necessary to support life. Further, that we should have a revolving cupboard on our outer door through which our meals were to be passed, and that with the exception of Henriot who brought up the water and wood, no one was to come into our rooms.

“ The revolving cupboard was not made and the municipal officers came in three times a day and thoroughly examined the window bars, the cupboards and the chests of drawers.

“ We had to make our own beds and sweep the

rooms ourselves, and this took us a long time as we were not accustomed to it at first. We no longer had a single being to do anything for us.

"When he removed Tison, Hébert said to my aunt that inasmuch as equality was the prime law in the French Republic and as in the prisons the convicts had no one to wait on them, he was going to take away Tison. My aunt made no reply.

"They deprived us of every convenience in order to increase their severity ;¹ we could not even get the barest necessities. When they came with our meals, the door was slammed at once so that we should not see who had brought them.

"We heard no news save from the newsvendors, and that but very imperfectly. We were forbidden to go onto the tower and our sheets were taken from us lest we should employ them to effect our escape from the windows. They gave us dirty coarse things in exchange.

"I fancy this was about the time my mother's trial began. Since her death I have heard that there was a plan to rescue her from the conciergerie, which unfortunately came to nothing. I have been assured that the gendarmes who had charge of her and the wife of the concierge had all been won over to her cause, and that several people had been to see her in prison, among them a priest who administered the sacrament, which she received very devoutly.

"It is said that the plan miscarried because she

¹ Baudouin edition : "They deprived us of every convenience ; they took, for example, my aunt's arm-chair, and innumerable other things."

had been told to speak to the second guard, but that she made a mistake and spoke to the first instead. Others affirm that she had already got outside her room and down the stairs, when a gendarme barred her way, although he was supposed to have been gained over to her cause. He compelled my mother to go back and so defeated the plan.

"We knew nothing of all that at the time. We only knew that my mother had seen a Chevalier of Saint Louis who had handed her a carnation with a note in it, but being shut up we could not learn what occurred after.

"Every day the municipal officers came to carry out their search. On the 24th September they came to make a thorough inspection and to remove the plate and china. They took away the little we had and then because they could not find all they had on their list, they were so base as to accuse us of having stolen some of it, when all the while it was their own colleagues who had taken it.

"In my aunt's chest of drawers, they found a roll of gold pieces. They seized it at once, and then minutely examined my aunt as to who had given it her, when, and why she had kept it. My aunt said that Madame de Lamballe gave it her on the 10th August, and that, in spite of the searches, she had retained it.

"They enquired who had given it to Madame de Lamballe, but my aunt refused to say.¹ They also

¹ Baudouin edition: "It was a fact that the ladies of the Princesse de Lamballe had managed to send money to her in the Temple, and she had shared it with my relations."

put questions to me, asked me my name and made us sign the report.

“ At mid-day on the 8th October, just as we had finished our rooms and were dressing ourselves, Pache, Chaumet and David, members of the Convention, arrived on the scene with several municipal officers. My aunt opened the door when she had finished dressing, and Pache, turning to me, asked me to go downstairs.

“ My aunt demanded to follow me. They refused. She asked if I should come up again. They assured her that I should, and Chaumet said to her, ‘ You may rely on the word of a good republican ; she will come up again.’

“ I embraced my aunt and went downstairs. I was very ill at ease. It was the first time I had found myself alone in the company of a dozen men and I was ignorant of their intentions towards me ; but I commended myself to God, and descended.

“ Chaumet wanted to show me some attentions as we went down, but I made no response. When I saw my brother I kissed him affectionately, but Madame Simon dragged him away from me and told me to go into the next room. Chaumet told me to sit down, and I did so. He sat down facing me, and a municipal officer took a pen and prepared to write.

“ Chaumet enquired my name.

“ Thérèse.

“ You are truthful ?

“ Yes, monsieur.

“ This does not concern you or your family.

" It does not concern my mother ?

" No, but some persons who have failed in their duty. Are you acquainted with Citizens Toulan, Lepitre, Vincent, Bruno, Beugnot, Moels or Michonis ?

" No.

" What, you do not know them ? They are accused of having spoken with your relatives, and of having brought them news from outside.

" No, monsieur, that is false.

" Particularly Toulan, a little Gascon, who used to come ?

" I know him no better than I do the others.

" You recollect a certain day when you and your brother were alone in one of the turrets ?

" Yes.

" You were put there because your parents wished to converse at their ease with these people.

" No, monsieur, it was to get us used to the cold.

" What did you do in the turret ?

" We talked.

" And when you came out did you notice they were talking to your parents.

" I took up a book and I do not know what happened.

" Chaumet then questioned me regarding a number of evil doings of which people accused my mother. I replied with truth that they were a tissue of infamous falsehoods. They were very insistent, but I met all their questions with a denial and in so doing I was telling the truth.

" He asked me a great deal about Varennes, putting

a number of questions which I answered as best I could without involving anybody.

“ At last, at three o’clock, my cross-examination came to an end. I strongly entreated Chaumet to allow me to rejoin my mother, saying with truth that my aunt and I had begged it more than a thousand times.

“ —I can do nothing in the matter.

“ What, monsieur, you cannot obtain permission from the General Council ?

“ I have no authority with that body.

“ He then had me reconducted to my room in company with three municipal officers, and enjoined me to say nothing to my aunt whom they were also going to call down.

“ When I got back I embraced my aunt. They told her to go down and she obeyed. The same questions were put to her as to me and she gave nearly the same answers as I did.

“ She said she knew the municipal officers, of whom they spoke, by name and also by sight, but she denied having carried on any correspondence with people outside, and denied also the evil reports about my mother regarding which I had been examined.

“ She came up again at four o’clock, her examination having taken one hour whereas mine had lasted three.

“ Chaumet had assured us that the matter had nothing to do with my mother, but we were strongly of opinion that they had deceived us ; nor, alas, were we wrong, for they tried and passed sentence on my mother a short time after.

" I am not very well acquainted with the story of my mother's trial and I shall only recount what I have personally been able to discover.

" She had two counsel to defend her, MM. du Coudrai et Chauvau. A host of people were called up before her, including Simon and Mathé, the warders of the Temple. My mother also had the addresses of several people in her pocket-book and they all had to appear before the tribunal, among others, Brunier, the doctor. They asked him if he knew my mother.

" Yes.

" How long have you known her ?

" Since 1778, when she engaged me to look after the health of her children.

" Did you, when you visited the Temple, transmit to the prisoners any communications from outside ?

" No.

" And my mother added :

" Doctor Brunier never came to see us at the Temple except in the presence of a municipal officer.

" My mother's examination lasted the unprecedented period of three days and three nights, without adjournment. They brought up against her all the base charges about which Chaumet had questioned me. Regarding these infamous accusations she cried, ' I appeal against them to every tender-hearted mother,' a phrase which evoked a sympathetic murmur from the people. The judges grew nervous, and hastened to pronounce sentence.

" My mother, who had devoted much time to religion since she had been at the Conciergerie, heard

her doom with resignation and fortitude. A priest who had taken the oath to the constitution was sent to prepare her for her end, but she declined his services. My mother replied with gentleness to all he said, but refused his ministrations. She fell on her knees and prayed for a long time alone to God. Then she took a little supper and retired to rest for a few hours.

"The following day ¹ having offered up her life as a sacrifice to God, she went bravely to her death, amid the jeers and insults of a wretched and misguided populace.

"Her courage never forsook her either in the tumbril or on the scaffold. She showed herself as brave in death as she had done in life.

"So died on the 10th October 1793, Marie Antoinette Joséphe Jeanne de Lorraine, daughter of emperors and wife of a King of France. She was thirty-seven years and eleven months old, and had lived in France twenty-three years since the date of her marriage. She died eight months after her husband King Louis XVI.

¹ Baudouin edition: "Being aware that the curé de Sainte Marguerite was imprisoned opposite her, she went to her own window and, looking across at his fell on her knees. I have heard it said that he gave her absolution or his blessing."

CHAPTER X

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE THÉRÈSE (CONTINUED)—THE PRINCESS AND HER AUNT IGNORANT OF THE QUEEN'S FATE—SIMON ACCUSES THEM OF FORGERY—THE DAUPHIN CRUELLY NEGLECTED—MADAME ELISABETH TAKEN AT NIGHT TO THE CONCIERGERIE—HER SPLENDID FORTITUDE AT THE SCAFFOLD.

“**N**EITHER my aunt nor I knew that my mother was dead, and although we had heard a newsvendor calling out that they meant to condemn her at one sitting, the feeling of hopefulness so natural to those in distress, made us believe that she would escape.

“Nor could we imagine that the Emperor would have behaved so scandalously as to suffer the Queen, a member of his own family, to perish on the scaffold without raising a finger to save her. Such indeed proved the case, but our minds refused to entertain the thought that the House of Austria would be guilty of this crowning infamy.¹

“Nevertheless, at times we felt great anxiety about my mother, seeing how furious the people were against her.

¹ In the Baudouin edition this paragraph is whittled down as follows: “We could not believe that we should be universally forsaken, nor do I know, even now, the course which events took in the outer world or whether I shall ever leave this prison, though I have been led to hope that I may.”

"It was only after I had endured this terrible uncertainty for a year and a half, that I heard of the death of my virtuous and august mother.

"We learnt from the newsvendors that the Duke of Orleans was dead and that was the only news we heard during the winter.

"The searchings began again and we were treated with severity. My aunt, who had a gathering on her arm, had great difficulty in getting anything to put on it. She was kept waiting a long time ; at last, one day, a municipal officer drew attention to the cruelty of such conduct and sent out for some ointment.

"They also put a stop to the herb-soup which I used to take in the morning for my health.

"As my aunt no longer had fish served her on days of abstinence she urgently requested that the necessary dishes might be given her so that she could observe the rule of her faith. They refused, saying, that in accordance with their watchword of equality, they could make no differences in the days of the week, that there were now no more weeks, but decades. A new almanac was brought to us but we did not look at it.

"On another occasion when my aunt repeated her request, they said to her, ' Well, citoyenne, you don't know how things are. You can't get everything you want in the market.' My aunt did not ask them again.

"We were always being searched, particularly during November, when orders were given to search us three times a day. On one occasion the process lasted from four o'clock to half past eight in the

evening. The four municipal officers who conducted it were thoroughly intoxicated. It would be impossible to give an idea of the talk, the abuse and blasphemy in which they indulged during those four hours.

“ They took away a lot of ridiculous things from us, such as hats, the kings out of packs of cards, and books containing coats-of-arms. They left us the books of devotion, but not without delivering themselves of countless blasphemies about them.

“ Simon accused us of forging assignats and of having communications with people outside. He alleged that we had exchanged messages with my father during his trial. Simon made this declaration in my brother's name and forced him to sign it.

“ The sound which put the forgery notion into his head was the noise we made when playing backgammon, with which we used to pass the time of an evening.

“ The winter went by without any important incident. Many inspections and searches, but they let us have wood for the fire.

“ On the 19th January we heard a great stir in my brother's room, which made us think he was leaving the Temple, and we felt sure of it when, looking through a hole in our window-screen, we saw a number of packages being carried out.

“ On the following days we heard his door open, and still possessed with the idea that he had gone, we imagined that some German prisoner had been quartered below, and for the sake of having a name by

which to call him, we had christened him Melchisédec. But I have since learnt that it was Simon alone who had left, and that having been allowed the choice of becoming a municipal officer or of remaining as my brother's attendant, he had selected the former alternative, and that they had had the cruelty to leave my poor little brother quite alone.

"Was ever such inhumanity heard of as to leave a child of eight locked in a room by himself without any one to do anything for him, his only means of summoning assistance being a wretched bell which he never used, preferring to go in absolute want rather than to ask his tormentors for anything.

"He occupied a bed that had not been made for six months, my brother not being strong enough to make it himself. It was covered with bugs and fleas and they were all over his linen and his body. Refuse was allowed to accumulate in his room. His window was never opened, and it was impossible to remain in the room on account of the poisonous stench.

"By nature he was dirty and lazy,¹ and it must be confessed that he might have kept himself more clean.

"Frequently they kept him without a light. The unhappy child would be dying with fright but would never ask for anything.

"He did nothing all day and his mode of life played great havoc with his mental and physical well-being. It is not that his health was immediately affected,² but

¹ The Baudouin edition : "It is true my brother neglected himself."

² The Baudouin edition instead of the latter part of this sentence has : "It is not astonishing that he fell into a dreadful decline."

the length of time he kept well proves how strong his constitution was.

“ They often addressed us familiarly (*on nous tutoya*) during the winter.

“ My aunt rigidly observed the Lenten rule, although she had hardly enough to keep body and soul together. She took no breakfast, for dinner she had a dish of coffee, and for supper dry bread. This went on all through Lent, and there could be nothing more edifying than her conduct. Ever since they had refused to allow her fish she had none the less kept the fasts.

“ Early in the spring they ceased to allow us a candle. We had supper at half past seven or eight, and went to bed immediately after because it was dark.

“ Nothing remarkable happened till the 9th May. Then, just as we were going to bed the bolts were drawn and they came and knocked at our door. My aunt replied that she was putting on her dress ; they said it was not such a long business as all that, and knocked so violently that they almost battered the door in.

“ My aunt opened the door when she was dressed.

“ They said to her, ‘ Citoyenne, you must come downstairs ? ’

“ And my niece ?

I give the passage as Madame Royale wrote it, but I should add that in the edition published in 1893, the word “ astonishing ” was inserted in parenthesis so that it reads : “ It is not (astonishing) that his health was consequently affected.” It may be that Madame omitted a word, still, inasmuch as what she has written makes sense, it is here left in its original form.

" We will see to her later.

" My aunt embraced me and said she would come back again.

" ' No, citoyenne,' they said, ' you will return no more. Put on your bonnet and come.'

" They heaped insults upon her; she bore it patiently, and then having kissed me, and bid me have courage and put my trust in God, she went out with these fiends. Downstairs they searched her but discovered nothing. There was considerable delay because the municipal officers were drawing up a minute renouncing their responsibility for her safe custody.

" At last, after having been made the object of innumerable taunts, she left in charge of the court-bailiff. She was driven away in a fly to the Conciergerie where she passed the night.

" The following day she was handed over to the tribunal. Three questions were put to her.

" Your name ?

" Elisabeth.

" Where were you on the 10th August ?

" At the Château des Tuileries by my brother's side.

" What have you done with your diamonds ?

" I do not know; besides all your questions are useless. You have resolved on my death. I have offered up my life as a sacrifice to God, and I am ready to die.

" She was then sentenced to death. She made them conduct her into the same room as those who were to

perish with her, and exhorted them all to die bravely. When in the tumbril, she displayed the same calm, encouraging the women about her.

“ The crowd marvelled at her courage, and forbore to revile.

“ When they came to the scaffold they had the cruelty to make her die the last. Each woman as she stepped from the tumbril asked permission to embrace her. She assented with her habitual sweetness, and exhorted them not to give way.

“ Her colour never left her, even up to the final moment when her soul quitted her body to go and repose in the bosom of the God she had ever loved.

“ Marie Philippine Elisabeth H  l  ne, sister of King Louis XVI., died on the 10th May 1794, at the age of thirty. She was always a pattern of virtue, never having been guilty of any of the follies of youth. From the time she was fifteen she had dedicated herself to God, and thenceforward thought only of her salvation.

“ Since 'eighty-nine, when I was brought into closer relationship with her, I never found in her aught but faith, a great love of God, a horror of sin, sweetness of disposition, modesty, courage, and a deep affection for her family, for whose sake, since she always refused to leave the King my father, she laid down her life. She was, in a word, a Princess worthy of the ancestry from which she had sprung.

“ I cannot sufficiently extol the kindness which she showed me, and which ceased only with her life. She ever regarded me as a daughter, and I have always

looked on her as a second mother, and loved and revered her accordingly.

“ Our dispositions were exactly alike, and in appearance we were very similar. Heaven grant that I may possess her virtues, and that I may one day be reunited to her in God’s bosom, where I doubt not she enjoys the guerdon of her life and death, which were so meritorious.

CHAPTER XI

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE THÉRÈSE (CONCLUDED).—THE PRINCESS ALONE IN THE TEMPLE—HER REQUEST FOR A COMPANION—ROBESPIERRE'S SECRET VISIT—ARRIVAL OF LAURENT—HIS GENTLENESS—GOMIN APPOINTED AS HIS ASSISTANT—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

“ I REMAINED in great despair after my aunt had gone. I did not know what had befallen her, and no one would tell me. I passed a very wretched night, but though I felt uneasy about her, I had no idea that I was going to lose her in a few hours. I firmly believed that she was no longer in France.

“ Nevertheless, the roughness with which she had been taken away made me apprehensive for her safety. In this uncertainty I passed the night. On the following morning I asked the municipal officers what had become of her. They said she had gone to take the air. I demanded to be reunited to my mother since I was separated from my aunt, and I asked for news of the latter. They said they would talk the matter over.

“ They afterwards brought me the key of the cupboard where my aunt's linen was. I asked them to have it sent to her since she had got none. This they said they were unable to do.

“ I often asked the municipal officers to let me be

taken to my mother, and begged them to tell me about my aunt. They always said that they would see about it.

" Seeing that my demands were unheeded, and remembering that my aunt had told me that if ever I was left alone it was my duty to ask for a woman, I did so reluctantly, certain of being refused.

" As a matter of fact, when I did ask the municipal officers, they said—

" ' Citoyenne, we must see what the General Council has to say.'

" They redoubled their severity towards me, and took away the knives which they had restored to me.

" They said—

" ' Come now, Citoyenne, have you many knives ?'

" ' No, monsieur, only two.'

" ' And what about the dressing-table, have you none there, and no scissors ?'

" ' No, monsieur, no.'

" Another time they took away the flint and steel. They came to examine me, and finding the stove hot, said—

" ' May we ask why you have lit the fire ?'

" ' In order to put my feet in hot water.'

" ' How did you light the fire ?'

" ' With the flint and steel.'

" ' Who gave it to you ?'

" ' Tison left it.'

" ' Has no one given you anything since ?'

" ' Yes, matches and tinder.'

" ' When ?'

“ ‘ Eight months ago.’

“ ‘ Who ? ’

“ ‘ I don’t know.’

“ ‘ For the present we are going to take away the flint and steel.’

“ ‘ As you please.’

“ ‘ It is for your safety, lest you go to sleep and catch yourself on fire.’

“ ‘ I thank you.’

“ ‘ You have nothing else ? ’

“ ‘ Nothing, monsieur.’

“ ‘ On your word of honour you assure us you have nothing else ? ’

“ ‘ No, monsieur.’

“ Such scenes often took place.

“ One day there came a man who, I believe, was Robespierre. The municipal officers were very deferential to him, and his visit was kept secret. The people at the Tower did not know who he was. He came into my room, looked at me insolently, picked up my books, and after a whispered conversation with the municipal officers, went away again.

“ The guards were frequently the worse for drink ; however, we were left in peace, my brother and I, each in our own quarters, until the 9th thermidor.

“ The municipal officers had no pity on my unhappy brother, but left him to sicken in his squalor, only going to him at meal times. There was but one of them who spoke of the cruel way my brother was treated ; he was sent away the next day.

“ For my part, I only asked for what was absolutely

necessary, and that was often rudely refused me. I swept my rooms every day. They were finished when the guards came in at nine o'clock, my breakfast time.

"They refused to give me any more books, and I only had prayer-books and books of travel, which I had read over and over again, and some knitting, of which I was very weary.

"Such was our condition on the 9th thermidor, when the drums beat to arms and the tocsin was rung. I was greatly alarmed. The municipal officers who were on duty at the Temple remained where they were. I dared not ask them what was going forward for fear of a rebuff.

"Finally, on the 10th thermidor, at six in the morning, I heard a terrific din at the Temple. The guard were calling to arms, the drums were beating, doors kept opening and shutting. All this uproar was on account of the members of the National Convention, who were coming to see if all was in order.

"I heard the bolts of my brother's door being drawn back. I jumped out of bed and was dressed when Barras and Delmas, two of the members of the Convention, reached my room. They were in full dress, which astonished me somewhat, being unaccustomed to it.

"Barras spoke to me, addressing me by name. He was surprised to find me up. He said other things to me to which I returned no reply: I was in such a state of surprise. At last, seeing that they were still inclined to stay, I remarked that I did not expect to see them so early.

“ They left, and I heard them haranguing the guards who were drawn up beneath the windows, exhorting them to be loyal to the National Convention. There were endless shouts of *Vive la République, Vive la Convention!* The guard was doubled, and the three municipal officers who were at the Temple remained there three days.

“ At last, at the end of the third day—it was half-past nine, and, having no candle, I had just gone to bed, though my uneasiness prevented me from sleeping—my door was opened for Laurent to see me. He was the Commissioner of the Convention who was to have charge of my brother and me.

“ I rose. My visitors made a prolonged tour of inspection, showing Laurent everything, and then went away.

“ The next morning at ten o’clock, Laurent entered my room and asked me politely if I needed anything. He came in three times every day, but he was exceedingly well-mannered and never inspected the bars.

“ Three days after, the Convention came again. They took compassion on my brother’s condition and gave orders for his better treatment.

“ Laurent had a bed, which was in my room, taken downstairs for my brother, his own being full of bugs. Afterwards, he bathed my brother and washed off the vermin with which he was covered. He was, however, still left in his room by himself.

“ Before long I asked Laurent about what I was longing to know, namely, how my relatives were, for I did not know of their deaths, and above everything

I begged to be reunited to my mother. He replied that it was not his business.

"The following day there came people wearing tricolour sashes, and to them I put the same questions. They replied that it had nothing to do with them, and added that they could not understand why I asked to be taken away, since I appeared so comfortable where I was.

" ' Yes, monsieur, well enough as regards the place, but very sick at heart, for when one has been separated from one's mother for two years without hearing anything of her, it is very melancholy.'

" ' You are not sick ? '

" ' No, monsieur, save that heart sickness is the worst of all.'

" ' I repeat that we can do nothing in the matter, and I advise you to have patience, and trust in the kindness and justice of the French people.'

" I made no reply.

" The remainder of the summer passed by without incident. I was awakened one morning by the explosion at Grenelle. My brother remained alone all through the summer.

" Laurent went into his room three times, but he was afraid he would get into trouble. He was much more attentive to me, and I have every reason to be satisfied with his conduct towards me. During the three months that he was single-handed, he often asked me if I needed anything, and begged me to ask him for anything I required and to ring for him. He gave me back the flint and steel, and allowed me a candle.

“ At the end of October, when I was asleep at one o'clock in the morning, my outer door opened. I got up to open the door of my room and saw two members of the Committee enter with Laurent. They looked at me and went out again without speaking.

“ At the beginning of November the Civil Commissioners arrived, that is to say a man from each of the sections, who used to come and pass twenty-four hours at the Temple in order to certify that my brother was living.

“ There also came early in November a second Commissioner of the Convention to assist Laurent, one Gomin. He took great care of my brother, and was shocked at the state in which he found him. He was so troubled by it that he wanted to resign there and then ; however, in order to relieve my brother's sufferings, he made up his mind to stay on.

“ The unhappy child was left from dusk to supper-time, which was eight o'clock, without a light. He used almost to die of fright as he could not bear the darkness, but Laurent would not go upstairs to take him a light.

“ Gomin, however, let him have one after dark, and even spent some hours with him to amuse him. He noticed before long that my brother's knees and wrists were swollen, and thought he was going to have rickets. He mentioned it to the Committee, and asked if he might come down to take exercise in the garden.

“ Gomin took my brother downstairs into his room, the small drawing-room, and this greatly pleased my

brother, who liked change of scene. He soon noticed Gomin's attentions, and was touched by it, poor child, having for so long known nothing but ill-treatment.

"On the 19th December the Committee of General Surety came to the Temple. They saw my brother on account of his illness, and also came to my room, but said nothing to me.

"The winter passed pretty quietly, and I was very pleased with the kindness of my custodians. They consented to light my fire, of which I was very glad, and they supplied me with books. Laurent had already given me some wood: they gave me a lot more.

"During the winter my brother had a few attacks of fever. He always kept close to the fire, and it was impossible to get him away from it; he did not like walking. Laurent and Gomin made him go up on to the Tower to get the air, but he would scarcely stay there a quarter of an hour, and it was in vain that they urged him to walk about. His illness had already begun markedly to affect him, and the swelling in his knees grew worse every day.

"Laurent was accused of sympathy with the Terrorists and had to leave. His place was taken by Lasne, an excellent man, who, together with Gomin, looked after my brother very well.

"When spring came they made me promise to go up on to the tower, which I did.

"My brother became worse every day, his strength declined, and his mind grew noticeably feeble, the result of the cruel treatment meted out to him.

"The Committee of General Surety sent Doctor Dusceaux to attend him. He undertook to effect a cure notwithstanding the dangerous character of my brother's illness.

"Dusceaux, however, died, and Doctor Dumangin and the surgeon Pelletan, who succeeded him, regarded my brother's condition as hopeless. They gave him medicine, which he took, although with difficulty.

"Happily his illness did not cause him very much suffering, as he was in a condition of torpor and prostration rather than of acute pain, but he wasted away like an old man. He went through several painful crises. At length, stricken with fever, he grew weaker and weaker, and passed gently and painlessly away at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th June, having had the fever for eight days, two of which he had spent in bed. He was ten years and two months old.

"The Commissioners wept bitterly for him, so greatly had he endeared himself to them by his lovable nature.

"He was not deficient in intellect, but the life he had led in prison had had a most injurious effect upon him, and even if he had lived there was reason to fear that he would have become an imbecile.

"He possessed all the good qualities of his father, and had it not been for his imprisonment he would have become a great man, for he had plenty of spirit, a great love of his country, and a taste for lofty enterprise.¹

¹ The whole of this paragraph is omitted in the Baudouin edition. Furthermore, instead of "there was reason to fear that he would have become an imbecile," the words, "to fear that his mind would have become affected" are substituted.

“ There is no truth in the rumour that was, and still is current to the effect that he was poisoned. The doctors who carried out the post-mortem examination of his body have borne witness to the falsity of the statement. They found no trace of poison. Moreover, the medicine which he took in his last illness was analysed and found harmless.

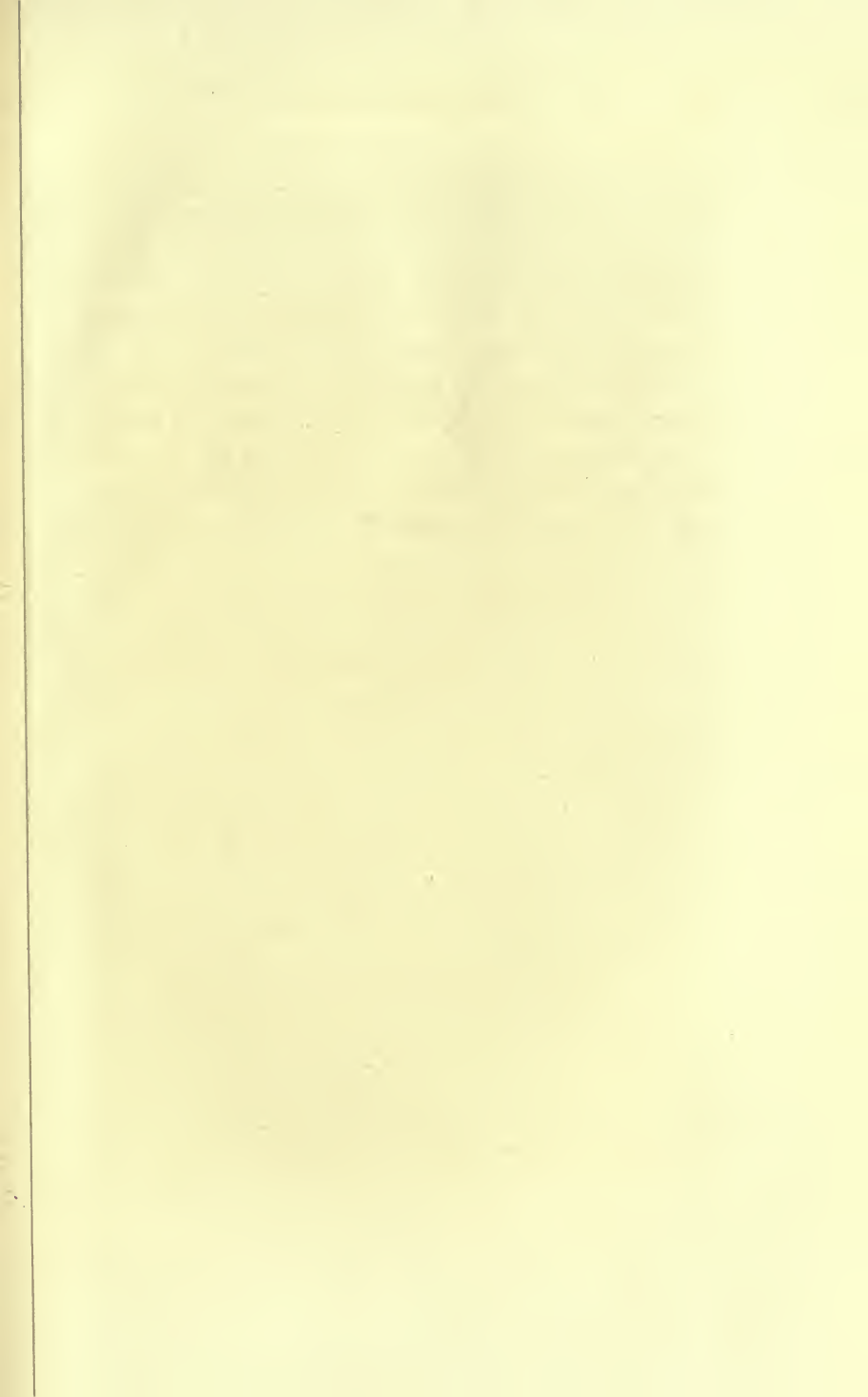
“ The Commune had it in their power to poison him, but to state that they did so is false. The only poison which shortened his life was the filthy conditions under which he existed for almost a year, and the cruelty with which he was treated.

“ Such was the life of my virtuous and unhappy relatives during the closing years of their existence.

“ I certify that this journal contains the truth.

“ MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE.

“ At the tower of the Temple, this 14th October.”





DEPARTURE OF MADAME ROYALE FROM THE TEMPLE PR
From a Coloured Engraving

PART II
THE EXCHANGE

CHAPTER XII

ON THE ROAD TO HÜNINGEN—INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY—
CARLETTI AGAIN—POPULAR ENTHUSIASM—ARRIVAL AT
THE "HÔTEL DU CORBEAU"—PREPARATIONS FOR THE
EXCHANGE—DE BACHER'S DELICATE POSITION—HIS
ADMIRABLE ^{NEW} TACT—MARIE THÉRÈSE BIDS ADIEU TO
FRANCE—THE CEREMONY AT REBER'S HOUSE.

INTO the dimness and silence of the Rue du Temple, Madame Royale went forth, leaning on Bénézech's arm. Gomin and the minister's secretary came behind, bearing a parcel and a carpet-bag.

As soon as they had passed through the great doorway they turned to the right by the Church of Sainte Elisabeth and proceeded along the Rue du Temple, till they came to where it meets the Rue Meslay. It was the route the King had followed on his way to the scaffold. The minister conversed with his companion as they walked along, gave her some words of advice, and, speaking of the "part she would have to play," impressed on her that she must pretend that Captain Méchain was her father.¹

At the Rue Meslay the minister's carriage was drawn up. The Princess got in, followed by Gomin. "After driving about the streets a little while," they came

¹ Letter from Madame Royale to Madame de Chanterenne, quoted by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

out on to the boulevard in front of the Opera,¹ where the travelling coach, with lamps burning,² was waiting for them. Madame de Soucy and Captain Méchain had already taken their places. A mounted courier was keeping a look-out along the deserted thoroughfare.

Madame, having changed carriages, expressed her thanks to the minister, who raised his hat and bowed.

"Farewell, Monsieur," said the orphan.

"Farewell, Madame," replied the minister, "and may you soon be restored to your country, you and all those who are able to bring it happiness."³

The door was shut again, the berlin drove off along the boulevard and soon disappeared in the direction of the Bastille. Bénézech looked at his watch. It was midnight.⁴ On that very day which had just drawn to a close, the 18th December 1795, Madame Royale, who had been born on the 18th December 1778, completed her seventeenth year.

Half-an-hour later the conveyance that was bearing her to freedom left Paris by the turnpike at Reuilly, and entered upon the main road to Bâle. At one o'clock in the morning it drew up at the posting-house at Charenton, the first stage of the journey. The courier who rode on in front of the travellers had

¹ Beauchesne writes, "In the Rue de Bondy, *behind* the Opera." Madame Royale, however, in her letter to Madame de Chanterenne, clearly states, "We arrived on the boulevards in front of the Opera." The Opera was situated on the site now occupied by the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin.

² "To Citizen Berger, for two pounds of candles for the lamps, 1000 livres (in assignats)"; *Travelling expenses of the daughter of the last King on her journey to Bâle* (National Archives, F⁴ 2315).

³ Pastoret, *Notice sur Marie Thérèse de France* (Paris, 1852).

⁴ This detail is recorded by Beauchesne.

ordered the necessary relay of horses, but the postillions refused to take paper-money (assignats), and they had to be paid in cash. This was the only incident the night brought forth. Travelling at the very modest rate of a league and a half an hour, the berlin passed through Boissy-Saint-Léger, changed horses for the second time at the inn at Gros-Bois, and again at daybreak at Brie-Comte-Robert. At Guignes, which was reached about nine o'clock, the travellers alighted and went into the posting-house for breakfast. No one seemed to suspect the rank of the ladies.

After resting for an hour they got on the road again. It was two leagues to Mormant, three more to Nangis, and it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before they perceived, away to the left side of the road, the great Cæsar Tower at Provins. The berlin entered the town, and driving through the winding streets drew up in front of the posting-house. A number of onlookers gathered round the vehicle, and the Princess must have seen she was recognised. When the fresh horses had been paid for and they were again on their way, Méchain noticed that an officer of dragoons was riding behind the berlin ; he kept with them for four leagues, as far as Nogent-sur-Seine, which they did not reach till well after night-fall. This officer, who was under no obligation to hold his tongue, had given out that the daughter of Louis XVI. was about to pass through the town, so that when she got down from her carriage to take some refreshment at the posting-house, a crowd of spectators had assembled to try and catch

a glimpse of her. The courtyard was full of them, while others, braving the darkness and the rain, had taken up their stand in the roadway. The hostess was obliging and respectful, and as the Princess got into her carriage again, the townspeople showered blessings and good wishes upon her.¹

Through the High Street they went, and along the Rue de l'Étape-au-Vin ; then, leaving by the Porte de Troyes,² they found themselves once more rolling along the highway through the darkness to the steady trot of six fresh horses. Three leagues out of Nogent the berlin began to cross the long plain in which is situated the posting-house of Les Granges. Then another three leagues brought the travellers about eleven o'clock to the hamlet of Les Grez, where a halt was made for the remainder of the night. They were then thirty-four leagues from Paris, and had been just twenty-three hours on the road.

While they were having supper, the proprietress of the tavern told them that the Tuscan Ambassador, M. Carletti—who, it will be remembered, had received his passports from the Directory, and was on his way back to his sovereign's dominions—had changed

¹ In the present account of their journey two narratives have been followed, both of which we owe to Madame Royale ; the one was contained in a letter to Madame de Chanterenne, which has been published by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard ; the other was an account which she gave to Gomin, and to which Beauchesne had access. To the details given by the Princess has been added some further information supplied by the historians of the localities through which her journey lay.

² *Histoire de Nogent-sur-Seine*, by A. Aufaure (Troyes, 1859). The Duchesse d'Angoulême passed through Nogent on the 10th August 1815 but made no stay there.

horses there a few hours previously, and had announced that the Princess would soon be passing that way.

Six hours were spent in sleep at Les Grez, but long before sunrise they had recommenced their journey. The first streaks of dawn were just appearing beyond the vineyards of Vermoise as they reached the inn at La Malmaison ; about nine o'clock they arrived at the outskirts of Troyes.

Méchain had planned the journey so as to avoid stopping for any length of time in the big towns. At Troyes, according to his programme, they were merely to change horses and be off again. But at the posting-house in the Rue de la Montée Saint Pierre,¹ there were no horses available. M. Carletti had taken every one there was to be had. There was nothing for it therefore but to wait. It was not until nearly eleven o'clock that the berlin quitted the city by the Porte St Jacques. At Montieramey, four and a half leagues farther on, there was another delay. Chasaut² the courier, "an excellent man," Madame Royale calls him, who took great pains to get the postillions along and to facilitate the changing of horses, declared that the confounded *linen-drapeer* had "been there again

¹ *Les rues de Troyes anciennes et modernes*, by Corrard de Bréban (Troyes, 1857).

² In the narrative published by M. Costa de Beauregard, Madame Royale refers to this man as *Charra*. I have restored his correct name from a memorandum addressed by him to the Minister of the Interior (National Archives, F⁴ 2315). In the course of the journey Chasaut completely wore out a pair of buckskin breeches, a blue cloth riding-coat, and a pair of boots. As compensation he received 20,000 francs in assignats.

and monopolised every nag in the place." *Linen-drapeer* was the name he bestowed on Count Carletti, whose carriage, wondrously loaded up with packages, looked, he said, for all the world like a hawker's cart.

They did not reach Vendeuve, the next stage, until eight o'clock in the evening, having covered only seven leagues in eleven hours. Captain Méchain, weary of the delay, called at the Town Hall of the place and showed his passports and the government's orders giving him precedence over all other travellers. Carletti, whom they had caught up, stormed with indignation, but he had to give way. Madame Royale and her party took supper at the Inn and left Vendeuve at eleven. They passed through Bar-sur-Aube at dead of night. Just as day was breaking the berlin began the steep climb over the wood-clad heights of Morillon, whence on a clear day one can look over a great amphitheatre of hills through which, eight leagues apart, the towns of Chaumont and Langres mark the direction taken by the road.

They entered Chaumont by way of the ancient Porte de l'Eau and the Square Dame-Aillotte, and without going right into the market-place, turned down the Rue de l'Homme-Sauvage to the Hôtel de la Poste, formerly called the Fleur de Lys,¹ a name which even in the days of the Revolution the natives of the place, from force of habit, continued to

¹ The street was originally called the Rue Gilles d'en Haut, but in the fifteenth century a company of foreigners took up their quarters at an inn in that street to exhibit a so-called wild-man, and thereafter the inn, and subsequently the street itself, took the name of l'Homme Sauvage (*Histoire de la ville de Chaumont*, by E. Jolibois).

apply to it.¹ Its landlady, the Citoyenne Royer, was, in 1795, about fifty years of age. It was before her house that at nine o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 21st December, the equipage of Madame Royale drew up. The weather being fine, Madame Royale had got out of her carriage before reaching the town, and, in company with Madame de Soucy, had walked up the hill of the Voie-de-l'Eau.

Some one, we do not know for certain who, had revealed the incognito of the daughter of Louis XVI. Lombard, of Langres, asserts "that a person entrusted with the duty of accompanying her, instead of concealing the name of the Princess, as he ought to have done, seemed to have gone out of his way to supply people with hints regarding her identity."² This theory is difficult to reconcile with the caution habitually observed by the timid Méchain, and I should be more inclined to attribute the indiscretion to an artist who had followed Marie Thérèse all the way from Paris, and had managed to paint her portrait "by putting in, unperceived, a few strokes with his brush at every stopping-place."³

However that may be, they had no sooner arrived than the rumour was spread abroad that the orphan of the Temple was at the *Fleur de Lys*, round which hostelry the townsfolk came flocking in a state of

¹ *Quelques heures à Chaumont en septembre 1828.*

² *Mémoires anecdotiques pour servir à l'histoire de la Révolution française, par Lombard de Langres, ancien ambassadeur en Hollande*, i. 131.

³ London Public Record Office, Switzerland; *Miscellaneous Papers*, No 13 (F.O.); *M. Merian to Lord Granville*; Information supplied by M. C. D. Bourcart of Bâle.

much excitement.¹ The Town Council held a meeting and two of the members, Citizens Abraham and Picard, waited on the Princess on behalf of the Mayor, "offering to conduct her to the *Hôtel de Ville* or to remain in attendance on her during the period of her stay as a mark of respect and sympathy."² She elected to remain at the hotel. Méchain, who was taken for an Austrian officer, found himself in great difficulties concerning the rôle he was supposed to sustain. He made what protests he could and displayed his passport, affirming that one of the fair travellers (Madame de Soucy) was his wife and the other (Madame Royale) his daughter. The latter, in order to lend colour to his statements, he called familiarly *Sophie*. His denials, however, failed to abate the enthusiasm of the crowd. They huzzaed for the *good lady*, the *good princess*, weeping for joy, and when she departed they were filled with grief and prayed for her welfare.

One of the councillors who remained with her said, "This popular gathering should be most gratifying to Your Royal Highness. Not a soul here but is trying his utmost to catch a glimpse of the only one left to remind us of Louis XVI."³

Marie Thérèse took a cup of milk and some fruit for her breakfast. Madame Royer, who brought it to her, made a point of waiting on her herself, and when the meal was over she put aside, as relics, the bowl,

¹ *Quelques heures à Chaumont en 1828.*

² *Quelques heures à Chaumont en 1828*

³ *Mémoires de Lombard de Langres.*

plate, and knife and fork the Princess had used, and reverently treasured them to the end of her days.¹

Her departure took place amid the cheers and lamentations of the inhabitants. Long after the berlin had left the Porte Saint Michel and disappeared on the road to Langres, Chaumont was still seething with excitement.

The travellers themselves were no less moved. The banished orphan-girl felt her heart swell with tears as she bade farewell to France, France which was lavishing on her so many tokens of affection and loyalty. "How different it all is from Paris," she writes,² "and oh! what joy and what pain it brings me. People openly express their dislike of the Government. They long for their former rulers, and

¹ The Duchesse d'Angoulême passed through Chaumont in 1828. After the official receptions at the Prefecture, where she displayed her usual frigid severity of manner, she expressed a desire to revisit the hotel where, thirty-three years before, she had made a stay of two hours. Madame Royer was still alive. Though a widow of eighty, she still kept the *Fleur de Lys* assisted by her two sons. She was nearly overcome with emotion on receiving the august visitor. "I recollect you perfectly," said the Duchesse d'Angoulême. "It was you who received me so kindly many years ago, and I have not forgotten it." She gave her hand to the good woman whose voice was choked with sobs. The people of Chaumont who, up to that moment, had been very disheartened by Madame's distant coldness, were transported with delight at this visit and shed tears of joy and affection. At the state function given that evening at the Prefecture three women only were granted admission; they were the Duchesse de Crès, the Marquise de Dalmatie, and . . . the widow Royer, who was so feeble with age that she could scarcely totter. Madame was most gracious towards her, and when she caught sight of her, said, "There the dear old creature is, I do believe." *Quelques heures à Chaumont en 1828.*

² Letter written from Huningen to Madame de Chanterenne and quoted by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

even for poor me. How full my heart is ! Why did not this change come sooner ! I should not then have seen all my family perish and so many innocent ones besides."

In spite of the conditions under which they travelled, Madame Royale appears to have kept Madame de Soucy at a distance. She was longing for Madame de Chanterenne. Why, she asked, had they taken her *Renète* away from her to force upon her "*this woman* who was permitted to bring her son and her *femme de chambre* with her, while she was not even allowed a maid." "I have need," she said, "of someone in whom to confide, someone whom I love and to whom I can unburden my heart. She who now accompanies me does not fulfil these requirements for I do not know her well enough to tell her all I feel."¹

With regard to the unassuming Gomin she shows herself less severe. "The poor man is most attentive. He puts himself to a lot of trouble and does not allow himself time to eat or sleep." As for Captain Méchain, he was kind but very "nervous." He was for ever on thorns lest the *émigrés* should kidnap his Princess or the terrorists put her to death. And besides this "he was inclined to ride the high horse a little, but Marie Thérèse was equal to the occasion." At the Inns he always called her his daughter or "Sophie" but in her replies she always addressed him ceremoniously as *Monsieur*. Although he perceived how greatly

¹ Letter written from Huningen to Madame de Chanterenne and quoted by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

such familiarity displeased her he thought his responsibility compelled him to persist in his make-believe, which, after all, was quite fruitless, for at every stopping-place people invariably addressed her as *Madame* or *Princess*.

Méchain was a worthy officer who had risen from the ranks. He was then nearing his fiftieth year, having been born in 1748 at Laon, where his father was a master-plasterer. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Conti Cavalry, and after serving twelve years in that regiment he entered the mounted police with the rank of corporal. He was captain when the revolution began, and captain he remained after it was over. He was serving at Versailles in this capacity when Bénézech chose him, on what grounds it is not known, as bodyguard of the daughter of Louis XVI., and entrusted him with the mission of conducting her to the frontier, and of receiving the prisoners from Austria.¹

With no other incident save the delays occasioned by the wretched state of the roads and the lack of horses, the berlin covered, on the 21st December in the space of a dozen hours, the fourteen leagues which lie between Chaumont and the market town of Fayl Billot. They reached the latter place at eleven o'clock at night and were obliged to sleep there. The Princess passed the night at a house in the High Street facing the Paris road.²

¹ Archives of the War Office. *Tableau des services de Louis François Méchain*. Méchain remained in the service till 1804; he retired to Prémontré in the department of Aisne, where he was still living in 1806; he was a widower with two children.

² *Histoire de la ville de Fayl Billot*, by Abbé Briffault. Besançon 1860.

The following morning a start was made at six o'clock so that Vesoul, which was twelve leagues away, might be reached by nightfall. At every stage they had to wait two hours for horses. There was the same slow progress on the 23rd, Wednesday, when by roads that the rains had turned into quagmires, they got as far as Belfort where a halt was made for the night. At length, the following day, they succeeded in reaching Saint Louis by way of Dannemarie and Altkirch. There they quitted the coach road and turned down the long avenue which leads to Huningen, a little fortified town on the banks of the Rhine, some distance from the highway. It was here that Madame was to wait while the formalities connected with her release were being completed.

Night was falling when, on the 3rd nivôse (24th December), the berlin drawn by its six horses entered the covered way which winds through the formidable fortifications of Huningen. Through the gathering shadows the orphan could see the elms on the esplanade waving their leafless branches in the breeze that came up from the neighbouring Rhine; then came the outposts and the glacis; and, as they crossed the fixed bridges over the moats, the harsh outlines of the curtains, the bastions and deep trenches were seen through the mist. Thereafter the way narrowed down between two walls pierced with loop-holes. Beneath the arches of a guard house her gaze lighted on the shadowy forms of soldiers at their posts. Then came more ditches, a drawbridge and the long vaulted roof

of the Porte de France.¹ A few yards drive down a fairly broad street and they suddenly drew up on the right before an inn with the sign of the *Corbeau*. Immediately the carriage had passed through, the gates of the town were shut and the drawbridges raised.

Several spectators, among whom were a few soldiers, had taken up their stand in front of the inn, but there was no cheering or demonstration of any kind. The Princess made her way into the house followed by Madame de Soucy, Gomin, and Méchain, and the rooms of the first floor were divided among the four travellers. Chasaut the courier, who had arrived two hours before, had seen that everything was ready and had brought orders to dismiss all the guests in the hotel, and to refuse admission to all newcomers while the daughter of Louis XVI. was staying there.²

The *Corbeau* is a comfortable looking house comprising a ground floor and two storeys surmounted, after the Alsatian fashion, by an overhanging roof pierced with dormer windows. At each storey there are six almost square, small-paned windows fitted with shutters. Over the entrance, which is low and narrow, a wrought iron bracket supports a crow stamped on sheet iron.

The house is just the same to-day as it was one

¹ *Geschichte der Stadt und ehemaligen Festung Hüningen*, by Karl Tschamber. Saint-Louis 1894.

² National Archives, F⁴ 2315. General expenses at the inn at Hüningen, compensation granted to the innkeeper, who had been forbidden to receive any stranger during our stay, and gratuities to domestics—655 livres.

hundred and twelve years ago. Downstairs are the dining-rooms and kitchens, and a wooden staircase leads to the first floor. The room the Princess occupied still bears the number 10. It is a large apartment with a somewhat low ceiling and is lighted by two windows looking on to the street. The next room is smaller and has but one window. It communicates with the first, and the two together made up the whole of the accommodation assigned to Marie Thérèse.¹ The walls of the larger room were covered with a green paper of palm-leaf pattern, a whole square of which is still kept intact.²

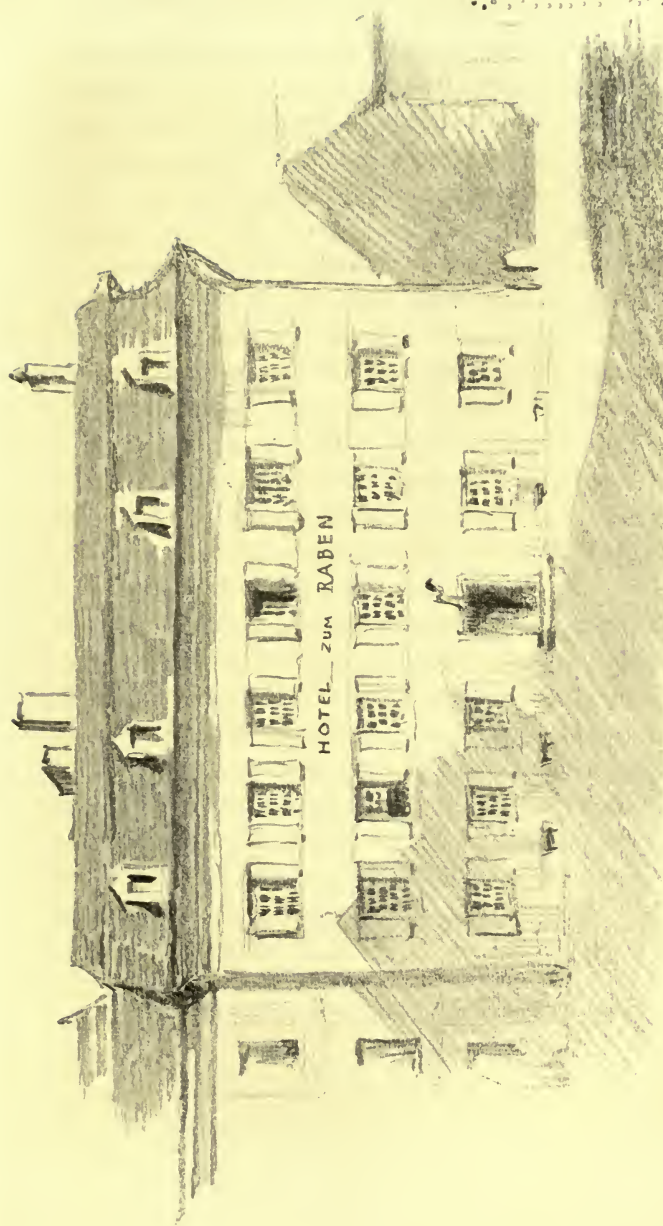
The landlord of the *Corbeau*, François Joseph Schultz, was a man of thirty-five. He had been married twelve years and his wife, whose maiden name was Anna Marie Bientz, was four years his junior. They had one daughter called Anna Marie after her mother, and she had just completed her tenth year. A further addition to their family was, however, shortly expected. There was also in this patriarchal establishment an orphan boy named Conrad Haffner who had been adopted by Joseph Schultz.³

The evening of her arrival Madame Royale had

¹ The little room is lighted by the last front window to the left looking at the house from without. The two adjoining windows belong to the room in which Madame Royale slept.

² On the walls are some framed pictures depicting scenes relating to Madame's sojourn at the inn, among others, her portrait, the arrival of the prisoners at Richen, etc.

³ Town Register of Hunningen. This information was given me by M. Karl Tschamber, Head Teacher at Hunningen. I take this opportunity of thanking him for his kindness in placing at my disposal during my stay at Hunningen, the fruit of his wide learning and perfect acquaintance with the local records.



THE CROW HOTEL AT HUNINGUE
From a Sketch

none of her own suite to wait on her. The carriage containing the footman Baron—the ex-turnkey—Meunier the cook, as well as Hue, Madame de Soucy's son and Madame de Varennes had left Paris ten hours after Madame Royale and had not yet reached Huningen. It therefore fell to the lot of Madame Schultz herself to wait on the Princess and to prepare her meals. The event gave rise to a great deal of bustle and excitement and while she was running hither and thither putting her saucepans on the fire and getting her best linen out of the press, her little daughter Anna Marie and the boy Conrad were doing what they could to help her, and thus it happened that they had occasion to go into Madame's room. The Princess was greatly taken up with the little boy and enquired how old he was. He happened to be ten, just the age of the Dauphin. Like most Alsatian children, he had very fair hair, and in this also he resembled the orphan boy of the Temple. He had delicate features, blue eyes, and fresh rosy cheeks, and his healthy appearance brought tears to the eyes of Marie Thérèse, for the sight of this chubby-faced lively little peasant made her think of the King's son whom the sufferings he had been made to undergo in the ghastly tower had brought so low that she herself had written, "Even if he had lived there was reason to fear that he would have become an imbecile."

Although apparently not in the least fatigued by her recent long journey, Marie Thérèse retired early that evening. On reaching the *Hôtel du Corbeau*, Captain Méchain had at once sent a special messenger to

Monsieur de Bacher, Chief Secretary of the French Embassy in Switzerland, to announce the arrival of the Princess. This messenger lost no time in covering the half-league or so which divides Huningen from Bâle, where de Bacher resided, for the very same evening the latter was able to send word to Citizen Delacroix, Minister of Foreign Affairs, informing him of the successful termination of the Princess's journey.

The following day, de Bacher proceeded to Huningen and asked to see Madame. He was kept waiting some time. It was the 4th nivôse (25th December), formerly Christmas Day, and in Alsace where from time immemorial the feast had always been solemnly kept, it had doubtless been secretly observed during the evil times. That morning, therefore, Madame Schultz came into Madame's room, gently pushing before her Anna Marie and Conrad, bearing in their little hands bouquets of poor winter flowers which they presented to the orphan Princess. Marie Thérèse thanked the children, and spoke a few words to the little girl. Then turning to Madame Schultz she said, "What if I asked you to let me take this little one with me?" Then, knowing the effect that such a proposal would have on the landlady, she quickly added: "But no, I ought not to wish it; it is too cruel to have to leave one's parents. But this I ask you, if you have another little girl, let her bear my name." ¹

Six weeks later, long after the daughter of Louis

¹ Beauchesne. *Louis XVII.*, ii. 440.

XVI. had reached Vienna, Madame Schultz gave birth to a daughter who, in accordance with the desire of Madame Royale, was christened Marie Thérèse Charlotte.¹

With regard to de Bacher's visit which followed this touching little scene, our only information is derived from the following letter written the same day to Delacroix the minister.

“ Bâle, 4th nivôse, Year 4
(25th December 1795).

“ Citizen Minister,

“ As I advised you yesterday, the daughter of the last King of the French has reached Huningen in perfect health. I have seen her, and the persons in attendance on her, this morning. She feels no ill effects from her journey, but displays great regret that the time has come for her to leave France ; the honours with which she is to be received at the Court of Vienna seeming to have very little attraction for her. Her stay is causing no stir at Huningen, and she is merely regarded in the light of a traveller, and one exciting but very little interest. She does not quit her room. The exchange is to be carried out to-

¹ On the 24th January 1831 she married J. B. Michel Sartory, director of the municipal hospital at Huningen ; her death occurred on 10th December 1874. On the 30th frimaire, Year XIII. (21st December 1804), her elder sister, Anna Marie, married Célestin François Prévost Saint-Cyr, a major in the 27th regiment of the Line stationed at Huningen. This officer, who was born at Castel-Sarrazin on the 18th June 1773, was murdered before his wife's eyes when he was a colonel at Perpignan, on the 27th September 1820, by an officer of his regiment whom he had punished.—Huningen Town Register and private information.

morrow, and I shall take an early opportunity of informing you how it passes off.

“Fraternal greetings,

“BACHER.”

It is true that Madame remained throughout the day in her room. Sometimes she drew aside the window curtain, and looked out at the sightseers who had gathered in front of the hotel. Two soldiers were on duty at the door of the Inn to maintain order, if necessary, and to keep out any over-curious person who might attempt to enter. It is reported, however, that a woman disguised as a servant, on pretence of carrying up a pitcher of water, did succeed in outwitting the guard and in gaining admission to Madame's apartments.

The Princess was not conscious of any alteration in her mode of life. She was just as much a prisoner at the Corbeau Inn as she had been at the Temple. Her cell was the room of an Inn, and her warders were garrison soldiers; and the fortress walls, which none could pass without a permit, were the confines of her prison. It is true that it was (or at least she thought it was) the last day of her captivity. Beyond that river, which, though she could not see it from her window, she could hear at night murmuring with a sound like that of the sea, freedom and royal honours were awaiting her. There she would find once more the homage which had been rendered her as a child, and dwell again in palaces like those of which she still retained a faint and far-off recollection. With an

almost childish satisfaction she scrawled the following note to Madame de Chanterenne.

"I have just been told that the members of my household have been appointed, and that they are waiting at Bâle to conduct me to Vienna. Think of it, my dear Renète!" . . . And further on, "There is a lot of talk about my marriage, which it is declared will take place shortly. I trust it will not be so. But I know not what I am saying . . . It is being given out that I am to be married within a week."¹

In order to beguile the time that Christmas Day, she wrote two very brief accounts of her journey. As we shall see, she sent one to Renète² and handed the other to Gomin when she bade him farewell.³

About three o'clock there was a great sensation at the *Hôtel du Corbeau*. The second carriage had just drawn up at the door,⁴ with Hue, young de Soucy,

¹ From a letter cited by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

² It was included by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard in the preface which he wrote to *Mémoire écrit par Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France*.

³ Gomin placed it in the hands of Beauchesne, who has reproduced it. *Louis XVII.*, ii, 430. Beauchesne is incorrect in stating that the famous letter to Louis XVIII., in which Madame begs for peace and pardon for the people of France, is dated from Huningen. It was not written till some days later at Wels, in Upper Austria, and the King received it at Verona on the 17th January. Vide Daudet, *Histoire de l'Émigration*.

⁴ The second carriage did not leave *an hour after Madame's*, but only—and not very early—on the 19th December. The following is in fact the note sent by Bénézech to Delacroix on that day:—

"I should be glad, my dear colleague, if you would send me by bearer five passports for Bâle for the persons in attendance on Marie Thérèse Charlotte, viz.: Pierre Philippe Soucy, aged sixteen and a half, François Hue, Baron, confidential servant, Meunier cook, Catherine Varenne, confidential servant. She herself left

Baron, Meunier, Madame Varennes and Coco, the little dog from the Temple. Hue, it will be remembered, had never obtained permission to re-enter the Temple since he had been expelled by an order of the Paris Commune on the 2nd September 1792. He had not therefore seen Madame Royale since that date, and it was with considerable emotion that he ascended the wooden staircase leading to her room. Before his name could be announced, Coco, who was not restrained by any considerations of etiquette, scrambled through the half-open door and rushed towards his mistress, displaying such joy at being restored to her that they thought he would die for want of breath.¹ Someone having remarked that the dog was very ugly, Madame's eyes filled with tears and she murmured, "I love him. He is all I have now to remind me of my brother."²

She asked Baron and Meunier how they had left Madame de Chanterenne, and what she had said when the farewells were over. They replied that her grief had been terrible, and that it was feared she would last night, and her attendants will start as soon as they receive these passports. 28th frimaire, Year IV. Bénézech."

It was Hue who was to have charge of the second carriage, and he had been told to appear at the posting-stables at ten o'clock in the morning. He could not, therefore, have set out until after that hour. To defray the expenses of the journey Hue was given 1200 francs in gold, and 60,000 in assignats, of which, on arriving at Huningen, he handed 54,000 to Méchain (National Archives, F⁴ 2315).

¹ *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, published by his great-grandson, Baron de Maricourt, p. 207, note.

* ² London Public Record Office. *Miscellaneous papers*, No. 13, Switzerland. *M. Merian to Lord Granville*. Bâle, 26th December 1795. Vide infra.

make herself ill, and thereupon the kind-hearted Princess resumed her letter to her friend to try and comfort her ; she spent the evening at this task. " It is very badly written," she says, " but I am seated at the same table as M. Méchin (*sic*), who is writing too, and so also are Madame de Soucy and her son. M. Gomin and M. Hue are talking together near the door. That is what we are all doing at the present moment, and Coco, my beloved Coco, he is sleeping in a corner near the fire." ¹

Downstairs Meunier had asserted his claim to the kitchen stove, and it was he who cooked the supper. In this quiet Alsatian inn all these occurrences assumed the proportions of a great event. The fact that the daughter of Louis XVI. was there, the arranging of the necessary accommodation for the nine members of the suite, the goings and comings of Chasaut, who was forever riding backwards and forwards on the Bâle road, the visits of de Bacher the diplomat, the two soldiers on guard at the door, the berlin laden with luggage ; all this was now the topic of the whole town. In the evening it was to the *Corbeau* that the inhabitants with one accord directed their stroll, though there was not a great number of them all told, the buildings enclosed by the ramparts of Huningen being occupied almost exclusively by the military.

Hue's carriage was laden with the two boxes containing the trousseau presented to Madame by the Directory, but the Princess would not allow them to be

¹ Letter quoted by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

opened. Early in the morning of the 26th she sent word to Monsieur de Bacher asking him to send her a sempstress in order that she might obtain some articles for her toilet and that of Madame de Soucy. Bacher immediately despatched to Huningen Mademoiselle Serini, a milliner at Bâle, who remained with the Princess an hour. The latter selected a mantle, bonnets, hats, fichus, shawls, etc., for herself and her companions, and told Madame de Soucy to distribute some of the articles among the members of her suite. She then sent word to de Bacher that she was not paying for anything as she had no money.¹

De Bacher spared himself no trouble. Unwearying, he went from Bâle to Huningen, back again to Bâle, then on to Riehen, a village situate nearly a league from the town, in Swiss territory, and on the very edge of the frontier. Thither the prisoners, who had been detained for nearly a month at Freiburg in Breisgau, were to be conducted to receive their freedom at the precise moment that the daughter of Louis XVI. was delivered into the hands of the Emperor's re-

¹ "In order not to disturb the trunks which I am informed were packed and sealed in the presence of the Minister of the Interior, Citoyenne Soucy has requested me to send to her from Bâle a dressmaker from whom she has had, for herself and her ward, a mantle, some bonnets, hats, fichus, shawls, etc., which have not been paid for as the ladies are without money. The articles in question were enclosed in a case and a band-box. When leaving for Bâle, Citoyenne Soucy distributed a few hats, bonnets, and stockings among the persons who had accompanied her ward, as a token of remembrance and appreciation of the care they had bestowed upon her during the journey. The case and band-box were placed on the carriage." Letter from de Bacher to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs. Vienna, 364.

presentatives. But the most delicate tact had to be observed in arranging the preliminaries, extreme care had to be taken not to wound the susceptibilities of either party ; of the *Jacobins* on the one side, who openly called themselves *martyrs of tyranny* ; of the orphan Princess on the other, who was ignorant of the fact that among the Frenchmen to be given up as the price of her release, was included the *wretch* Drouet, he of Varennes on whom in truth rested the original responsibility for all the tragedies of the revolution. Then again it was necessary to pacify M. de Degelmann, minister plenipotentiary of the Imperial Court, who complained that the Republic had broken faith in not allowing Madame de Tourzel to accompany her ward. Again, it was important to avoid showing too much attention to *Madame de France*, and not enough to these patriots, who would undoubtedly resume important offices in the Republic. But de Bacher, assisted by Bourcart, the burgomaster, who kindly endeavoured to minimise the difficulties, proved himself adequate to this formidable task, and played his cards admirably.

One of the problems requiring most skilful handling was how to prevent a meeting between the Jacobins and the Princess. It had originally been designed to transfer her to Imperial soil by way of Huningen Bridge, and so avoid going through Bâle. But the streams which descend from the Black Forest were so swollen with the autumn rains that the roads were impassable, and so, after all, there was no alternative but to pass through the city.

Acting on the advice of Bourcart the Burgomaster, de Bacher requested M. Reber, a very worthy merchant of Bâle, to lend his country house for a few hours. This house was on Swiss territory, a short distance from the French frontier, and about a hundred paces from the gates of Bâle on the Huningen road, and there it was intended to hand over Madame to the Austrians.

In front of the house was a garden planted with trees, to which access was gained through handsome wrought-iron gates. The building itself was not on a very large scale, and consisted of one storey flanked by two projecting wings. At the rear a fine garden extended right down to the Rhine, and at the bottom, by the water's edge, stood a little ornamental temple, whose elegant construction recalled the graceful design of the Trianon.¹

M. Reber obligingly acceded to de Bacher's request, and the latter, his mind at rest on this point, left Bâle at four o'clock in the afternoon. He had arranged with Bourcart the Burgomaster, that the city gates should be closed at an early hour in order to prevent any crowd getting through. At five o'clock they were opened to admit the passage of the Prince de Gavre, His Imperial Majesty's special envoy, who proceeded in the direction of the Villa Reber with a cortège consisting of six carriages. Baron de Degelmann, Austrian minister in Switzerland, also arrived on the scene. Zasling, the Commissioner of Police, and a few of his men, were already stationed in front of M. Reber's

¹ The whole of the Reber property disappeared some ten years ago to make room for the new suburbs of Bâle.

house, where Surgeon Major Kolb, who was to ride beside the Princess's carriage while she was passing through Bâle territory, was also in attendance. About a hundred spectators had succeeded in slipping out of the town, and had congregated by the roadside opposite M. Reber's gates.

Rather before six, de Bacher arrived at Huningen. The two carriages which had brought the Princess and her suite from Paris were drawn up ready to start¹ before the door of the *Corbeau*. A detachment of dragoons was there in readiness to act as escort. Madame Schultz was in tears, Gomin could hardly restrain his, and even Marie Thérèse herself had tear-stained eyes. She got into her carriage with De Bacher and Méchain, and driving through the short Rue de France and across the quadrangular Place d'Armes which forms the centre of Huningen, left the ramparts by the turning which runs alongside the Rhine. In less than ten minutes they reached the boundary which marked the beginning of Swiss territory. The French dragoons halted, and slowly the carriage which was bearing the daughter of Louis XVI. into exile passed to the head of the detachment. The orphan directed her gaze across the Alsatian plain, already enveloped in the gloom of night, and leaning towards the carriage window, brushed aside the tears that welled to her eyes. One more revolution of the wheels and she had quitted France, which for twenty years she was to behold no more.

¹ "For the post-horses which brought the two carriages from Huningen to Bâle, and which were out on the 5th nivôse from three to eight P.M., seventy-two francs" (National Archives, F⁴ 2315).

Of the incidents which followed I have collected three unpublished accounts which I subjoin in their entirety. It will be perceived that I have already availed myself in the preceding pages of some passages in them relating to the stay at the *Hôtel du Corbeau*. I repeat them, however, in order not to detract in any way from the graphic interest of these narratives written by eye-witnesses of the exchange.

The first is the entry which the burgomaster, M. Bourcart, made in his diary on the evening of the 26th December 1795. It was brought to my notice by Monsieur C. D. Bourcart, minister plenipotentiary, to whom I must express my thanks for the kindness with which he has directed my researches at Bâle, and put within my reach the documents collected by him concerning the journey of the daughter of Louis XVI.

“ At six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the 26th December, the French Princess, Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of Louis XVI., was met at Huningen by Monsieur de Bacher, who had previously been to the Maison Baillivale at Riehen to assure himself that the deputies Simonville (*sic*), Bournonville (*sic*), and Drouet, the postmaster of Varennes, etc., were there. The Princess was received by the Prince de Gabre (*sic*) and M. Degelmann, at M. Reber's country-house just beyond the Porte Saint Jean, where the exchange was effected. This took place at seven o'clock. She took refreshment and remained there till just past nine, when she passed through the town accompanied by the Imperial agents.

Crossing the Pont du Rhin, she left by the Porte de Riehen and proceeded *viâ* Rheinfelden to Lauffenbourg. The cortège consisted of several berlins drawn by six horses, and of one large conveyance laden with the Princess's luggage.

"Everything passed off quite calmly, and it did not become generally known until the evening that the exchange had taken place at the Maison Reber.

"Cries of '*Vive la Princesse!*' were heard a good deal in the neighbourhood of Petit-Bâle and the Pont du Rhin. The democrats also gave vent to some applause on the arrival of the deputies.

"The French prisoners, Simonville (*sic*), etc., arrived from Riehen at the same time, and were quartered at the *Trois Rois*.

"It is curious to note that the Princess was exchanged against the postmaster Drouet, who had betrayed her father and had been instrumental in bringing him to the scaffold.

"On Sunday the 27th December, these deputies, who, together with the secretaries, numbered twenty, all dined together at noon at M. Barthélemy's.

"I saw the postmaster Drouet, and had some conversation with him at M. Wocker's, an artist and miniature-painter at Bâle. He is a man of medium height, from thirty-four to thirty-six years of age, pitted with small-pox and walking with a limp which he owes to a fall he had when attempting to escape from prison."¹

¹ The prison of Brünn in Moravia, from which he tried to escape by means of a parachute which he had made.

In reading the following report, which is the official account rendered to Citizen Delacroix, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, by M. de Bacher, it is necessary to take into consideration the difficulties of the situation in which that diplomat was placed. Owing to the state of war which existed between the Republic and Austria, it was important that Barthélemy the ambassador should not appear to take any part in the negotiations, the entire responsibility for which consequently devolved upon De Bacher. The latter was manifestly in sympathy with the young Princess, but his position as secretary to the French Embassy made it necessary for him to conceal his true feelings and assume a becomingly democratic indifference—particularly in making his report to the minister, a fiery Jacobin, on whom his position depended.

The report in question is preserved in the Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs.¹

“ Bâle, 7th nivôse, Year IV. of the Republic, one and indivisible (28th December 1795).

“ The Chief Secretary to the Embassy of the French Republic in Switzerland.

“ To the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

“ Citizen Minister,

“ In accordance with the information contained in your letter of the 23rd frimaire regarding the forthcoming departure of the daughter of the last King of the French, I asked to be accorded an interview with

¹ Vienna, 364.

the Baron de Degelmann at the residence of M. Bourcart, the burgomaster, and there all the arrangements for the exchange which we had been directed to negotiate were finally decided upon. At my request this minister undertook to take all the steps necessary to bring over the French prisoners of State from Freiburg-in-Breisgau, and he did so without delay.

“ M. de Degelmann, having learnt on the following day that there was some doubt as to who would accompany the prisoner, endeavoured to obtain from me some information on this point, and perceiving that I had received no definite assurance that she would be accompanied by Madame de Tourzel, he began to show signs of uneasiness and seemed disposed to express the opinion that this incident would jeopardise, or at all events retard the projected exchange. It was not without some trouble that I succeeded in setting his mind at rest on this matter and in getting him to contemplate with equanimity the possibility of Citoyenne Soucy arriving instead of Citoyenne de Tourzel, an arrangement of which I had been made aware from a letter written by Citoyenne Sémonville.¹

“ On the night of the 3rd nivôse, I received a letter from Captain Méchain, informing me that he had just arrived with his charge at Huningen. Next morning I went to the town to discuss with that officer and Citoyenne Soucy what arrangements should be made regarding the lady whom they were to hand over to me at Bâle.

¹ Madame Sémonville, the wife of one of the prisoners given up by Austria, was getting ready to go to meet her husband at Bâle.

"As I informed you on the 4th of this month, I found the prisoner of the Temple but very slightly fatigued by her journey. She displayed keen regret at leaving France, the honours awaiting her at the Court of Vienna seeming to have but little attraction for her.

"The Citoyenne Soucy, with whom I had a private interview, told me that her ward and she had been obliged to leave in such haste that they had been unable to provide themselves with some clothing of which they were in special need. As they wished to avoid unpacking their trunks they asked me to send them a milliner, a request which I thought could not well be refused. Citoyenne Soucy also said that her ward would be greatly indebted to the Baron de Degelmann at Bâle, if he could relieve her of the unpleasant necessity of meeting any *émigrés*. The minister readily consented to meet her wishes.

"Madame, having inquired of Citoyenne Soucy what fate was in store for her at Vienna, the latter answered that she would perhaps marry an Archduke. She naïvely replied, 'You don't think so. Do you not know that we are at war? I will never wed an enemy of France.' Citoyenne Soucy said, 'But perhaps you will prove to be an Angel of Peace.' 'If that were so,' she answered, 'I would make this sacrifice for my country.'

"Republican sentiment has taken such deep root in France that the journey of the daughter of the last King of the French and her stay at Huningen caused no other sensation than just a little harmless curiosity.

The soldiery and the people of the district regarded her passage with cool unconcern.

“ I returned to Huningen on the morning of the 5th to see that all preparations had been made for the departure which was due to take place in the evening. At two o'clock in the afternoon I went to Riehen, and just as I got out of my carriage the representatives of the people, the ambassadors, General Beurnonville, and their suite arrived on Bâle territory. I was received with great politeness and cordiality by the *Grand Bailli* of Riehen, who is strongly in sympathy with the Revolutionary party in France and who took great pleasure in fraternising with these sufferers in the cause of liberty. I formally identified them from the list I had with me, and offered them my congratulations on their happy return. I then went back to Bâle and on to Huningen to meet the daughter of the last King of the French, whom I accompanied in a separate carriage, which, as a precautionary measure, was escorted as far as the frontier by a detachment of cavalry. All the soldiers and the few people we passed on the way maintained an attitude of republican indifference.

“ The Bâle police had wisely been instructed to close the city gates at nightfall, so that we met no one on our way to M. Reber's country-house, which is just outside the town, and found only a handful of people in the courtyard on our arrival.

“ The Prince de Gavre was waiting at the door of the house, and followed us into the drawing-room, and we forthwith proceeded with the business of the release.

The Prince de Gavre then said to Madame "that he was authorised to assure her in the name of the Emperor of the kind sentiments entertained towards her by the House of Austria and of the cordial welcome awaiting her in Vienna." He handed me a formal acknowledgment, and at the same moment Baron de Degelmann, minister plenipotentiary, gave me a note declaring in the name of his sovereign that the representatives of the people, the ambassadors, General Beurnonville, and their suite, who had already been conducted on to Bâle territory pending the completion of the formalities, were from that moment entirely free.

"After a few minutes' conversation Madame thanked Captain Méchain and Citizen Gomin, the Commissioner entrusted with her custody when in the Temple, for all the care and attention they had bestowed on her during her journey to Bâle.

"Accompanied by those two citizens I then returned to the city, and immediately hurried off to Riechen to inform the representatives of the people, the ambassadors, and General Beurnonville that they were now released from parole, and were on the eve of re-entering the country where their compatriots were waiting to welcome them with open arms. An immediate start was made, and they proceeded to the *Hôtel des Trois Mages* at Bâle, where a crowd of citizens drawn up in two rows received them with shouts of '*Vive la République.*'

"The next day a grand dinner was given at the Embassy, and what was a red-letter day for all lovers

of France was celebrated amid scenes of hearty rejoicing.

“ The intending travellers then got ready for their journey: some of them left to-day, and the rest will follow to-morrow.

“ The Baron de Degelmann made a verbal protest in the name of his Government against the non-fulfilment of one of the conditions of the exchange, namely, that granting permission to Citoyenne Tourzel to accompany the daughter of the last King of the French to Vienna.

“ I send you herewith, Citizen Minister, the collected papers relating to the negotiations for the exchange of the representatives of the people, etc., against the daughter of the last King of the French. They will serve as a supplement to my letter as they comprise an abstract of the history of the negotiations together with the various documents relating thereto.

“ Fraternal greetings,

“ BACHER.”

To this report were annexed two *receipts*. One was from the envoy of the Emperor of Austria, and read as follows :—

“ The undersigned, in pursuance of the commands of His Majesty the Emperor, declares that he has received from M. Bacher, the French authorised representative, the Princess Marie Thérèse, daughter of Louis XVI., at Bâle, the 26th December 1795.

“ Signed : PRINCE DE GAVRE.” ¹

¹ Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs, Vienna, 364.

The other document was Captain Méchain's discharge.¹

"Citizen Bacher, Chief Secretary to the French Embassy in Switzerland, certifies that in conformity with the decree of the National Convention the daughter of the last King of the French has this day, at 10 o'clock in the evening, been handed over in his presence to the Prince de Gavre, the representative empowered by the Austrian Government to receive her at Bâle. This act having been duly carried out, Citizen Méchain, Captain in the gendarmerie, being furnished with the acknowledgment and receipt of the Prince de Gavre, is henceforth relieved of all responsibility for the charge entrusted to him by the Minister of the Interior. Citizen Bacher further declares that the said officer has discharged his duties in this matter with an intelligence and obedience to instructions that leave nothing to be desired."

"Bâle, 5th nivôse, Year IV. of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"BACHER." ²

¹ Méchain received from the Government, "for the zeal and prudence with which he has carried out his mission, the sum of 10,000 francs in cash" (National Archives, F⁴ 2315).

In the course of his journey to and from Bâle, Méchain expended 15,856 francs, 7 sols, in cash, and 20,320 francs in assignats. Adding to these amounts the 10,000 francs in gold handed to Méchain, and the 20,000 francs paid to the Courier Chasaut in notes for the renewal of his wardrobe, we arrive at a total of 25,856 francs in cash, and 40,320 francs in assignats (National Archives, F⁴ 2315).

It is somewhat singular that in *le compte rendu par Pierre Bénézech, ministre de l'Intérieur de son administration depuis le 13 brumaire an IV. jusqu'au premier vendémiaire suivant*, printed in the Year VI., the journey of the daughter of Louis XVI. only figures at a total of 12,864 fr. 50, being 13,000 less than is shown by accounts given in the Archives, without taking into account the sums in assignats.

² Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs.

For the fullest, the most trustworthy, and also the most graphic account of the exchange, we are indebted to an Englishman, William Wickham, who in 1795 was the accredited minister plenipotentiary to the Honourable Helvetic Body.

As his official duties left him considerable leisure, Wickham busied himself much less with Anglo-Swiss relations than with the organisation of the counter-revolution in France, to further which he had established a cordon of *agencies* along the whole length of the frontier. The agency at Bâle was, as might be expected, the most important, and consisted of at least three secret informers. Although Wickham never refers to these people except by certain code initials or by pseudonyms, it has been found possible to establish the identity of two of them, namely, Emmanuel Walther Mérian and Fenouillot; the third, E., was not of Swiss origin, but further than that nothing is known of him.

Mérian lived in Bâle, being the landlord of the *Hôtel du Sauvage* in the *Freistrasse*, a very popular resort among the officers of Condé's army when they happened to be in the neighbourhood, and also much frequented by the Republican officers coming from Huningen or Mulhouse. The *Sauvage* therefore offered special facilities for observation. Like most of the members of his family, Mérian was a conservative in politics, and all his sympathies were with the Royalists. He was, as his reports to Wickham show, particularly hard on those of his countrymen whose revolutionary tendencies were known to him.

When, three years later, the French entered Switzerland, Mérian, who had been denounced as a suspect and as being on friendly terms with the Princes and with England, succeeded in escaping to Condé's army, in which he attained the rank of major, and remained until 1801. On his return to Bâle he became a member of the Council of the Regency, retaining his seat till 1823. The Restoration Government granted him a pension of 2000 francs in recognition of his services to the Royal Family.

Fenouillot, Wickham's second spy, was an *émigré* and an ex-advocate in the Parliament of Besançon. His special duty was to keep in touch with Pichegru, and his name occurs frequently in the *Mémoires* of Fauche-Borel.

It is to these persons that we owe the following accounts. Wickham used to forward the reports of his agents to his government, and they are preserved at the Public Record Office, London, among Mérian's correspondence with Lord Grenville. I have made no alteration in the documents except to group in order of date the events recorded, and that has been done without changing a single word of the original text.¹

¹ For this valuable information I am indebted to the researches of M. D. C. Bourcart of Bâle, to whom I have already recorded my thanks—which, indeed, I might repeat on almost every page of this work.

Passages relating to the exchange of Madame Royale are to be found in Wickham's correspondence, published in 1870 by Bentley of London, under the title of "The Correspondence of the Right Hon. William Wickham." See especially vol. i. pp. 244, 299 and 330.

"Madame Royale arrived at Huningen on the evening of the 24th December. The gates of the fortress were closed immediately. The Princess was accompanied by Madame de Soucy, daughter of the governess of Louis XVII. (*sic.*), and by the Sieur Hue, the King's valet-de-chambre.

"We have it on the authority of one who passed an hour and a half in her company that she stated that everyone she had seen since leaving the Temple was ineffaceably impressed on her memory. She had a hideous little dog with her. Some one said, 'Madame, that is an ugly animal, it would be easy to get you a nicer one.'

" 'I love it,' she said, bursting into tears, 'it is all I have to remind me of my brother.'

"She had not a thing to her name, and Bacher sent Mademoiselle Serini, a milliner of this town, to Huningen with some things for the Princess, with whom she spent an hour and a half. Mademoiselle Serini talked to her a long time, and was quite delighted with her. No one speaks of her but in terms of keen and compassionate interest. She never uttered a complaint, and said nothing but what was befitting and kind.

"Madame Royale at length quitted France. Bacher went back to Huningen to meet her. When she left the Corbeau Inn, she hadn't a single coin to give the boy who had waited on her, so, wishing to bestow on him some mark of her pleasure, she gave him her handkerchief, saying, 'There, that is all I can give you, I have no money.'

"They had no money on the journey, not even a florin to throw to a beggar.

"Bacher took her to M. Reber's country-house, which is within a gunshot of Bâle on the Huningen side. In order to baffle the curious, care had been taken to fix the ceremony for the night-time, and to allow no one to pass through the city. At six o'clock on Saturday a few travelling carriages coming along the road from Huningen to Bâle drew up outside M. Reber's. A detachment of Bâle cavalry was there, for, notwithstanding the precautions that had been observed, a fair number of people had allowed themselves to be shut out of the town. M. Bacher stopped the carriages, and, as the road was bad, begged the young Princess to wait till they brought a chair in which to carry her to the house. But she said it was unnecessary, and jumped lightly to the ground, holding on to the shoulder of a hairdresser's assistant who was standing by. M. Bacher gave the Princess his arm when crossing the courtyard and conducted her to the drawing-room, where she was received by a couple of Austrians and the heads of our own State. Some light refreshment was provided.

"Bacher, having formally identified her in the presence of the Prince de Gavre and M. d'Egelmann (*sic*), said to them, 'I am instructed to hand over to you Madame de France.'

"At this, the Princess remarked, 'Monsieur, I shall never forget that I am a Frenchwoman.' And then her eyes filled with tears. The Prince de Gavre, who was deeply touched, said to her—



THE ENTRANCE TO REBER'S HOUSE IN 1890

From a photograph

“ ‘ I am directed to receive Your Royal Highness and to conduct you to the Court of His Imperial Majesty, who is longing to see you and to give you every testimony of the affection and regard in which he holds you.’

“ ‘ I am fully sensible,’ replied the Princess, ‘ of His Imperial Majesty’s kindness, which doubtless the blood of our common ancestry has prompted in him. I shall endeavour to show myself worthy of his kindness, and to prove that ingratitude can never find a place in my heart.’

“ A somewhat long pause followed this speech.

“ When the necessary documents had been signed, M. d’Egelmann and Bacher set out for a village on the other side of the Rhine, near which, in another country-house, the Revolutionary deputies were detained.

“ While they were away the Princess consented to take some refreshment. Hearing a servant talking French, the Princess asked her if she came from France.

“ ‘ No, Madame,’ said the girl, ‘ my home is at Vaud in the canton of Berne, and French is spoken there.’

“ ‘ Ah ! how fortunate you are to belong to that country,’ replied the Princess.

“ The Princess had a very ugly dog with her to which she seemed much attached. Perceiving that people were surprised that she should take so much care of so ugly an animal, she said, ‘ I know it is not a pretty dog, but my brother was very fond of him,’ and then she commenced to weep.

“ The Princess is said to have brought with her from

Paris an old woman and one of the King's cooks. When presenting them to the Comte (*sic*) de Gavre, she said, 'I hope you will not object to these people accompanying me. This man was in my father's service, and this woman showed me many kindnesses when I was in the Temple. It was their wish to come with me, and they will never leave me.'

" 'Monsieur,' said the old woman, 'her heart is as kind as her face is sweet.'

" On M. d'Egelmann's return she took leave of her people, thanked each one separately, and entered her carriage at a quarter to nine. At nine o'clock, the gates of the city were thrown open to allow her to proceed on her journey. As she got into her carriage, there were several cries of '*Vive la Princesse!*'

" The carriage travelled very slowly. Madame turned her head from time to time in the direction of France, but never uttered a word. She did not seem to have thought of the object of her journey until she was entering M. Reber's house, into which she seemed to pass with reluctance, as though she were entering a fresh prison. When she reached Bâle the people shouted continuously, '*Vive la Princess Royale de France!*' '*Vive Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France!*'

" One of Condé's officers who chanced to be at the Porte Saint Jean when the carriage passed, leapt on to the step and conversed with her as she drove across the city. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and a number of people were on the Pont du Rhin, and she lowered the window and bowed.

" She was particularly affected as she passed over

this bridge, 'strewn' (*jonche*) with people of every class holding aloft lanterns which gave sufficient light for everyone to see her perfectly. The shouts of 'Vive Madame Royale!' were redoubled, and she seemed deeply moved. Such was her progress through Bâle.

"There had been a great deal of rain and the rivers were in flood. It was therefore too risky to follow their first plan of making a detour to avoid the town. But although there were many who shouted 'Vive Madame!' there were others who sang the *Ça ira*. There was a good deal of the mob element in evidence on that occasion.

"The people of Bâle furnished Madame with an escort from the frontiers of France to those of Austria. On Sunday the 27th December she reached Lauffenbourg, where Mass was solemnly celebrated.

"The Princess has a very elegant figure, and her bearing, without betraying any haughtiness, is dignified and very graceful. Her hair is fair, and she has a fresh and very rosy complexion, blue eyes, and, speaking generally, a very expressive countenance. When the five Jacobins who had been exchanged arrived at Huningen, the people cried, 'We lose an angel and they give us five monsters.' A patriotic officer used such violent language on this matter that he was put into prison.

"Yesterday I saw the Princess's portrait. M. Broï Nadel, now in Bâle, purchased it from an artist who had followed the Princess all the way from Paris, and seized the opportunity at every stopping-place of putting in unperceived a few strokes of the brush.

Those who have seen it recognised her at once, but did not consider it flattering. Every one said, 'She is a great deal prettier.' The first copy was sent to the Prince de Condé. M. Broï is taking the other to Madame Clotilde, Princesse de Piémont.

"The twelve French citizens were formally identified in the morning by M. Bacher, and at five o'clock they were conducted to the château of the Bailiff of Riehen, a frontier village in the Bâle canton. They entered Bâle at eleven o'clock at night with six Austrian officers and put up at the *Trois Rois*. Yesterday, at three o'clock, I saw them passing by my window on their way to dine with M. Barthélemy. There was no one with them.

"The deputies are staying in Bâle and are entertained a great deal by the Jacobins of the town. It will surprise them to find our citizens more ardent Jacobins than they are themselves, for as a general rule they do not manifest any great respect for the Republic."

CHAPTER XIII

AUSTRIA'S PRISONERS—QUINETTE'S NARRATIVE OF THE LAST
HOURS OF THEIR CAPTIVITY—THE ILL-FATED TROUSSEAU
—THE EMPEROR'S PRESENTS.

THE men who, like departed spirits, were about to revisit their native land after so many months of captivity, were twenty in number.

There was Beurnonville the War Minister, who had been handed over to Austria by Dumouriez in April 1793, with Ménoire his aide-de-camp, and the conventionalists Camus, Lamarque, Bancal, and Quinette, as well as their secretaries, Vilmar and Faucon, and their servants, Laboureau, Marchand, and Bouenné. There were Drouet, taken prisoner by the *Hussards de la Mort* below Maubeuge, and Sémonville, ambassador at Constantinople, with his secretary Mergez and his servants Portet and Sajou, and lastly, Maret, Minister of the Republic at Naples, and his assistants Cordonné, Crotté, and Dorta. Sémonville, Maret and their suite had been arrested by Austrian agents at Novale in the territory of the *Lignes Grises* in August 1793.¹ On Sémonville they discovered a box full of jewels which the Convention was sending (with what motive was not known) as a present to the Sultan.

¹ *Le département des affaires étrangères pendant la Révolution*, by Frédéric Masson of the Académie Française, p. 298.

We have seen how these twenty captives were brought from the various prisons where they had been kept in solitary confinement, and detained at Freiburg-in-Breisgau since the end of November, waiting for the exchange to take place. One of them, Quinette, has written the story of the concluding hours of their captivity in a style that is scarcely a model of simplicity. It was a piece of revolutionary eloquence intended to harrow the feelings of the Directory and the two Councils, but it must have appeared very far behind the times to the Parisians. No one was likely to be affected by such jeremiads. Their former colleagues left behind in the thick of the fight had listened to a vast deal in a similar strain. In 1795, a politician who had succeeded for three years in keeping his head on his shoulders was accounted one of Fortune's favourites.

However, it is interesting to read the impressions of these men who had been absent from the scene of the great tragedy. For the most part they knew nothing of the events of the Terror, of the 31st May, the death of Marat, the hecatombs, thermidor, and the end of the Convention. Above all, they were ignorant of the change of feeling that had come about, of the position of political parties, the expectations of a reaction, and the longings entertained by a few belated admirers of Robespierre. But at Riehen, a little village at the foot of the Black Forest, they became acquainted in one brief hour with all that had taken place during their period of bondage. From this point of view Quinette's memoir has its interest.

It was published in the Year IV. by the Press of the Republic in the *Feuilleton des résolutions et des projets de résolutions*.

“ It is necessary to carry the mind back to the 12th brumaire (3rd November 1795), the date on which all the French public functionaries, who had been held captive for nearly three years in the Austrian States, came out of their prisons for the first time in response to the bidding of their free and victorious fatherland. They were taken by night from the fortresses of Koeniggratz, Olmutz, Spielberg and Kustain, being cruelly dragged from the inactivity of their prison life to undergo the fatigue of a journey of two hundred leagues, which they were compelled to perform within ten days. They were escorted by Austrian officers and non-commissioned officers. An order from the Court of Vienna stated that they were to be well treated, but the officers, never having had any clear definition of what this command implied, for the most part interpreted it as applying merely to physical necessities to the exclusion of all ideas of Justice. They passed through Moravia, Bohemia, Austria and Bavaria, presenting everywhere the spectacle of men whose captivity was not to be relaxed until they reached the very threshold of their own country. Those who setting out from different prisons met together on the same road were forced to repress within their bosoms the eager desire they felt to congratulate one another on such a longed-for meeting, and these men whom common suffering had united in

indissoluble bonds of friendship were compelled outwardly to maintain an attitude of icy indifference. However, the personal disposition of the various officers in whose charge they were, largely influenced the manner of their treatment. Heaven forbid that we should expose the tender-hearted and generous man to the vindictive spite of his superior officer.

“In the course of their journey, on the 15th frimaire (6th November), most of the transports were caught up by a courier with the order that the prisoners were to be allowed to write to their families and friends. This order was particularly welcome to Beurnonville, the minister, who had till then in vain demanded permission to write.

“Freiburg-in-Breisgau was to be the common rendezvous of all the divisions, and they were timed to arrive there the 23rd brumaire (14th November). They journeyed night and day. The prisoners, whose only desire was to regain the territory of the Republic, mocked at fatigue. They believed they were merely to make a short stay at Freiburg, but in this they were sadly deceived.

“They only came to this town to be once more subjected to the tyrannous caprices of the Austrian agents. Brought within sight of port, they were withheld from it by an unseen hand for more than five weeks. Kept in a house whose rooms were like so many prison cells they seemed to have been suddenly thrown, once again, into the very strongholds from which they thought they had escaped. The conditions of their confinement proved more harsh than

ever. Compelled to breathe a close, unhealthy and baneful atmosphere, the effects of their journey began to show themselves ; infirmity and disease appeared. It was desired to remove Muger, who was suffering from a violent fever, from his gaolers' hands, but they strenuously opposed it.

"All were growing sick with anxiety and sorrow. On the 6th frimaire (27th November) the prisoners, numbering twenty in all, were brought together under one roof. The dictates of humanity demanded that the sufferers should have been accorded the consolation of seeing one another, but the severity of their restraint did not permit it. Sentries were posted at all the doors, and no one was allowed to enter the rooms save in company of a corporal. After such a prolonged ignorance of all that concerned their fatherland, newspapers were infinitely longed for. At first they were begged for in vain, but at length they were granted.¹ It was alleged by those who brought them that they had been withheld in order

¹ From a letter from Maret to Citizen Bacher. Freiburg-in-Breisgau, 18th frimaire, Year IV. "We are indebted to the kindness of Baron de Know, lieutenant-colonel in the Erlach regiment, for an excellent French gazette printed at Deux Ponts. After our long sojourn in the profound gloom of ignorance we are dazzled by the sudden blaze. We can scarcely recognise the places which in our hearts we had never forsaken, and the objects towards which our wishes and our hopes have been unceasingly directed. As yet we can but dimly understand the great march of events, but still we know enough to make us rejoice more than ever that we have suffered on behalf of our country. There was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness, and that was the power to speak of it with some worthy citizen. But now, since we may hold converse with you, nothing more is lacking" (Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs).

to spare the prisoners the pain of learning the defeats sustained by the armies of France, and yet it was at that time that the news of the memorable successes of the Republican Army in Italy was being made public.

“Some of the prisoners busied themselves making drawings of patriotic symbols, and hung up on the walls of their room the sacred emblems of Liberty and Equality. But some dastard perceived them, and thought to curry favour by denouncing them. The police intervened, and the picture was torn down and consigned to the flames. Even when in far-off prisons the captives had never been subjected to such inquisitorial scrutiny as this, and there they had often felt the happiness of knowing that, at all events, they were free to adorn their four walls with the cherished republican emblems.

“At length, on the 4th nivôse (25th December), a vaguerumour got abroad that a courier had arrived with the news that Marie Thérèse had reached Huningen. The head military agent came and officially announced, in his usual manner, that we should have to be in readiness to set out at ten o'clock that night. The joy the prisoners felt on hearing the news was extinguished by the impossibility under which they laboured of celebrating together the dawn of their freedom. Besides, their captivity was not yet over. Not till they reached Riehen did it come to an end.

“On the 5th nivôse, Year IV. (26th December), about three o'clock in the afternoon, the five representatives of the people, Camus, Bancal, Quinette,



THE ARRIVAL OF AUSTRIA'S PRISONERS AT THE BAILIFF'S HOUSE AT RIEHEN

Lamarque and Drouet, the minister Beurnonville with Menoire his aide-de-camp, the ambassadors Maret and Sémonville, and the other French prisoners, arrived at Riehen, a village on the frontiers of Switzerland, and the headquarters of the *bailliage* of the same name. It is under the administration of one of the members of the Council of Bâle named Legrand, who is an enlightened patriot, combining considerable gentleness of manner with great firmness of disposition. He welcomed the French prisoners as one offering hospitality to friends who had long been victims of misfortune.¹ They found in his drawing-room a selection of newspapers of recent date, and several copies of the French Constitution. They read them eagerly, with the certainty of finding therein guarantees of the felicity which they were about to enjoy, and of the immovable foundations of the happiness of the people.

“ Citizen Bacher, secretary to the Embassy, whose

¹ At Huningen, in the room at the *Corbeau* occupied by Madame Royale, there may be seen among other mementoes a copy of an engraving, which we here reproduce, depicting the arrival of the prisoners at the *maison baillivale* at Riehen. On the back of this picture appears the following note: “ This engraving represents the prisoners arriving at the *maison baillivale* at Riehen. Madame de Sémonville with her son, still but a child, had gone over to Riehen to meet her husband for whom she had been waiting some days at Bâle. She is seen falling in a swoon into his arms. Deputy Lamarque approaches them, and endeavours to come to her assistance. Next to them is M. de Sémonville's faithful servant embracing his master's son, from whom, however, he had to be separated, as it was feared that the violence of his transports would bring on a sort of delirium. A few Swiss soldiers, mounted and on foot, are present to keep order.”

The *maison baillivale* of Riehen still exists in exactly the same state as in 1795.

special duty it was to preside over the formalities connected with the restitution of the prisoners, introduced himself to the representatives of the people, and congratulated them on their approaching return to their native land. The Bailiff called over the names of the French citizens in the custody of the Austrian Lieutenant-Colonel, by whom they were handed over under the bond of neutrality. The release, therefore, was already in process of being carried out. Citizen Bacher immediately left for Huningen, in order to place the daughter of Capet in the hands of the Austrians. He returned at eight o'clock in the evening, and the Bailiff of Riehen at once informed the French citizens that they were free men. Their first thoughts were of their country, and with one accord they shouted enthusiastically, 'Vive la République.'

"From the time the prisoners set foot on Swiss soil, they gained fresh heart from breathing the pure air of liberty. The Austrian officers were with them still, but it was easy and delightful to ignore their presence. The free, open and magnanimous character of the Swiss people who came to Riehen, the eagerness they evinced to show the joy they felt at beholding Frenchmen who had for so long suffered for their country's sake, made on them a deep and delightful impression. The visitors were loth to leave the French citizens and accompanied them to Bâle. There the people came in crowds to visit them, and the interest taken in their fate evoked question after question. After replies, short and to the point, followed the most earnest expression of their good feelings. The French

citizens regarded the people of Bâle as brothers, and rejoiced to have this opportunity of greeting them. A patriotic feast at which Hymns of Liberty were sung brought to an end a day never to be forgotten by lovers of Humanity. On the morrow a similar scene was enacted at the residence of the Minister of the French Republic amid a gathering of supporters of the Revolutionary cause in France. There were recounted the moving stories that raised the heavy veil which for three years had hidden from the gaze of these French citizens the long chain of events that had taken place in their native country. They were too multitudinous to be appreciated to the full, but nevertheless they recognised the spirit of the Republic encompassing every faction from anarchy to royalism, confounding the enemies plotting in secret against her, and forming a mighty array with her henchmen, schooled in adversity, faithful, courageous, and far-seeing.

“ But these meetings, for all their interest, in no way abated the eagerness of the French citizens to set foot once again on the soil of the Republic, and to hail their native land which had also become the dwelling-place of Equality. They long to lay before the sovereign people an account of the manner in which they had acquitted themselves of their oaths, and discharged their obligations to the country. It was on the 7th nivôse that they entered French territory. In their swift progress through the departments they received inestimable pledges of the people's love. At Schelestadt, Ormond ¹ and Toul, the representatives

¹ Ormond, formerly Saint Dié, Département des Vosges.

of the people, Camus, Lamarque, Bancal and Quinette, received visits from the several authorities. Surrounded by patriots they then realised how in the many convulsions of the body politic, there was never a Republican who was not obliged to lay at his country's feet the offering of his tribulation, and it seemed to them, as they thought of their own long exile, that their tribute had been paid. Happy will they be if, having been betrayed by a traitor into the hands of a King, and having, after the completion of their long and perilous mission, been once again restored to the bosom of the Republic, they are able to uphold by worthy legislation and by wise institutions, a form of government whose consolidation cannot fail to crush the enemies, overt or hidden, of the sovereignty of the French people, of its independence and of its liberty.

"Signed: QUINETTE,
"Representative of the People."

* * *

As we have seen, it was at the *Trois Rois*—also known as the *Trois Mages*—that the twenty Frenchmen took up their quarters on gaining their liberty. The extremists of Bâle made much of them, and the day after their arrival, Barthélemy entertained them at dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the same evening most of them set out for Paris. Many were without money, and Méchain was obliged to come to their assistance. From the funds entrusted to him by the Minister, he advanced "1920 francs to Citizen Camus, and a similar amount each to Drouet

and Sémonville. To Maret he gave 2400 francs, and to Beurnonville, 2200 francs.”¹ He also paid their hotel expenses and their posting and tavern charges on the way home.² Camus, Bancal, Quinette, and Lamarque were the first to reach Paris. Bénézech wrote to the Directory announcing that they were home again on the 12th nivôse (2nd January 1796).

Gomin and Baron, who had not been able to go to Vienna with Madame Royale, although she had obtained leave to take Meunier the cook, displayed less anxiety to get back to France. They did not reappear at the Temple until early in May 1796.³ Did they stay on at Bâle during this space of time? What could they have been waiting for there? I

¹ National Archives, F⁴ 2315.

² For the general expenses of all the French prisoners who had been exchanged, posting charges to Bâle, 1554 fr. 10. Return of the second carriage to Paris, posting charges and horses' keep, 920 fr. 10. Expenses at inns on the road from 5 P.M. on the 8th nivôse to the arrival on the morning of the 17th idem, 323 fr. 13 (National Archives F⁴ 2315).

³ “15th floréal, Year IV. To the Citizen Minister of the Interior. I hand you an account of the salary remaining due to Citizen Gomin, formerly Commissioner at the tower of the Temple, and also that of Citizen Baron, the turnkey. They left with the daughter of the last King, and had not received any pay from the 1st vendémiaire last to the day of their departure. Liénard, late treasurer of the Temple.

	Salary per annum.	Salary per month.	Totals.
Gomin .	12,000	1,000	2,933.6.8
Baron .	2,400	200	586.13.4
		Liénard ;	

present address—No. 4 Rue de la Vieille Monnaie.”

National Archives, F⁷ 4393. From a confidential memorandum of the Prefect of Police, dated 19th June 1817, Gomin, after his return from Bâle, “embraced the calling of printer, which he followed till he lost his business owing to the suppression of a large number

know not. A memorandum of Liénard's, the treasurer of the Temple, dated 4th May, informs us that the two employés, having returned from Bâle, had come to claim their salaries, which had not been paid since the 1st vendémiaire, Year IV., and were due right up to the day they left the Temple.

On receipt of the money, Gomin disappeared. Later on Madame, on her return from exile, was to remember him and obtain for him the position of concierge at the Château de Meudon.

To complete the story of what happened at Bâle, mention must be made of the delicate negotiations that were carried on between Austria and France regarding Sémonville's baggage, the portmanteau of the Convention's ex-ambassador to the Sultan having been confiscated and placed under seal at the time of his arrest. What could have been its contents? A quantity of jewellery, and, it is thought, papers to which not only the Directory, but also the Imperial Court apparently attached great importance. But De Bacher surmounted the difficulty. He not only managed to get the precious baggage handed over, but also prevented Sémonville from abstracting anything from it. He sent the packages to Paris, and forwarded the keys, under sealed cover, to the minister. I do not know what became of these mysterious portfolios of printing-houses. He then obtained a clerkship in the office of an appraiser. At the time of the first Restoration, Madame remembered him, and obtained for him a situation as concierge at the Château de Meudon. During the Hundred Days he lost this place, which he has not yet been able to recover. He regrets it greatly, although he has been appointed to another situation at the Château des Tuileries" (National Archives, F⁷ 6808).

manteaux. It appears to be a complicated story, and they apparently brought many interests into collision. All I know for certain is that the keys, still under seal, remain with De Bacher's letter.¹

Other packages had also given this diplomatist considerable trouble, namely, the trunks containing the trousseau, presented by the Directory to Madame, which Hue's berlin had brought to Huningen. We know that the Princess, pretending that she was anxious not to disturb the contents of the trunks, requested De Bacher to send her a milliner from Bâle, from whom she purchased a number of things which she had put down to the account of the Republic.

When, at the time of the exchange at the Maison Reber, and after the interview with the Imperial envoy, the trunks were about to be hoisted on to the vehicle containing the Princess's luggage, she summoned Hue and ordered him to return the trousseau to M. Méchain. "I am grateful," she said, "to M. Bénézech for his kindness, but I am unable to accept anything." De Bacher evidently felt this rebuff rather keenly. He did his best to explain away the affront which the prisoner of the Temple had inflicted on the Directory, and Delacroix attempted to impute it to the strictness of Austrian etiquette.

"REPORT MADE TO THE EXECUTIVE OF THE
DIRECTORY (5th nivôse, Year IV.)

"On the 5th nivôse the exchange of the daughter of the last King of the French was effected. The

¹ National Archives, AF III. 81.

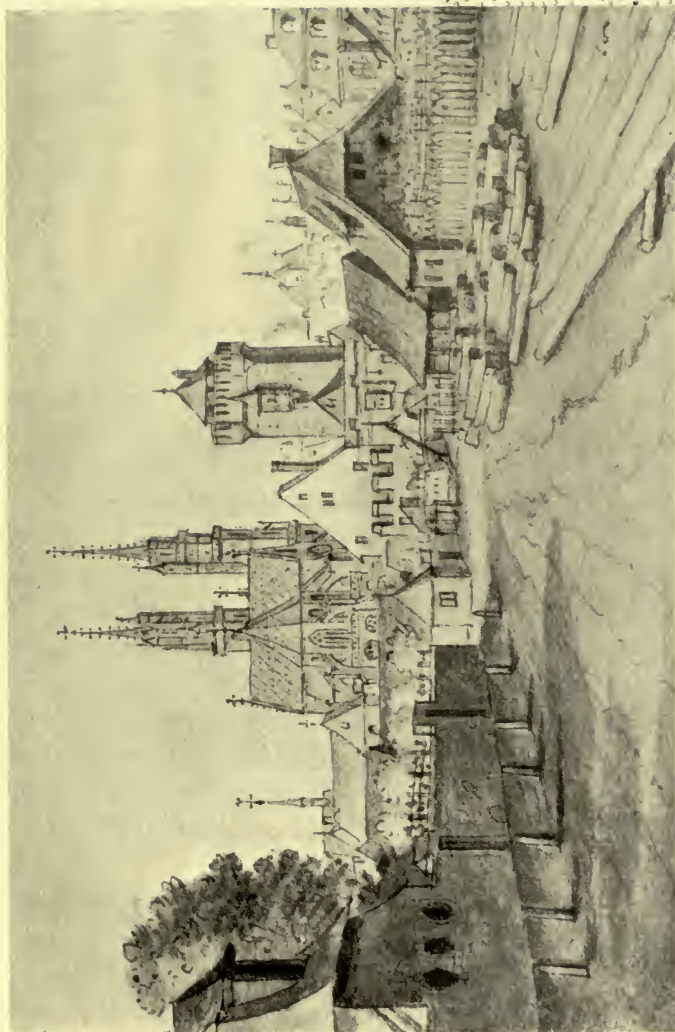
Prince de Gavre, Commissioner of the Austrian Government, handed his formal receipt for her person to Citizen Bacher, Commissioner of the French Government.

“The Baron de Degelmann sent the two trunks containing the trousseau to the house of M. Boucard, burgomaster of Bâle, to be placed at the disposal of Citizen Bacher. There is reason to believe that the refusal of this trousseau on the part of the Austrians is due to ancient etiquette, in accordance with which foreign princesses on being handed over were divested of their attire, even down to the chemises they wore on the day of their arrival on the frontier.

“The Minister for Foreign Affairs proposes to give orders for the return of these two trunks, which will be addressed to the Minister of the Interior, and also to authorise payment in respect of certain articles purchased from a milliner at Bâle by Citoyenne Soucy’s ward, who distributed a part of them among those who accompanied her on the journey, as souvenirs and tokens of appreciation. I beg that the Directory will sanction this expense.”¹

As far as De Bacher was concerned this was the solitary blemish in the whole affair. In everything else his conduct of the negotiations had been crowned with entire success. He even managed, for the brief period of Madame’s stay on Bâle territory, to circumvent the vexatious Carletti, who, with pretensions just as obstinate as they were frivolous, was openly posing as one of the Princess’s suitors. Outstripped

¹ Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs.



THE PORTE DE RIEHEN AT BÂLE
From a Sketch made at the End of the Eighteenth Century

on the road by Méchain, he had reached Bâle the day the exchange took place, and thought to give himself an air of importance by taking the quarters just vacated by the Prince de Gavre. He then set out for Rheinfelden, so as to be upon the road that the daughter of Louis XVI. was about to follow, in order that he might "at length satisfy his craving to pay his court to her."¹

Finally, by way of epilogue, came the distribution of the presents sent by the Emperor to the Swiss citizens who had courteously lent their good offices in the matter of the exchange. At a banquet given by the Austrian Minister, M. de Degelmann, Bourcart, the burgomaster, was presented with a snuff-box set with diamonds and valued at 500 louis; M. Reber, who had lent his country-house, received a diamond ring worth 300 louis; and Major Kolb, who had ridden beside Madame's carriage in her progress through Bâle territory, was given a gold chain with a medallion portrait of His Majesty attached, estimated to have cost 100 louis.²

As the two countries were at war, De Bacher, who had borne the brunt of the work, was purposely overlooked.

¹ Archives of the Department of Foreign Affairs; *De Bacher au ministre Delacroix*, Bâle, 5th nivôse, Year IV.

² Document annexed to Wickham's report to Lord Grenville. Communicated by Monsieur C. D. Bourcart.

PART III
EXILE

CHAPTER XIV

MARIE THÉRÈSE ENTERS AUSTRIA—REBUFF TO LOUIS XVIII.
—PLOT TO ABDUCT THE PRINCESS—THE ARCHDUCHESS
ELISABETH AND HER NIECE'S MARRIAGE—ARRIVAL OF THE
PRINCESS AT THE HOFBURG—ONCE MORE A PRISONER.

NIGHT had long since fallen, when, on the 26th December 1795, the daughter of Marie Antoinette and her suite passed through Lorrach, the first village over the border. Here, in the land that acknowledged the sway of the Emperor Francis II., her first cousin, she could at last call herself free. She was now in the dominions that her grandmother, the Empress Marie Thérèse of illustrious memory, had established on so firm a basis. This was the soil which, years ago, her mother, then a little archduchess of fifteen summers, had quitted amid the tearful blessings of the people, called to share the throne of the monarch of earth's fairest realm. Here, at any rate, the poor orphan of the Temple thought that Fortune, who had frowned so long upon her, would, in the sympathy and love of her own kindred, make amends for all her sufferings. It is clear that if a few pleasing dreams were to steal into the mind of this ill-starred Princess whom misfortune was so remorselessly to pursue, it must have been when she bade

farewell to her gaolers and set foot in that country where she had a right to expect that consolation awaited her in the love and sympathy of her kinsfolk.

The dawn of this new era in her life was scarcely promising. Nine leagues divided Bâle from Lauffenburg, where they were to pass the night, nine weary leagues through a region where travelling was uncertain and roads were bad, and they certainly could not have retired to rest before two o'clock in the morning.¹

The next day, the 27th, being a Sunday, solemn High Mass was celebrated in the parish church. Since the 5th August 1792, when she attended Mass for the last time in the chapel of the Tuileries, and knelt in the royal pew with the King and Queen, her brother, and her aunt, she had never been inside a church.

They remained at Lauffenburg till next day. The Prince de Gavre, Grand Master of the new household which the Emperor had set up for the Princess, had decided that in getting to Vienna he would not avail himself of any roads outside Imperial territory, and this involved an extensive detour. On the 30th the cortège arrived at Füssen, where a stop was made at an old feudal castle which was in an exceedingly ruinous condition. This was the abode of the former Elector of Treves² and the Princess Cunégonde³—

¹ Some narratives give Rheinfelden, half way between Bâle and Lauffenburg, as the first stop, but, as we have seen, Wickham, who is always very precise, mentions that on the morning of Sunday, the 27th, Madame Royale was at Lauffenburg.

² Clement Wincelas, Prince of Saxony, born 28th September 1739.

³ Marie Cunégonde Hedwige Françoise Xavière Florence, Princess

great-uncle and great-aunt of Marie Antoinette. Here it was that the youthful Marie Thérèse first made the acquaintance of her German relatives. We can but conjecture how the interview passed off. No chronicle makes mention of it. From this day the life of Madame Royale became more cloistral, more mysterious than ever it had been during the days of her isolation in the Temple. One can imagine her feelings of sorrowful surprise when she came to realise, as she very soon did, that the Grand Master of her household was but another gaoler—a gaoler, moreover, with none of the kindness and sympathy which, of old, Lasne and Gomin used secretly to display towards her. “I have good people about me,” she wrote to her uncle, “but evil ones also, for the Emperor has made the Prince de Gavre Grand Master of my household.”¹

The Princess Cunégonde, however, showed “much regard for her niece,” and the latter gave her aunt a letter asking her to get it sent on to Louis XVIII., whom his *allies* at that time thought it politic to keep—imprison were the truer word—at Verona. “I mistrust all the people about me,”² wrote the Princess once more.

At Füssen her house was strictly watched by Austrian police, and “her door was shut against everyone and everything that was French.”³

of Saxony, born 10th November 1740. The Elector of Treves and the Princess Cunégonde were brother and sister of the Dauphine, Louis XVI.'s mother.

¹ E. Daudet, *Histoire de l'Émigration*, ii. 148.

² E. Daudet, *Histoire de l'Émigration*, ii. 141.

³ E. Daudet, *Histoire de l'Émigration*, ii. 140.

The Comte d'Avaray, the friend and confidant of Louis XVIII., despatched by the latter to the neighbourhood of Bâle to welcome the prisoner of the Temple as she passed through, had been coolly put aside and found himself obliged to return to Verona in order to avoid the indignity of being debarred from seeing the Princess. At his master's command he went back to Innsbrück to wait for Marie Thérèse, but there again he was given to understand that he would not be permitted to pay her his respects. On returning to Verona he described his discomfiture in a letter full of mortification and anxiety, which he wrote to the Comte de Choiseul :—

" VERONA, 9th January 1796.

" . . . Commanded by the King on two different occasions to perform a mission with respect to Madame Thérèse, which was as welcome to me personally as it was flattering to my dignity, I proceeded, now nearly four months ago, to Mülheim, in order to consult with the Prince of Condé regarding the measures to be taken to ascertain the date on which the exchange was to take place. The delay, the uncertainty, and the apparently remote prospect of arriving at any satisfactory result decided me to return to Verona, whence, on receipt of fresh information, the King despatched me a second time, on this occasion to Innsbrück. I had been there for three weeks and had personally been very kindly received by the Archduchess, when it was intimated to me in a manner that left no room for doubt, that certain general orders, alleged to have been given to the Prince de Gavre, would be invoked

as an excuse for denying me permission to approach the Princess. Though no date had been definitely fixed for the exchange, it appeared that it was not to be postponed much longer. In order, therefore, to avoid an open rupture which, had I remained, would have been inevitable, as I had a letter from the King to deliver to his niece, I pretended that business summoned me to Verona, and gave out the news of my departure and of my intention to return without delay.

“ My information was only too well founded. The King shortly received from the Prince de Condé a copy of a letter addressed to the latter by M. de Thugut, in the course of which (mingled with compliments of a very flattering kind, considering that they proceeded from an Austrian officer) he was asked to second the views of His Imperial Majesty by preventing all presentations and gatherings of Frenchmen on the occasion of Madame’s passage across the frontier. *His Majesty*, the letter went on, *fully appreciates how many justifiable exceptions might be made to this rule. But exceptions, however justifiable they might be, could only serve to increase the difficulties of the situation. If, as a consequence of these measures, the Princess finds herself deprived of the pleasure of seeing Your Serene Highness, His Majesty will, on her arrival at Vienna, explain the matter to her.*

“ Naturally enough this left the King no alternative but to put the best face on the matter and to keep me at Verona on the pretext that he had no precise information regarding his niece’s movements. Deeply

wounded in his susceptibilities, he saw himself constrained to remain inactive and unable to give to, or receive from his niece, in whom he took the most affectionate interest, any sort of message, although she was to pass within two days' journey of where he was. However, a special messenger of the Princesse Cunégonde of Saxony arrived in hot haste from Füssen, bearing a letter that greatly revived his drooping spirits.

"Madame Thérèse *would acquiesce in any commands which the King, her uncle, might be pleased to give her touching her future conduct.* She was going to Vienna, *where she would show the Emperor every mark of gratitude, but she assured her uncle that she would never dispose of her hand without first asking his consent.* She begged the Princess Cunégonde to forward her letter, as *she had no faith in the people around her, etc., etc.* (It is noticeable that she appears to have placed reliance in Madame de Soucy, for she presents her homage to the King.)

"In this young lady you will doubtless recognise, Monsieur le Comte, how happily the example and training of the Queen and of Madame Elisabeth have borne fruit. She is a very angel of courage and virtue, well calculated to restore our hope and confidence if they were ever lacking. Who can doubt that this adorable Princess will one day occupy her mother's place? Such is our master's prayer, and such will be the prayer of every Frenchman; the marriage of Madame Thérèse with the Duc d'Angoulême is written in the book of Fate.

"The above, Monsieur le Comte, is solely for your own information. You must keep absolutely secret that which His Majesty has imparted to you concerning the letter received by him, and of the correspondence which is about to result therefrom."¹

What apprehension could have thus led the Austrian Court to cut off the daughter of Louis XVI. from all communication with the people of her own country? Could it have been the fear of an abduction? Incredible as the idea appears, it is certain that some of the wilder spirits of the time had entertained the notion of carrying out this remarkable plan. Wickham, the English agent, admirably situated at Bâle for getting to know everything that went on, and kept well informed by his men, who were past-masters in the art of espionage, had sent, before the exchange took place, the following communication to his Government—

" . . . The Prince of Condé once asked me whether the canton of Berne would give her protection in case she escaped during the passage by Basle. I treated the idea very lightly at the time, saying that any State would be proud to receive a Princess of the House of Bourbon, particularly one who had rendered herself so interesting by her virtues as well as her misfortunes, but that I thought she would

¹ Letter from the Comte d'Avaray to the Comte de Choiseul, from the unpublished correspondence of Cardinal de la Fare, Bishop of Nancy, Louis XVIII.'s agent at the Court of Vienna. For this correspondence, which throws a valuable light on Madame Royale's life in Austria, I am indebted to M. Maurice Pascal, to whom I beg to offer my sincerest thanks.

pass her time much more agreeably, and in a manner more becoming her situation, at the Court of the Emperor than in a dull Sunday society at Berne. I afterwards overheard some part of a conversation between the Comte d'Avaray and M. Duverne de Presle in my own house here within; they talked of the possibility of carrying the Princess to La Vendée, and Bayard, before his last journey to Paris, told me that M. d'Avaray had spoken to him upon the subject.¹ . . ."

The apprehension of something of the kind accounts for the expression attributed by De Bacher to Madame de Soucy, who is said to have informed the Baron de Degelmann that her ward *was anxious not to meet any émigrés*.² This no doubt was a command which had been given her, and which had been put in the form of a request on the part of the prisoner, so that she might preserve some show of being a free agent. Indeed, a story is told by Hue how, one day when, "by a fortunate chance, the princess's carriage had been brought to a standstill on the high road, he noticed an officer of Condé's army in the distance. It happened to be M. Bertin, aide-de-camp to His Serene Highness the Prince de Condé. Hue reported the fact to Madame, who gave orders for him to approach. She made earnest inquiries for the Prince, and commanded the officer to convey to him and to his brave

¹ Wickham to Lord Grenville. Communicated by M. D.-C. Bourcart of Bâle.

² Archives of the Department for Foreign Affairs, Vienna, 364.

companions in arms the expression of her profound regard."

This incident by itself is sufficient to show that if the daughter of Louis XVI. professed a dislike for the *émigrés*, it was merely a dislike "to order." Of course, no trouble was spared to foster it. At Innsbrück, where she arrived on the 2nd January, Madame stayed with her aunt, Marie Elisabeth,¹ Archduchess and Abbess, in that huge grim palace where death had overtaken her grandfather, the Emperor Francis I., stricken with apoplexy after witnessing a theatrical performance, and where her mother, on her way to France, had wept so bitterly ere she bade an everlasting farewell to Austrian soil.

Here Madame Royale spent the 2nd and 3rd of January. The Archduchess Elisabeth, "the sternest, the most awe-inspiring, and the most intellectual of the Princesses,"² endeavoured to fathom her niece's mind and ascertain her sentiments. The Princess was but an inexperienced child, unsuspecting of traps, and unskilled in the arts of diplomatic dissimulation. It was easy to fan into flame her hatred of her parents' murderers, and so the archduchess succeeded in extracting from her an avowal—perhaps it was but a single word—which was unscrupulously turned and twisted in order to lend colour to the report that the daughter of Marie Antoinette was about to repudiate the land of her birth and ally herself with an Austrian Prince. Though, in itself, this tittle-tattle was of no

¹ Born 1743; died 1808.

² *Souvenirs* of the Baronne du Montet.

importance, it exerted a decisive influence over the destiny of the young Princess.

From Innsbrück to Salzburg their road lay in among the mountains. It was rough and painful travelling on those dark days of early January, over muddy roads, through narrow valleys, amid the mist and snow. On the 5th, between Waidring and Reichenall, they passed the Strub-Ache, a fortified pass which marks the boundary of the Tyrol. This was the only stage of the journey where they had to leave Austrian soil, and there for two leagues they were in Bavarian territory. That evening they reached Salzburg, and on the 6th they came to Welz, where a halt was made at the old and almost ruined château which witnessed the dying hours of the Emperor Maximilian I.

There the faithful Cléry, who had hastened from Vienna to meet his master's daughter, succeeded, in spite of all surveillance, in obtaining an interview with her. She was uneasy about what had passed at Innsbrück, and regretted the confession which the Archduchess Elisabeth had managed to extort from her ; she was also irritated perhaps at the harshness with which the Prince de Gavre discharged the behests of his Imperial master, and so she took advantage of the presence of this servant, of whose loyalty she was assured, of this Frenchman—the last she was to behold for many a long day—to entrust him with a letter to her uncle in which she placed her future in his hands. The terms in which the letter is couched reveal all the trouble and doubt that weighed upon her mind and heart.

" . . . Though I greatly desire to hear from Your Majesty, I do not expect to be able to write to you often, because I am certain to be closely watched. Already, during my journey, I have been prevented from meeting any French people, it being the object of the Emperor to be the first to see me in order that I may not become acquainted with his plans through any third party. But, as a matter of fact, I have long been aware of them, and I assure you, my uncle, that I shall always remain loyal to your wishes and to those of my father and mother regarding my marriage, and that I shall reject any proposal the Emperor may make for his brother.¹ I do not wish for such a thing. . . . My situation is a very difficult and delicate one, but I put my trust in God. He has already succoured me and delivered me from so many perils, and will never suffer me to prove unworthy of the illustrious line whose descendant I am. Rather would I share my family's unhappy lot as long as misfortune attends them, than find a home in the Court of a Prince whose heart is turned against my kindred and my country. . . ."²

Her dream had soon ended. Just ten days of travel and, even before she reached Vienna, the orphan Princess realised that she was a political prisoner, and that it was but another prison—albeit a gilded one—that awaited her at the end of the journey.

¹ Archduke Charles, the brother of Francis II., who was mentioned as the future husband of Madame Royale.

² The letter is a long and charming one. It has been published in its entirety by M. E. Daudet in his *Histoire de l'Émigration*, ii. 147.

They next reached Linz, a dead-looking place with a wide, deserted street in which a column in honour of the Blessed Trinity was flanked on either side by a Jupiter and a Neptune. Here, accommodation was given to Madame in the Imperial Château, situated on a hill overlooking the Danube, a great gloomy building that has since been devoted to the uses of a barracks and a prison. On the 8th January she was at Moelk, whose gigantic abbey may have recalled to her mind the sumptuous outlines of the palace of Versailles. This was the final stage of the journey. Early next morning, Vienna was near at hand. The road which Marie Antoinette had taken on her way to France had been named the Route de la Dauphine, and it is still so called to this day. Passing the last spurs of the Wienerwald, they drove through Purkersdorf, an extensive village on the Wien, and Mariabrunn, beyond which, away to the right, lay the Thiergarten reserved as the Imperial Chase. Next they came to Hütteldorf, a place consisting entirely of restaurants and villas, then came Pensung, and then Schoenbrunn with its wrought-iron railings flanked by two meagre pyramids, and its huge, bare-looking court and the interminable façade, with its homely green shutters.

Then the berlins passed on in the gathering dusk, through the populous suburb of Mariahilf. The way lay through a broad, irregular street bordered with mean, provincial-looking houses. Then came the *Linie*, the old city-wall barred by toll-gates, beyond which the suburb still continued, a featureless con-

geries of shops and taverns ungraced by a single building of architectural or historic interest. From the depths of her carriage the daughter of Marie Antoinette was doubtless gazing out on these new extensions of the city of whose charm and gaiety her mother had so often spoken to her with pride when they were together in the Temple. So this was Vienna where her mother had been so happy, and this was the street in Mariahilf along which she must have passed so often on her way from the Hofburg to Schoenbrunn. Such were the sights that first greeted the eyes of the Princess, those eyes that in time to come were fated to weep so bitterly.

But suddenly the houses came to an end on both sides of the road. The carriage passed in between the glacis on which Austrian sentries were pacing to and fro ; then came a rampart, next a fort, a massive gate—the Burgthor—and finally the spacious courtyard of the Imperial Palace—the Hofburg—the gates of which swung to as soon as the last carriage had entered. The daughter of Louis XVI. was in her second prison.

CHAPTER XV

THE FRENCH *ÉMIGRÉS* AT VIENNA—THEIR HOPES AND DIS-
APPOINTMENT—CARDINAL DE LA FARE—THE PRINCE DE
CONDE'S LETTER TO MARIE THÉRÈSE—HER REPLY—THE
PRINCESS'S SUITORS—M. HÜE'S SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

IN the year 1796, there were in Vienna a good number of French *émigrés*. They were more or less wealthy people who had settled in Vienna, as affording, besides the amusements and distractions of a great city, facilities for the education of their children. The announcement of Madame Royale's forthcoming arrival had stirred this little world to its depths. The aristocratic men and women of whom this colony consisted, seemed to think that the alacrity with which they had forsaken Royalty in its hour of peril would prove a certain passport to the favour of the Bourbons, and, consequently, they already imagined themselves admitted to the Princess's circle, and thought that the old happy times at Versailles, which they looked back on with such longing, were to begin afresh at the Hofburg with the daughter of Louis XVI. as the centre of a new court. Those whose name or former position did not justify the hope of being invited to the court looked forward to the chances of meeting Madame going through the city on one of the outings

she would be sure to take, and determined to miss no opportunities of placing themselves in her way in order to pay their respects and make elaborate professions of their loyalty.

Great, therefore, was the disappointment when, shortly after the Princess's arrival, it was reported that the gates of the Hofburg had been closed on the evening of the 9th January after Madame's entry, and had not since been opened to give admittance to any of her countrymen. But it was with something like consternation that they learnt that Madame de Soucy and Monsieur Hue had been ordered to leave the Imperial Palace. Driven out from the presence of one whom they looked upon as their ward, they were forced to take refuge at an inn. Madame de Soucy had left an aged mother to accompany the Princess, while Hue's zeal and self-sacrifice had become proverbial ever since the commencement of the imprisonment at the Temple. Both of them, therefore, were entitled to be treated with consideration. Their expulsion rudely revealed the fact that a new period of captivity was opening for Madame.

The most prominent person, the "Centre" of this French colony at Vienna, was the Cardinal de la Fare, formerly Bishop of Nancy. He had been a man of considerable note for some time before the Revolution broke out, and it was he who had been chosen by Louis XVI. to preach at High Mass in the Church of Saint Louis, Versailles, on the 5th May 1789, on the occasion of the opening of the States-General. Notwithstanding the impatience of his congregation, the courageous

prelate made them listen for more than an hour while he discoursed at length on the text, *Religion is the bulwark of the State*. The subject was doubtless a noble one, but it appeared a trifle beside the mark, to legislators oppressed with anxiety about budgetary revelations. The oration was nevertheless greeted with applause. Monseigneur de la Fare, who had kept up his connection with the Court, quitted France in 1791, and went to Vienna, bearing a letter of introduction from Marie Antoinette to the Emperor. The latter had assigned him lodgings at the Franciscan Monastery, where the ex-Bishop of Nancy, who saw a great many people, and kept himself *au courant* with all that went on, maintained a correspondence with the exiled Princes. On the death of Louis XVI., the Regent, the Comte de Provence, made him agent at the Court of the Emperor, and retained him in this position of trust after he had proclaimed himself King with the title of Louis XVIII.

At the time of which we are speaking, Monseigneur de la Fare was, then, the King's principal representative at Vienna. He was a simple-minded man of cheerful disposition, exceedingly credulous, and a great believer in the supernatural. The narrow cell which he occupied at the Franciscans' was situated at the end of a long, dark, damp corridor. It had a vaulted roof and was very gloomy; the walls were painted a dark grey, and the furniture was more than plain. There the representative of the French King lived in company with an old valet-de-chambre, called Noël, who was unquestionably the most tyrannical

nical of serving-men. When this Noël wanted to take the air he double-locked his master in his room and went out for a walk. One day the Cardinal got to know that his domestic was playing the spy on him ; Noël, it appeared, was not to be outdone, for he also had his secret correspondence. He used to send reports concerning the Cardinal to the chancellery of Louis XVIII., where—incredible as it may seem—they were actually accepted, presumably on the principle that it is impossible to be too well informed. Monseigneur de la Fare sent the man about his business. To complete the story of this entertaining personage, it must be recounted that he was drowned soon after he left the Franciscans, “ when crossing the Wien by means of a plank.” ¹

The Cardinal had placed two nieces of his, the demoiselles Boutetière de Saint-Mars, in the Convent of the Visitation, near the Belvedere, where they were being educated. He himself was on terms of close friendship with the De Choisy family, natives of Lorraine, whom he had known at Nancy, and who, having fled from France in 1793, had ever since been living near him in Vienna. He used to spend a good deal of his time at their house, and it was there, in a little room leading out of the drawing-room, that he wrote his letters and edited the *Mémoires* of M. Hue.²

He had taken a special liking to Mademoiselle

¹ *Souvenirs* of the Baronne du Montet.

² *Souvenirs* of the Baronne du Montet. The Baronne du Montet, née de la Boutetière de Saint Mars, was a niece of Cardinal de la Fare, and one of the two children he had placed in the Convent of the Visitation in Vienna.

Henriette de Choisy, a person endowed with much intelligence and common-sense. She was then from thirty-six to thirty-eight years of age, had been initiated into all his secrets, and gave him assistance with his correspondence, which was very considerable.

Although the worthy prelate himself was not more than forty-four years old, the transparent simplicity of his life made him proof against calumny. He made his nieces call Mademoiselle Henriette *Petite Maman*, and boasted to all comers, with the candour born of a clear conscience, of the cleverness and perspicacity of his *Egeria*.¹ But none found fault. His position as representative of the exiled King, not less than his incontestable integrity, shielded him from all ill-natured suspicion. His cell at the Franciscans' was always full of people ; the refugee nobility formed a sort of court about him, where every day the French Republic was consigned to perdition, and the triumph of the "good cause" always pronounced to be imminent.

One thing, at all events, they regarded as certain, and that was that the Emperor could not refuse to grant Monseigneur de la Fare the *entrée* to the Hofburg without bringing about a rupture with the King of France—a piece of recklessness which, in their opinion, was out of the question. The Cardinal himself was very wisely waiting for the Princess to summon him,

¹ This delightful friendship was brought to an end by a misunderstanding which occurred at the time of the second Restoration. Mademoiselle Henriette de Choisy, who was then fifty years old, married M. d'Agoult, chief equerry to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and thus became Mistress of the Robes to the Princess, whose director was Monseigneur de la Fare.

and was making preparations to act as her adviser in the intricate situation in which the vicissitudes of politics had recently placed her. There was, therefore, a chorus of indignation when it became known that the Bishop of Nancy was, no more than the rest, to be allowed access to the daughter of Louis XVI. Had his master been upon the throne and able to put an army of two hundred thousand men in the field, there is not the smallest doubt that the Cardinal, in the face of such a rebuff, would have immediately demanded his passports. Louis XVIII., however, was but barely tolerated at Verona. The sovereigns of Europe were beginning to grow weary of his claims and his "legitimacy." Moreover, peace was in process of negotiation between the Empire and the Republic, and the moment was not auspicious for an open breach. Monseigneur de la Fare, therefore, bore the affront with patience, pretending, so as still to preserve some shreds of credit, that he considered the Austrian Court quite justified in maintaining what he diplomatically termed its attitude of *reserve*. He accordingly contented himself with playing the part of post-orderly to the Princess, endeavouring, with due regard to prudence, to correspond with her and to forward to her all the letters he received, or rather as many of them as the rigid Prince de Gavre was so good as not to intercept.

The first which reached Vienna was from the Prince de Condé, then encamped with his army at Bühl-on-Rhine, opposite Strassburg. The place is not more than three hours distant from Bâle, and the Prince

was there when the Princess was exchanged. He would have greatly liked to welcome her, but care had been taken not to supply him with information till it was too late for him to profit by it, the excuse being that the orphan of the Temple had expressed the desire "not to meet any *émigrés*."

The Prince de Condé, who had been in the field for four years campaigning in the Royalist cause, was greatly distressed at not having been allowed the opportunity of paying his respects to his cousin, and wrote a letter to Cardinal de la Fare in the following modest terms :—

" Bühl, 6th January 1796.

" I beg, Monsieur, that you will be so kind as to give the enclosed letter to Madame on my behalf. Should this involve any formalities, I rely entirely on you to do everything you may consider necessary. If by any chance the Princess is not permitted to receive any but open letters, even from members of her own family, I do not offer the slightest objection. My only desire is to inform her of all the interest, all the loyalty, and all the respect with which she inspires me. If she honours me with a reply, I trust you will be good enough to forward it to me.

" We remain here for the winter, which, judging by the truce and the condition of the interior, seems destined to bring about some changes. God grant that they may be after our own hearts. There being nothing to record at the moment, I will only renew, Monsieur, the assurance, etc., etc."¹

¹ Unpublished correspondence of Cardinal de la Fare.

To this letter was attached the following, intended for the daughter of Louis XVI.

“ M. le Prince de Condé to Madame Royale.

“ Madame,

“ The position in which I was placed in the month of November last, when, under the orders and the favour of His Imperial Majesty, I had performed with the nobility of France five years of uninterrupted service in the cause of their King, led me for some time to entertain the hope that I should be fortunate enough to be able to pay my respects to Madame when she was leaving France. It would have been gratifying for me to fulfil this duty and to lay at her feet the homage of the respectful interest which her sufferings, her charms, and her virtue inspire in the breast of every true Frenchman, but still more profoundly in those who, like myself, have the honour to be bound to her by ties of kinship. But unfortunate circumstances and obstacles, which it was not in my power to overcome, deprived me of the opportunity of affording myself this precious consolation. Some gentlemen of the army, more favoured than myself, are delighted at their good fortune in seeing Madame. The account which they have given me of her touching kindness has caused me to shed tears of compassion, of admiration, and of joy at knowing that she is at last in a place of safety. I am deeply grateful to her for her kindness in remembering me and inquiring for me and for my children. The latter unite with me in offering to Madame the most humble and hearty

thanks. The great desire I feel that she should only have beneath her gaze such things as may afford her consolation, forbids me any longer to dwell on all those matters of which my feelings remind me. I therefore pray Madame to accept the homage of the sincerest and most respectful affection that could ever find a place within the breast of a Bourbon.

“ I am with respect, Madame,

“ Madame’s most humble and obedient servant,

“ Signed : LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON.

“ Bühl, this 6th day of January 1796.” ¹

The Prince de Gavre consented to “ his prisoner ” seeing this inoffensive communication. He would have been at some trouble to find anything in it calculated to embarrass the Imperial policy. He even carried his condescension so far as to allow Madame to write a reply, and she received permission to send the following letter to Monseigneur de la Fare, who forwarded it to the Prince after making a copy of it in the register wherein he kept a record of his correspondence.

“ Madame Royale to the Prince de Condé.

“ Vienna, this 20th January 1796.

“ Monsieur mon Cousin,

“ I was exceedingly touched and flattered by your letter ; it would have given me great pleasure to see a kinsman who so gloriously upholds the name of Bourbon, a name which is so spotless, and of which history will never cease to make mention. Your love

¹ Unpublished correspondence of Cardinal de la Fare.

for God and King evokes universal admiration, and certainly I will not be the last to do you justice. I have had, it is true, the pleasure of meeting some of your gentlemen. It gave me great pleasure, such pleasure I shall ever feel when I meet with Frenchmen so devoted to their duty. I beg you to assure all the brave nobility of France that you bear with you the feelings of friendship, of gratitude and admiration which I entertain for them all, and that subjects so faithful and so loyal to their King may ever rely on my regard for them. The name of Frenchman is always dear to me, the more so when it is borne in so worthy a manner. As for you, Monsieur mon Cousin, who are so happy as to be their commander, I admire you and greatly covet your position, above all when it is filled so honourably as you fill it. I trust that Messieurs les Ducs de Bourbon and d'Enguien are well ; I know that they are following in their father's glorious footsteps. I have been informed that the Princess Louise is in Piedmont. She must deeply regret being separated for so long from her worthy father. There is no need for you to speak of your affection for my family. What you have done is sufficient proof of that, and I beg you to accept the assurance of the love and gratitude of your affectionate cousin.

*"Signed—MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE DE FRANCE."*¹

The daughter of Louis XVI. had now been at Vienna a fortnight, and the ex-Bishop of Nancy, despite his

¹ Letter taken from the unpublished papers of Cardinal de la Fare, and kindly brought to my notice by M. Maurice Pascal.

endeavours, had not yet been able to set eyes on her even from a distance. This was an excessively grave check to his diplomacy, but how was he to make an effective protest? Having been informed that she was to be present at the requiem Mass on the 21st January, the anniversary of the King's death, he managed to slip unnoticed into the church. This was no doubt the chapel of the Augustinian Friars, the parish church of the court, which was situated beneath the shadow of the Imperial Castle. And so it came to pass that on the occasion we have mentioned, in the very palace in which Queen Marie Antoinette was born, one of the most loyal agents of the Bourbons was compelled, by reason of the inconceivable policy of the Austrian Government, to conceal his identity, perhaps even to put on a disguise in order to gain admission. Never, even when the Terror was at its height, had the faithful adherents of the Royal Family been put to greater shifts to obtain an entry to the Temple; nay, Madame's family connections had become as redoubtable to her friends as the most intractable gaoler in the pay of the Paris Commune.

The poor prelate felt his ostracism keenly. The letters he sent to the Baron de Flaschlanden at Verona to be placed before the King are faithful mirrors of his disappointment, although he continued to try to put the best face on the matter. They have in particular the important merit of revealing what he knew of the mode of life of the Princess thus cut off from the world, and of the reasons which the Imperial Court put forward to justify their inexplicable detention of her.

" Cardinal de la Fare to the Baron de Flaschlanden.

" Vienna, 22nd January 1796.

" Up to the present, Monsieur le Baron, I have not had the honour of paying my respects to Madame de France, nor can I exactly say when I shall be called upon to do so. The Princess is, however, suffered to transmit to me her commands, at least that is what the facts lead me to infer. She yesterday forwarded to me a reply to her uncle the King, as well as a case containing her portrait. The latter is an excellent likeness. I have received for Madame letters from His Royal Highness the Duc de Berry, and from His Serene Highness the Prince de Condé. I have been instructed to forward her replies.

" I am availing myself of a messenger who is being dispatched to the Court of Turin to send you the letter entrusted to me for the King, and to discuss matters more freely with you.

" So far, Madame has fulfilled every desire concerning her ; she is French to the core, loyal, and a thorough Bourbon. I am sure that under these three heads she has expressed herself in such a manner as to give great satisfaction to the King, and to all true Frenchmen. She openly professes her loyalty and obedience to the King, her sincere affection for all her family, and her love for the French nation. Everything she says or does gives evidence of loftiness of character, and of a well-balanced, keen and generous mind. She has skilfully put in the foreground the question of her marriage with H.R.H. the Duc d'Angoulême, and has affirmed that she will never marry without the consent

of her uncle, the King. The principles of morality and religion are deeply rooted in her heart, and unless she undergoes a great change these principles will never be affected by motives of ambition or personal interest. She was much incensed by some remarks which H.R.H. the Archduchess Elizabeth made to her at Innsbruck, of the nature of which His Majesty is doubtless cognisant. I know that she has mentioned the matter since her arrival at Vienna, and always with indignation. The incident, however, largely contributed to forewarn her, and put her on her guard. The subject of these overtures was, in fact, a marriage with H.R.H. the Archduke Charles, and the prospect of succeeding to the Crown of France. The Court has distinctly repudiated the idea, and regards it as out of the question. At the same time it was annoyed, and with reason, that the matter had been spoken of at all. I do not know whether to attribute it to these rumours, which have gained a wide currency in Vienna, or whether it is simply due to the inveterate match-making propensity of the popular mind, stimulated by the actual presence of a marriageable Prince and Princess, but it is a fact that the possibility of this alliance has been much discussed here. Public attention, however, has lately been diverted from this topic, and very little is now said about it.

“At the time when the rumour was at its height, the Baron de Thugut complained to me that the affair was openly talked about in Condé’s army, and that the most unflattering things had been said there concerning the motives which had prompted the

Emperor to move in the matter of Madame's release. I replied with astonishment that when this grievance had been brought to my notice, I myself was desirous of putting a stop to the report which was current in Vienna, regarding the alleged arrangement for Madame's marriage. The explanation of the matter was, I thought, that both cases were examples of the sort of popular rumour that will go the round despite every effort to stifle it, but which dies a natural death when it has no foundation in fact.

"The minister thought it his duty formally to repudiate the reports, and he assured me, with the desire that the assurance should reach His Majesty's ears, *that there was not and never had been any question of such a marriage.*

"On the 21st January, a day ever to be detested by all Frenchmen, Madame ordered a requiem Mass to be said at half past seven, at which she received the Communion. I was in the royal chapel *incognito*, not far from the Princess, and I was able to unite my prayers and my tears with hers.

"It is believed that Madame la Comtesse de Chanclos, who had been provisionally appointed to Madame's household, will not remain long in that position. She is due to leave here in two months' time, but her successor has not yet been nominated. All that can be stated with certainty is that she will not be a Frenchwoman. In the opinion of some, it is quite possible that Madame will spend the summer with H.R.H. the Archduchess Marie Anne, her cousin, at Prague. This lady, who is an angel of virtue and

kindness, has a tender regard for Madame, and loves her with the devotion of a mother. Madame is also much drawn towards her.

“ I have been told that Madame sent a most amiable reply to His Serene Highness, the Prince de Condé, not only touching him personally, but also all the nobles with him, and his army generally. This letter will put an end to the report that has got abroad to the effect that Madame cannot tolerate the *émigrés*. I endeavoured to find out if there were any grounds for such a statement, and I have gathered that, as a matter of fact, Madame did not approve of the emigration up to the 10th August 1792, and that she regarded it as one of the causes which led to the death of her august parents. But in spite of this she speaks with equal regard of all French people, whether in or out of France. She is accustomed to say, when her country is mentioned, that it is neither so guilty nor so despicable as it is represented, that the people were misled by villains, but that they will return of their own accord, to the paths of duty and loyalty. For this reason she earnestly desires that peace may be made, and that the King may abstain from all acts hostile to his people. She believes that this will prove the most effective means for bringing them back to obedience.

“ Madame de Soucy and M. Hüe are still here at the Inn, where they were quartered on the day of their arrival. I see them almost every day, and I have, with some degree of success, done what I could to serve them.

“ It had been decided that the Marquise de Soucy and M. Hüe should leave together, and that they should

go straight to Bâle and receive there the balance of the monetary payment granted them by the Emperor. Madame de Soucy has already been presented here with five hundred ducats, and at Bâle she is to get another thousand. M. Hüe was to receive two hundred ducats here, and three hundred more at Bâle, but the necessity of returning to Bâle was not agreeable to his wishes, and we therefore thought of a plan which turned out a success. M. Hüe is to be permitted to stay on at Vienna, or elsewhere in the States of His Imperial Majesty, and will receive a present sufficient for his preliminary needs, and also a pension which it is considered should be not less than eight hundred florins, that is to say two thousand one hundred livres, or thereabouts, in our money. Madame de Soucy will be provided with a carriage for her journey, and her hotel expenses at Vienna, and those of all the suite, will be fully defrayed.

“Madame de Soucy will leave shortly, but the precise date is not yet fixed. It is to be hoped, for the sake of her mission, of herself and of everything and everyone concerned, that she will secure a farewell audience of Madame and the Emperor. She is now pursuing the matter, and I trust she will attain her object. Madame has favoured her with several kind and affectionate letters.

“According to what I have been able to gather, one of the chief grievances against Madame’s suite, and one of the principal reasons for dismissing them, was that they secretly delivered several packages at divers places on the route.

“ We have just sustained a very grievous loss by the death of the Baron de Boistel. He had an apoplectic fit in the office of the Baron de Thugut at the very moment he was conferring with that minister regarding the affairs of his cousin Madame de Soucy. The treatment which that lady had received had deeply affected him, and apparently contributed in no small measure to bring about the attack which carried him off. By his death we lose a good fellow-countryman, and His Majesty, a loyal servant.

“ I have as yet told you nothing about the Comtesse de Chanclos, who is now attached to Madame’s household. She is a lady of about fifty-five years of age, a Frenchwoman, who married a gentleman, also of French origin, who had settled in the Austrian Netherlands. This lady, who was summoned to the court by Joseph II., was Grand Mistress to the first Archduchess, the wife of Francis II., *née* Princess of Wurtemberg. In her performance of these duties she gained the esteem and affection of everybody, and since the death of the Princess she has ever continued to enjoy, both at the Court and in the city, a very high reputation. It was her personal popularity with the general public which caused her to be selected for the post of Grand Mistress to the Archduchess, the Emperor’s daughter, and this office she still retains in addition to the new duties which have devolved upon her since the arrival of Madame de France. She has two nieces with her, one aged twenty and the other eighteen; both are as clever as they are attractive. Madame de Chanclos herself is a woman of intelligence, discretion

and tact, and though she has no antipathy to French people, she seldom mixes with them. She is deeply attached to the Imperial House to which she is indebted for everything, and is very highly thought of by their Majesties, on whose decisions she can in many cases exert a powerful influence. Should His Majesty see no objection, I am of opinion that it might be well if he were to write her a few kindly words.

“ In the packet which I have the honour to forward you is included an enclosure for the King, containing the letter and the portrait of Madame de France, together with a letter from the Marquise de Soucy, and one from the faithful M. Hüe. This zealous servant of the King is willing, despite all the advantages which present themselves here, to carry out any commands His Majesty may lay upon him. As he is well acquainted with the internal condition of Paris and its ruling factions, it would have been desirable for him to go to Verona. On the other hand should circumstances arise that would allow Madame to avail herself of his services, it would be prejudicial to the King's interest if such an opportunity were lost. Perhaps the best arrangement will be the following. Madame de Soucy, who is going to Bâle, does not intend to re-enter France unless she is absolutely obliged. This lady knows everything that M. Hüe knows. His Majesty, therefore, could send some confidential messenger to Bâle, and authorise him to confer with her on all points of interest.”¹ . . .

¹ The La Fare papers—communicated by M. Maurice Pascal.

“ Cardinal de la Fare to the Baron de Flachslanden.

“ Vienna, 29th January 1796.

“ M. Cléry has had the honour of an audience of Madame, and will give you an account of everything that took place. Much satisfaction has been expressed at Court regarding his appearance and manners, and a flattering account of them has been given me.

“ The Marquise de Soucy, who leaves to-morrow for Ratisbon on her way to Bâle, has succeeded in obtaining farewell audiences of Madame and the Emperor. In both cases she was treated with great kindness. It would appear that towards the conclusion of her stay in this place some attempt was made to obliterate from her recollection the manner of its beginning, which in fact was such as to excite the combined censure of the court and city, and for which even its authors now feel some degree of shame.

“ In his farewell conversation with Madame de Soucy the Emperor made some gracious references to the matter. In speaking to her of Madame, he showed considerable interest and affection, and explicitly stated that he had not formed any plans regarding her marriage as the Innsbruck conversation seemed to have suggested. He added that he was somewhat pained at a certain constraint of manner which he perceived in her, that he was only desirous of her happiness, and that if any arrangements had already been made respecting her marriage, he would have liked her to mention them to him frankly, so that she might have seen how far he was from wishing to curtail her liberty of action.

“ Madame is still invisible to everybody except a few of her family. My endeavours to see her, and to assure her of the homage of all the French refugees here, have been without result ; nor has the Princess de Lorraine met with better fortune. The Duchesse de Grammont, notwithstanding her special title to favour in this respect, has also met with refusal. It has been deliberately decided to retain this interesting Princess in indefinite seclusion. The alleged reasons are the necessity of proving her, of getting to know her, of habituating her to the usages of the court, and of instructing her in the manner of conducting an audience before bringing her out in public. All these precautions, necessary as they may be in the case of many other princesses of her age, appear superfluous in hers. To an air of queenly dignity she unites an easy and gracious manner, perfect felicity in the matter as well as in the manner of her utterances, a tact which seldom fails her, an unerring judgment, and a thoughtful disposition. She has nevertheless a difficult part to play, and it may become still more difficult. Up to the present I do not think, from what has been reported to me, that as far as policy is concerned she has ever been wanting in prudence and circumspection.

“ I have been informed, but the statement is not authoritative, that if the King requested it, the Emperor would arrange for him to see Madame, and to spend a few weeks with her in one of his castles. Would that such a meeting could take place in France in the coming spring !

“ *PS.* Monsieur Cléry will not be going back to

Verona. He will remain until further orders at Vienna, where he will receive the same emoluments as Monsieur Hüe. Neither of them has any official connection with Madame, or holds any communication with her. Madame de Soucy, who had several times announced her departure, and had even given a date to H.M. the Emperor, still stayed on day after day on one pretext or another. Madame had occasion to write to her yesterday, asking her to start without delay. The letter read as follows: 'Madame, I am writing to ask you to leave here without further delay. If you are unable to do so to-day, then at all events let it be after Mass to-morrow. The matter can go on no longer. I trust you will have a pleasant journey. This 30th day of January 1796. *Signed*: Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France.'

"Before leaving, Madame de Soucy gave me a letter for the King which she had received from Madame, to whose views and aims she thought it her duty to make me a party. This letter contains a formal undertaking on the part of Madame to obey the wishes of her august parents and of the King, and to marry no one but the Duc d'Angoulême. Madame further makes a solemn profession of her absolute loyalty to the King, of her desire to take no important step without his advice and consent, and finally of her wish to join him as soon as circumstances permit. Judging by what I have been told nothing could afford His Majesty deeper pleasure and satisfaction.

"I may add, in order to complete His Majesty's gratification, my conviction that he can place the

utmost reliance on Madame's sentiments and purity of motive. I have the means of aiding her to maintain these qualities if she needed such support, but with a mind like hers she will never be in want of it. In every circumstance her bearing and conduct leave nothing to be desired. I can give you my assurance of it."¹

*"Monseigneur de la Fare to H.R.H. the Archduchess
Marie Anne.*

"VIENNA, 1st February 1796.

"Madame,

"I have to-day written to Verona. One page of my letter was devoted to giving an account of the desires that Madame has at heart, and should have the effect of removing all misgivings on that score, supposing that any exist. Hitherto, the letters in which I have referred to Madame merely contained the germ of what I have now enlarged upon and confirmed. It has been a task of equal interest and pleasure for me to give to Madame's views and disposition the praise to which they are justly entitled.

"Messieurs Hüe and Cléry are now experiencing much satisfaction. They had been greatly disturbed and grieved by the prospect of having to share the fate of Madame de Soucy. Nothing has been said about their going to reside anywhere but in Vienna, and I can answer for it that if they stay here, their conduct will, in every respect, earn them more and more esteem. The Duc de Grammont thinks of taking

¹ The La Fare papers.

them to Presbourg at the end of this week or the beginning of next to spend a few days with his family, but they will do nothing in the matter until they are acquainted with Madame's intentions. The reliance which they are so good as to place in me will not allow them to take any steps whatever without my advice ; while I, on my side, will refer the solution of all difficult matters to my superiors.

" I trust that there will be no more of this lingering beneath Madame's windows, or waiting for her to pass by.

" I am greatly desirous of discussing matters with Madame de Chanclos, but I must tell your Royal Highness that I have already been informed by her *that her days are so fully occupied that she could not spare a moment to see me.* I can, therefore, scarcely go to her unasked without laying myself open to the charge of undue eagerness, and throwing off the attitude of reserve which I have adopted. But whenever Madame de Chanclos gives the word, I am at her immediate service.

" I have the honour, etc. . . ." ¹

" *Monseigneur de la Fare to the Baron de Flaschlanden.*

" Vienna, 21st March 1796.

" I have the honour, Monsieur le Baron, to forward you, by the Sardinian minister's courier, a letter from Madame to the King.

" I am sorry that day after day goes by without bringing the Princess any letters either from Monsieur

¹ The La Fare papers.

or the Duc d'Angoulême. The King will perhaps see fit to explain the matter in one of his letters.

"Next month Madame will be going to Schönbrunn, a country residence of His Imperial Majesty's, about a league away from Vienna. She will be there with her cousins the Archduchesses Marie Clementine and Amélie. The Archduchess Marie Anne returns to Prague. The parting will be a painful one. The last mentioned Princess has behaved to Madame with all the kindness of a sister, or even a mother; no one could have a truer heart, better sense, or a warmer desire than she has for all that is good, just and loyal. Her counsel and way of thinking cannot but be, *in every respect*, of the greatest benefit to Madame.

"Madame has expressed displeasure with Madame de Soucy's attitude and procedure during the latter days of her residence in Vienna, and even since her departure. The Austrian minister too has many complaints against her. In my dispatch of the 29th January, in the early days of my acquaintance with this lady, I advised that I considered it would be in the King's interest if His Majesty were to authorise some trustworthy person to interview Madame de Soucy at Bâle, to question her, and to hear what she had to say. She left Vienna in a state of desperation at knowing MM. Hüe and Cléry were going to stay on there. Before leaving she tried to do them an ill turn in order to get them sent away, and she is believed to have pursued and to be still pursuing the same tactics. . . ." ¹

¹ The La Fare papers.

It is evident, then, that Madame Royale was a prisoner in the Hofburg. The actual word may not have been employed, but the fact was none the less plain to all.

Hüe, since the 9th January, had been living at the Inn, in constant dread of being expelled from the city by the Austrian police. Nevertheless, he succeeded in carrying on a correspondence with his master's daughter, and to manage this he had recourse to the use of sympathetic ink as he had done when the Royal Family were imprisoned in the Temple. He advised the Princess to write to him in lemon juice. "Madame knows how it is used," he says, "and if she is willing, I will write to her by this means on the envelopes of the letters which the King sends me for her." ¹

No excuse, no pretext availed him to gain an interview with the daughter of his former master, and so the faithful servant had to content himself with roaming up and down the glacis of the Imperial Castle, communicating with the Princess by signs. "On Monday I will be on the ramparts about half past twelve, and I shall go again every day until Madame is able to let me know her wishes. If Madame agrees to the use of sympathetic ink, let her please put her handkerchief to her face several times. When I raise my hand to my ear, Madame will know that I have understood the signal." ²

It would even appear that the services of Cardinal de la Fare were pretty soon dispensed with, for Madame

¹ *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, published by his great grandson the Baron de Maricourt, p. 226.

² *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, p. 226.

received her uncle's letters by stealth, and Hüe was the one who got them delivered. "I will be on the ramparts," he writes, "and if, as indicated in the note she has been so good as to send me, Madame makes a great show of caressing Coco, I shall know for certain that the King's letter has reached her." ¹

¹ *Souvenirs du Baron Hue*, p. 227.

CHAPTER XVI

LIFE IN THE HOFBURG—A GLOOMY PALACE—THE PRINCESS'S DISPOSITION—HER LOVE OF SOLITUDE—MEMORANDUM OF HER RIGHTS AND CLAIMS.

ALTHOUGH none of her fellow countrymen, none of her friends, were allowed to see the captive Princess, it is still possible, to get an idea of the thoughts that filled her mind, and the sort of people by whom she was surrounded. In the grim Hofburg palace, a vast agglomeration of structures without style, divided by great sombre courts where the sun never penetrated, and no trees varied the drab monotony, she dwelt under the tutelage of Madame de Chanclos, her *Grand Mistress*, and Madame de Dombasle, her governess. The Court of Vienna was devoid of splendour and state. Festivity and gaiety were strangers there. Goethe was accustomed to say, "The Imperial Family are merely so many middle-class Germans."

The Empress, Marie Thérèse de Bourbon, came from Naples. She was "ignorant, odd in her manner, jealous, wayward and ill-bred,"¹ and cared little for "la petite Française." In a word she was eccentric.

¹ The Baronne du Montet's *Souvenirs*.

She was fond of vulgar amusements and coarse burlesques. Her "grande pensée" was the *caprice* which she built in a suburb of Vienna, a kind of lodge where everything was topsy-turvy—the kitchen where the drawing-room ought to have been, the cellar in the attic, and so forth.¹ She also erected in the beautiful Laxenburg gardens a pseudo-gothic manor-house, which has since been stored with a quantity of valuable art treasures, and there she imagined she was carrying out an important piece of historic reconstructive work in causing to be made a wax model of a long-bearded Latude which was put into a cardboard "oubliette," the figure, with its arms laden with chains, being worked by some sort of mechanical contrivance.

The Austrian relatives of Madame Royale were many, for Francis I. and Marie Thérèse had sixteen children, and Leopold II. fourteen. The Emperor Francis II. retained a number of his brothers and sisters about him, and they it was who were Madame's everyday companions. Among the Archduchesses there was, first of all, Marie Anne Ferdinande Henriette. She was twenty-six years old in 1796, and held the position of Abbess of the Theresian community at Prague. She was a woman full of idealistic ardour and exalted piety, but consumptive. On her French cousin she bestowed an almost romantic affection. Next there was Marie Clémentine Joséphine Jeanne Fidélia, a gentle girl of twenty-one. Her features were plain and disfigured by smallpox. She

¹ The Baronne du Montet's *Souvenirs*.

became Princess of Naples,¹ and died of consumption five years after the date of which we were speaking. Then came the Archduchess Amélie, a little, sickly, timid, mournful creature who was destined to die at the age of twenty after months of suffering.

The Archdukes were a scarcely more encouraging company. The eldest, Charles Louis Joseph Laurent, was twenty-five years of age. He was the reverse of good-looking, but intelligent and brave. He it was whom European opinion and the hypocritically masked policy of the Imperial Court marked out as the future husband of the daughter of Louis XVI. Of the rest, Joseph Antoine Jean Baptiste, aged twenty, was Palatine of Hungary; Antoine Victor Joseph Jean Raimond was to become, when seventeen years old, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order. Next to him came Jean Baptiste Joseph Fabien Sébastien, Renier Joseph Jean Michel François Jérôme Louis Joseph Antoine, who was only twelve, and finally Rodolphe Jean Joseph Renier, who was eight. He was the youngest, the brightest, and the most attractive of all. He afterwards became Cardinal-Archbishop of Olmutz.

All these young princes were educated by stern preceptors and brought up by gloomy masters, and lived the most joyless of lives. At the court ceremonies they were obliged to appear decked out with all the trappings prescribed by ancient custom—coats of taffeta richly embroidered, cocked hats, purses, and long swords, and their hair curled *à l'oiseau royal*,

¹ She was the mother of the Duchesse de Berry.

while the vigilant eye of their tutor, the Baron de Hager, a scarred old warrior, was upon them all the time.¹

Hemmed in amid these formal surroundings, where etiquette reigned supreme, where every obeisance was carefully graduated and every phrase pruned to a nicety, Madame's heart and mind, by reason of the constant restraint she was obliged to put upon herself, grew cramped and stunted. She had no one to love her, but at least her imagination was unshackled, and she might have allowed herself to believe that somewhere in the world there were people worthy of affection. But it was not so: what she had seen of the world, and the estimate she formed of it day by day, imparted to her character a suspiciousness and a peevishness which accompanied her to her life's end. The people about her belonged to that family whom she had stigmatised for the baseness they had displayed at the time of the Queen's trial—the Queen, her mother, whom “the Emperor had suffered to be dragged to the scaffold without raising a finger to save her.”²

Doubtless these thoughts came to her, among all those Austrian relatives of hers, in the sombre palace where everything reminded her of her mother. As to her compatriots, she did not see any of them. Moreover, she had been carefully schooled to look upon them with aversion. “*I see the French people who*

¹ The Baronne du Montet's *Souvenirs*.

² *Mémoire écrit par Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France*. See above.

come to Vienna!" she writes to her uncle,¹ "my heart would be filled with despair at seeing such people."

Towards all who had been occupied in her service since she left the Temple—except Hüe and Cléry—she betrayed a coolness that was very near akin to dislike. To Madame de Soucy, sent away to an Inn, and treated as an enemy by the Austrians (as we have seen from Cardinal de la Fare's correspondence), she wrote four letters, three of which are astoundingly curt and cool.

"Madame," she writes in a letter dated 13th January 1796, "Madame de Chantclos has just given me your letter. I was greatly touched by it. I thank you for your kind behaviour to me during my journey, and I shall never forget it. I will speak to the Emperor about giving you the wherewithal to meet the expenses of your journey; I am sure he will not refuse. He is kind, but, you know, I told you from the first that very possibly the Emperor would not receive you owing to the two countries being at war. It was just the same in the case of the other French people. I am sure you are brave, and I beg you to comfort M. Hüe. Do not let him abandon hope. I will speak to the Emperor about him, and I do not doubt that he will make provision for such a loyal servant of my father.

"Adieu, Madame, I trust you will have good health and a pleasant journey. You will have my good wishes. Please remember me most kindly to your

¹ Daudet, *Emigration*, ii. 180.

mother, and accept my thanks for your self-sacrifice in having left your country and your children to accompany me. Adieu, and always count on the affection of Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France.”¹

A few days afterwards Marie Thérèse writes again :—

“ You start, you say, on Saturday, Madame. Please embrace Madame de Mackau for me and pay a visit to Madame de Chanterenne in Paris. She, poor woman, must be feeling very sad. Tell her from me to make no attempt to come and see me ; it would be utterly useless. Tell her that I still love her very much. Please, also, when you are in Paris, ask Mademoiselle Dubuquoi to send me the rug my mother worked. She tells me she has the means of forwarding it. Kindly tell Monsieur Hüe to let Madame de Chantclos know as soon as Monsieur Cléry arrives. His songs are considered charming, and he should have them printed. I am well, with the exception of a cold. I live very quietly and very much to myself. I correspond freely with the King, and I have had letters from him in reply. There is no common-sense in anything they told you. The Emperor treats me kindly and has not said anything to me about the matter. *Your little cousin* ² is very kind, but plain. I have only seen him twice. You understand what I

¹ This and the two succeeding letters were published by the Baron André de Maricourt in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* (October 1903). *Marie Thérèse de France à Vienne, 1796-1799*.

² *Your little cousin*. . . . This evidently alludes to the Archduke Charles, who was doubtless thus referred to by Madame de Soucy in her conversations with Madame on the journey.

mean. Good-bye, Madame, I trust you will keep well and that you will suffer no ill effects from the journey.

“MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE DE FRANCE.”

When we remember her affection for Madame de Chanterenne and her kindness to the Schultz children at the Inn at Huningen ; when we recall the emotion she displayed on crossing the Alsatian frontier, are we not forced to the conclusion that when she wrote that letter she was stifling her true feelings. The third letter is colder still. In it there is not a trace, I will not say of a kind expression, but of a single phrase of ordinary politeness.

“ Tell me, then, Madame, how you got on with the Emperor, and if you are pleased. As for me, I have every reason for satisfaction. The only thing that pained me was that I was unable to see any French people, but that was only at first ; I shall see them after a time. I have already seen both you and Cléry, and some day I am to see Madame de Lorraine.¹ Monsieur Hüe I shall see after you have gone. Tell him when he gets the first letter from the King to ask to see me. He will be allowed to do so. Tell Monsieur Hüe also *to write to the King to put his mind at rest*, he is in a terrible fury against the Emperor. He has got to know what happened at Innsbruck, but I don't think there was any truth in what she said, but that it was her own lively imagination that suggested it to

¹ It will have been observed from the letters of Cardinal de la Fare that Madame de Lorraine was not permitted.

her. He must tell my uncle that the Emperor has not mentioned a word of the matter to me, also that I have sounded several people and am satisfied that the thing was not thought of. Tell M. Hüe that I shall not be able to correspond with him when you are gone, but that he must ask to see me when he gets the King's first letter, the others he can take to Madame de Chantclos. I am sure she will not read them. Tell him, when he has any letter to deliver to me, to come on to the rampart and scratch his ear, and when he has given the letter to Madame de Chantclos, to exhibit a piece of paper. I am informed that you have some money for me. Please hand it to Madame de Chantclos. She should not see anything out of the way in my uncle sending me money. I have not yet received any from the Emperor. I wish you would see Madame de Chantclos this evening or to-morrow morning, but do not say I told you to go to her. You must write and tell me exactly what you think of the Emperor, and whether any mention is made of the marriage. When you give her the letter ask her to hand it *at once* to her *valet-de-chambre* to give to me; do not, however, appear too anxious in the matter. If you go back to France, try and get the rug my mother worked sent to me, and also the portraits she gave Madame Thibaud for me. Good-bye. Monsieur Hüe must be sure and write to the King to calm him, and you must write me the truth about the Emperor and his plans. Have you been so foolish as to tell the Emperor all about my cousin d'Angoulême? Who asked you to busy yourself with my affairs with

regard to him? I am not surprised at what you tell me about Verona. I knew there had been jealousy about me for a long time. As for M. Hüe, he must leave Vienna. I advise him to go and pay his respects to my uncle and then come back again. I will write more fully to-morrow. Excuse this.

“ M. T. C.”¹

The fourth letter, dated the 30th January, three days later, is merely a note. It has already been quoted,² but it is necessary once more to recall its inexplicable harshness.

“ Madame, I am writing to ask you to leave here without further delay. If you are unable to do so to-day, then at all events let it be after Mass to-morrow. The matter can go on no longer. I trust you will have a pleasant journey.”

With regard to her mother's dearest friends Madame Royale affected the same tone. Who was it, then, who dictated the words, or whose hand guided the pen? The same hand that a few months before wrote Renète the charming notes which we have quoted now inscribes but a few brief words to the Princess de Tarente, the faithful companion of Marie Antoinette, coldly declining her offer to come from England, where she was a refugee, in order to have the honour of serving the

¹ *Marie Thérèse de France à Vienne*, by the Baron André de Maricourt. *Revue des Questions Historiques*, October 1903.

² In the postscript of Cardinal de la Fare's letter to the Baron de Flaschlanden, dated the 29th January. This postscript, as is shown by this quotation, was written at least a day after the letter itself.

daughter of the Queen she had loved so dearly. Madame's reply to this touching proposal is not extant, but we can guess the nature of it from the cry of pain it drew from Madame de Tarente. "How deeply the Princess has hurt me," she said, "how deeply she hurts me still. Yet she has *no idea* of it. I should have found infinite happiness in sacrificing my liberty for her sake, as I did so completely and so freely for her sweet mother's. And when I offer to do so she does not even seem to understand me. The answer she sends me is such as she might have made to a person to whom she was completely indifferent, and of whose sentiments she was quite ignorant. Nevertheless the letter, cold as it is, is very precious to me, coming as it does from her, from the daughter of the King and Queen. To a second letter I received no reply. Heaven! how she has wounded a heart that was devoted to her, that was burning to offer her the love and ministrations which her mother had not disdained, and which, after experiencing such a sweet honour, I considered worthy of the daughter also.

"God knows I do not cast the smallest blame upon her. I do not presume to judge her, and if ever she were in a position to permit it I would prove to her, I trust, by the willingness with which I would give up to her every moment of my life, that she has every right, every right that her mother had over me, over my affections and over my destiny."¹

There was one at least whose friendship it was open

¹ *Marie Thérèse de France à Vienne*, by the Baron André de Maricourt. *Revue des Questions Historiques*, October 1903.

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to Madame to cultivate, that was the poor Archduchess Marie Anne, Abbess of Prague, who, as we have stated, exhibited from the first an enthusiastic affection for her cousin. Cardinal de la Fare had soon divined that, at any rate, in the bosom of this high-souled devotee the Solitary of the Hofburg would not look for love in vain. He made it his business to foster such sentiments in the Archduchess. He did his best also to explain away the conduct of Madame, who, without doubt, had made no very cordial response to her relative's advances. The letters which passed between the Prelate and the Archduchess on this subject are charged with interesting details.

*“ Cardinal de la Fare to H.R.H. the Archduchess
Marie Anne, Prague.*

“ 24th April 1796.

“ MADAME,

“ Madame de France feels Your Royal Highness' absence very keenly. Since the date of your departure she has been much affected, and her apparent want of sympathy, which it was so difficult to account for, has entirely disappeared.

“ The question of Madame Royale going to Italy has recently formed a great topic of conversation among the public. Your Royal Highness is doubtless acquainted with whatever foundation of truth the report possesses. My opinion is that nothing has been arranged, but I think that before long some definite decision will be come to regarding the journey and the date at which it is to take place.

“ Your Royal Highness has commanded me to give a frank expression of my views concerning Madame. I am but too happy to have an opportunity of doing so. For the last fortnight the Comte de Saint Priest has been here. He was one of the late King’s ministers, a most intelligent man, a loyal and faithful servant of the House of Bourbon and of Madame. It might have been expected that the Princess, who in view of the existing state of affairs should have so many things to inquire about, would have betrayed a desire to see M. de Saint Priest in private, in order to put questions to him and obtain his advice. Such a desire would have appeared perfectly natural, and she would have been entirely free to gratify it. Up to the present she does not appear to regard such an interview as either desirable or necessary. Neither has she asked to see me in private. At that, however, I am less surprised, as I am not in a position to furnish her with such interesting or useful information as the Comte de Saint Priest. Such meetings, held of course in the presence of Madame de Chanclos, would be of great service to Madame in affording her a means of deciding on her views and line of conduct. Personally, I have much reason to be pleased with the attitude of Madame de Chanclos towards me. She treats me with every mark of consideration and even with confidence.

“ The French people here and those who are the most devoted to Madame’s cause would like her to make more frequent mention, when people are present, of the subjects and persons in which she ought natu-

rally to take an interest—of the Catholic and Royal armies, for example; of those who lead them—alas! with such indifferent fortune—of La Vendée; of Condé's army; of the state of religion in France; of the zeal displayed by the loyal priesthood in administering the sacraments and in giving spiritual aid, and of the renewed persecutions which they are being made to suffer. Madame should have publicly betrayed some feeling concerning the fate of Stofflet, Charette, etc. In a word her heart should be filled with solicitude for the Royalist cause, a solicitude which ought to be apparent on every occasion.

"I have now unburdened to Your Royal Highness my secret thoughts, and leave it to your wisdom and the loving interest you take in Madame to act on what I have said to the best advantage."¹

*"From H.R.H. the Archduchess Marie Anne to
Cardinal de la Fare.*

"Prague, 2nd June 1797.

"I ought to feel ashamed, Monseigneur, for having left your letter, which it gave me great pleasure to receive, so long without an answer. But I have little leisure to call my own, and I confess that I am not an industrious correspondent. Had the circumstances been different, I should have been delighted at seeing my sister, brothers, and beloved cousin again. They are all wonderfully well, and, I think, greatly altered for the better.

¹ *Papiers inédits du Cardinal de la Fare.* Communicated by M. Maurice Pascal.

“ My cousin is in perfect health, and has greatly improved since last I saw her. She has ever shown me the warmest affection, and confides in me entirely. Your remarks concerning what she ought to read are certainly quite correct. But it is difficult to obtain good French works here, and, I think, Monseigneur, if you told her yourself what books you would like her to read, it would carry more weight than it would coming from me, who am not such a competent judge, and she would endeavour to procure them. I know she has Bossuet’s *Politique Sacrée*, all Massillon’s *Sermons*, as well as the *Petit Carême*. If an opportunity occurs I will try to find out if she has any others. With regard to sapiential works, I do not know whether she would dare to read them. Many people scruple to read the Scriptures. On this point Father Antonin must direct her thoughts, particularly as she seems to have great confidence in him and a great interest in whatever he writes to her. I can understand the interest you take in forming my cousin’s character, as, like you, I am convinced that a lofty destiny is in store for her. I lately made a discovery that gave me great pleasure. I found that she had written some prayers for her own use in which her soul is clearly mirrored, and which reveal ideas that circumstances have not called into play—an absolute submission to the Divine Will, an ardent desire to shed her blood for the Faith. She calls on Heaven to have mercy on her country, on the guilty, on good priests doomed to martyrdom, and on such as are not.

“ Her prayers are full of a beauty which I did not look

to find in them. With what sincerity she thanks God that she harbours no hatred against the authors of her misfortunes. I tell you all this in confidence, for you know how simple and modest she is, and she would be in despair if she thought it were known. She told me the people she had noted down to pray for, and among them is, ever so simply, *the Emperor, my deliverer*. ‘I wrote these prayers,’ she said, ‘for the days when my mind suggests nothing’—which proves that she can commune with God without her book. I observe her with such loving care that nothing escapes my notice, and you are the last person to regard matters of this kind as trivialities. It seems to me indeed that one often forms a truer estimate of people’s characters by observing them in the little things which they perform without self-consciousness, than in important matters when they are more on their guard.

“With regard to your kind inquiries for my health, I am pretty well. Now the hot weather is coming on, I am giving up milk, but shall take it again next winter as it did me much good. I am now taking cinchona. Our people from Vienna thought I looked very well, but it is my sister Amélie who shows the most remarkable recovery. She grows stouter every day.

“I hope you are well, and commend myself to your prayers and remembrance. Please accept, Monseigneur, the assurance of my esteem and friendship for you and of my interest in your charming nieces.

“Signed: MARIE ANNE.

“PS.—My cousin entrusts me with many messages

for you, Monseigneur. La Chanclos received your letter with its enclosure. They will leave here on the 17th, and will reach Vienna on the 19th.”¹

As these lines reveal, Madame Royale had been allowed to go and spend a few days with her cousin at Prague under the surveillance of La Chanclos. It is evident that in her cousin, who, though perhaps a little strict, was very sincere, she found a friend, nay, even a *confederate*. The news of this visit gave great pleasure to Louis XVIII., and he urged his niece to prolong it. The latter replied frankly as follows: “Of course I am very fond of my cousin Marie Anne, but I do not know whether you are aware of the condition she is in. She has suffered for years from lung disease, and latterly she has had to take human milk. I confess that if I stop here, I shall have to be always with her, and I am sure it would be injurious for me to be continually with any one in such a state. . . . In conclusion, I repeat to you once more that I detest all these French people, and that I should be very sorry to see a single one of them. But I am extremely anxious to get back to Vienna, and then to remain quietly in the country without seeing any one . . .”²

* * *

Here we must inquire what had implanted in the breast of this girl of eighteen such an aversion for mankind, and such a passion for solitude and seclusion. She was so different from what she had been in the

¹ The La Fare papers.

² E. Daudet, *L'Émigration*, ii. 181.

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Temple when she felt the compassionate heart of Paris beating warm around her, and it is clear that the disillusionment occurred in Vienna.

We must refer to M. E. Daudet's *Histoire de l'Émigration* to see what efforts were made by Louis XVIII., seconded by D'Avaray, to get his niece to consent to the marriage he wished to arrange between her and the Duc d'Angoulême.

The exiled King knew the sentimental value of the story of the Orphan of the Temple. He himself had never enjoyed much popularity in France even when he was the first prince of the blood, and the enthusiasm entertained for this august child, a living phantom of the Revolutionary tragedies, was bound to add greatly to his prestige.

The Emperor's calculations were different. It was his belief, and that of a good many others besides, that the Revolution in destroying the monarchical Government, had, *ipso facto*, abolished the Salic Law. As a result of this reasoning it followed that the daughter of Louis XVI. was the undoubted heiress to the French throne, being by her brother's death the possessor of all the rights of her parents, and this he considered would make her a handsome match for an Archduke. Even if any hitch occurred in this matter the Princess would still have riches enough to make an alliance with her desirable : it was simply a question of making the Republic disgorge. An invaluable document preserved among the papers of Cardinal de la Fare allows no doubt to remain regarding the illusions nourished by Austrian diplomats on the

subject. In it the fortune of the orphan, who had not a florin to give to the poor, is estimated to the last franc, and among her imaginary riches are included, "besides the demesnes of Saint Cloud and Rambouillet, the furniture of all the royal houses, diamonds, jewellery, gold and silver plate, china, pictures, statues, cabinets of antiques, libraries, tapestries, linen, carriages and horses, as they existed before the year 1789, without mentioning indemnities for encroachment, dilapidation, destruction, etc."

Appended is this fantastic string of claims. It is dated from Vienna, the 15th August 1797.

*"Memorandum to His Excellency Baron de Thugut."*¹

"His Majesty the Emperor has brought Madame de France out of captivity. To complete his work it remains to bring about the reinstatement of Her Royal Highness in her rightful inheritance.

"This task should not offer any difficulty, inasmuch as the new French Government has already conceded the principle on which Madame bases her claims. The Prince de Conti, the Duchesse d'Orléans, the Duchesse de Bourbon herself, the consort of an *émigré* Prince, have obtained the restitution of the estates and property which had been wrested from them. On the decisions given in these cases reposes incontestably the right of Madame to a full restitution of all that belongs to her. It should suffice for the French Government that His Majesty the Emperor lodges a claim for the same.

¹ François Thugut was Prime Minister of the Austrian Court.

“ Rights and Claims of Madame de France.

“ Being the sole survivor of all her august family, Madame is the lawful heiress of all the property which the laws and customs of the kingdom and, at present, the new order of things, invite Her Royal Highness to claim and possess. This property is as follows :—

“(1) All the belongings of her father the King, of the Queen, and of the Dauphin. The word belongings as employed here includes the furniture of all the royal residences, the diamonds, jewels, gold and silver plate, china, pictures, statues, cabinets of antiques, libraries, tapestries, linen, carriages, horses, etc.

“ Under the monarchical government Madame would have had no right to the greater part of this property, as it was perpetually entailed on the heirs to the throne. But this entail, which may be considered as a family agreement ratified by the nation, has *ipso facto* ceased with the monarchy. From the day on which the Republic was proclaimed Madame has been the natural heiress of all the movable effects which the Kings, her ancestors, had acquired for their use or pleasure.

“(2) The funds, if any, invested by the King in securities transferable to his children.

“(3) The estate of Rambouillet, purchased by the King *as his own private and devisable property*, which was not united before the Revolution, either *de facto* or *de jure*, to the royal domains. According to our ancient property laws the union ‘*de jure*’ is not regarded as having taken place until the King has been in possession for ten years. Now at the time Louis

XVI., was expropriated from his domains he had not been in possession of Rambouillet for ten years.

“(4) The estate of Saint Cloud, purchased by the King for the Queen’s use during her lifetime and devisable by her.

“(5) The Queen’s dowry as assigned by King Louis XV., and laid down in the marriage contract of Louis, then Dauphin of France, and Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria.

“(6) The equivalent, always supposing the original payment had been made, of the dowry granted to the Queen by the Empress Marie Thérèse.

“(7) The Queen’s settlement in the event of the King, her husband, dying before her. The Queen’s right to this settlement was recognised before her death. The dower of the Queen, in the absence of any stipulation to the contrary, was transferable to the children. This was, therefore, transferable to Madame.

“(8) All accumulated interest and the rents of sequestered estates dating from the last payments received by their Majesties.

“(9) Indemnification for all encroachments, dilapidations, destruction, etc.

“Such is the summary of the list comprising the just and lawful claims of Madame Royale against the existing Government of France, in accordance with its admitted principles. The French Government, therefore, cannot, without stultifying itself and acting in contradiction to its own principles, refuse to allow them.

*"Statement of the cash assets of H.R.H. Madame Marie
Thérèse Charlotte de France*

RECEIPTS

"Under date of 1st April 1794,
there were coupons of the Nether-
lands value of the said country
607,200 fl. which, at 50 kr. each,
make according to the rate in
Vienna: 506,000 florins.

"These coupons were the pro-
perty of Her Majesty the Queen of
France of glorious memory.

"As these coupons have been issued
by Nettine's banking establishment
at Brussels, the interest ought to be
paid there, but since the existence
of the present state of affairs they
have not been cashed there, the
annual 4 per cent. interest having
been discounted by order at Vienna,
pending a legalisation of the Head
Imperial Treasury 20,240

"To this must be added 43,100
florins invested here in 4 per cent.
debentures of the city bank . . . 43,100

"On which the interest amounts
annually to 1,724

Total . . . 549,100 21,964

EXPENDITURE

“ Out of the interest a monthly payment of 1,500 florins has been made in respect of H.R.H.’s wardrobe expenses, making an annual amount of 18,000

“ For extraordinary expenditure allowed annually 2,800

Total 20,800

“ Confidential Observations (1st April 1799)

“ From the statement of cash assets handed to His Excellency the Comte Razof, the Russian Ambassador, it appears that Madame de France is possessed of a capital sum representing 549,100 florins (Vienna), producing an annual amount of interest equal to 21,964 florins.

“ No precise mention is made of the date of delivery of these funds. The Comte de Merci must have received them at the date of the King’s journey to Varennes, namely in June 1791.

“ Were the funds at once profitably invested, or does their investment date back no further than the 1st April 1794 ?

“ If the investment is to be taken as dating from June 1791, there would be about seven and a half years’ interest to be taken into account, which would increase the capital amount by 164,930 florins.

“ If, however, the investment only dates from 1st April 1794, the account to next April would show an

addition to be made to the existing principal of 65,892 florins.

“ From these two additional sums, that is to say, from either one of them as the case may be, must be deducted the amount of Madame’s annual expenditure since her happy arrival at Vienna. According to the statement rendered, Madame’s expenditure from January 1796 to the 1st April 1799, was at the annual rate of 20,800 florins. The total is 67,600 florins. This deduction having been made, the balance may be added to the accumulated capital.

“ Dowry of the late Queen

“ As an essential constituent of the capital amount figures the dowry assigned to Her late Majesty as set forth in her marriage settlement, together with the annual interest on the said sum from 1770 to date. No demand is made for the redemption of such a large amount. On the contrary, His Majesty the Emperor is requested to allow it to remain invested in the public funds and to secure that the interest shall be annually paid over to Her Royal Highness.

“ Eventual Property

“ It must be ascertained whether in any of the deeds executed by their late Majesties Francis I. and Marie Thérèse in favour of their children, whether in the form of a gift or by clauses in their wills, there were any further sums assigned to Her Royal Highness the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, as a supplement to her dowry or otherwise.

“ In bringing the most scrupulous attention to bear on the pecuniary affairs of Madame de France, the late Queen’s sole heiress, one will be certain to please the Emperor and to second the generous intentions of which His Majesty has ever afforded to that princess the most full and touching proofs.

“ We refer, however, for the development of these observations, to the memorandum previously handed to His Excellency the Russian Ambassador.”

Such was the *valuation* of the daughter of Louis XVI.

Must it not be conceded that such haggling, if known to Madame Royale, easily accounts for all her anguish of heart? For all that she was a King’s daughter, she had dreamed no doubt during her solitary days in the Temple, that one day she would meet a suitor whose rank and lineage would render him worthy of her, and who would love her for her own sake, her dainty beauty, her virtues and for her sufferings also; one whose aim it would be to pay back with his love all that fate had exacted from her. Alas, how cruelly she was disappointed! And is it here that we should seek the reason for her puzzling change of disposition, or was it something else, something more deeply hidden, more mysterious still? Perhaps. Twenty years later the Austrian Court was to subject to similar confinement another guiltless one, a Prince, he too a child of France; “*l’Aiglon*.” But the treatment was more than he could bear and he sank beneath it. What poison of hate lingered in the air of the Hofburg that the children of our Kings

could only issue from it the prey of despair or—death ?

And who would have prophesied to the Emperor Francis II. as he dreamt that he would acquire the throne of France for one of his brothers by marrying him to his captive, who would have prophesied that, ere fifteen years had passed, one of the children he then had around him would indeed sit upon that throne, and that the child in question would be his own daughter, now an infant of six, the little Marie Louise, the only one, so it was said, to whom the orphan of the Temple displayed an affectionate and almost maternal sympathy ? But what prophet would not have been laughed to scorn had he foretold the romantic wonders of our history ?

CHAPTER XVII

SEVERITY RELAXED—INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PRINCESS'S HATRED OF THE FRENCH—MARIE THÉRÈSE LEAVES VIENNA TO JOIN LOUIS XVIII. AT MITAU—THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH—THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE—MARRIAGE.

AFTER a time the severity of Madame's captivity was relaxed. They took her to Schœnbrunn, and subsequently she was quartered at the Belvedere, Eugène de Savoie's beautiful palace in the Landstrasse, surrounded by gardens. Now that the people of Vienna had forgotten her and that even the *émigrés* had grown weary of interesting themselves in a princess they could never see ; now that she had become a sort of impersonal being, an allegorical figure of Calamity, a mere ghost, as it were, she was sometimes allowed to go out to church or to visit a convent.

On one occasion she went to the Convent of the Visitation which was near her palace. There, as will be remembered, the nieces of Cardinal de la Fare, Mesdemoiselles de la Boutelière de Saint-Mars, were at school. One of them afterwards became the Baronne du Montet and recorded her recollections of this visit. The pupils, to whom the visit had been announced, were greatly excited at the thought that the daughter of the martyred King was coming

amongst them, the sole survivor of the now legendary tragedies of the Temple. They beheld a lady attired in black who delivered herself of little rapid utterances and walked with hurried steps. They had scarcely time even to observe that the Princess was of "heavenly beauty." Her blue eyes, large and singularly expressive, her slim figure and bright complexion were dimly discernible beneath her mourning veils. Madame crossed the cloisters "like a dart," sat down for a moment in one of the class rooms and then immediately continued on her way through the convent, casting about her looks that were alternately "sweet, severe and anxious." Then she tore out into the gardens like a woman who was pursued, and went round them at a stupefying rate, seeming to avoid the tear-dimmed eyes that were fixed upon her. Then she actually ran back to the convent gate and disappeared.¹

Twenty years later, in Paris, Madame du Montet saw Madame Royale again. She was then Duchesse d'Angoulême and Dauphine of France. She did not recognise her. "Her eyes, formerly so large and beautiful, seemed tired and spoiled with weeping. They were very red. Her figure was still attractive, the Princess being very slight. She was elegantly dressed, and her expression was melancholy rather than discontented. But the change seemed to me of course much greater six years afterwards when I saw her for the last time. She had then become stouter, her features had lost their refinement, her walk was

¹ The Baronne du Montet's *Souvenirs*.



MADAME PREMIÈRE, DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME, DAUGHTER OF
LOUIS XVI., BORN AT VERSAILLES ON DECEMBER 19TH, 1778

more jerky and her short sharp sentences, and the harsh unsympathetic tone of her voice made a most painful impression on me.

She had lost the dignity of bearing which I had seen in her as a girl. She wore her magnificent clothes without grace, and it was easy to see she did not care the least in the world about them. Cares were for ever fretting and disturbing her soul, so noble and lofty. She had fully forgiven ; she was also asked to forget ! ”¹

That perhaps was requiring more than flesh and blood could grant—still, of what use is it to forgive without forgetting ?

Although it is our intention only to tell the story of one phase of her Calvary, it will not be altogether beside the mark to throw our minds forward twenty years and contemplate the daughter of Louis XVI. as she was at the time spoken of by Madame du Montet. At the period of the Restoration the Duchesse d’Angoulême was the only one of the Royal Family remembered in France. People were very hazy as to who Louis XVIII. was, and how he came to be King ; but *Madame* was the *Orphan of the Temple*, her popularity and her reception were assured in advance ; she was certain to be acclaimed. With delicate insight the people seemed to know how much they had to make up to her. She it was whom everybody looked for when the King re-entered Paris. Madame de Boigne looked down on the procession from a window in the Rue Saint Denis, a circumstance

¹ The Baronne du Montet’s *Souvenirs*.

to which we are indebted for a delightful passage in her *Mémoires*.

“The King was in an open carriage with Madame by his side. Facing them sat the Prince de Condé, almost in his dotage, and his son the Duc de Bourbon, neither of whom seemed to be taking any part in what was going on. Madame was wearing a toque with feathers and a gown trimmed with silver spangles. They were of Paris make, but the Princess had managed to give them a foreign appearance. The King was dressed in blue and wore large epaulettes. He pointed out his niece to the crowd with an affected and theatrical air. She took absolutely no notice of these demonstrations and remained perfectly unmoved. Nevertheless, her reddened eyes gave people the impression that she was weeping. The people respected her silent grief and participated in it, and if her coldness had but lasted that day, no one would have thought of reproaching her.

“At Notre Dame, where the procession halted before going to the Tuileries, Madame is reported to have “fallen on her knees at her prie-Dieu with an air so graceful, dignified and touching,—her action denoted such a depth of gratitude and resignation, that everyone wept with compassion.” But when she came to alight at the Tuileries, “she was just as cold, just as awkward and just as sullen as she had been beautiful in the church.” But here again excuses were made for her. The people understood how painful her recollections must be and how violent her emotion. But that which they failed to understand was the

manner in which she received the faithful adherents of the royal cause, the *Chouans*, the loyal friends of evil days, and all who, ruined by the Revolution, having sacrificed their all for the "good cause," came to the daughter of Louis XVI. as to an Angel of Providence, certain to find in her a dispenser of support, gratitude, and consolation. They were quickly undeceived. Everything which recalled the days of the Revolution filled her with horror. Recently, on her way to Brunswick, the reigning Prince had presented to her a Frenchman named Colin. One day, when on duty at the Temple, Colin had had occasion to render some service to the imprisoned Queen. When she set eyes on him Madame fainted away. On coming to herself again, she explained that "this Frenchman had not got a wig on, and that she could not endure the sight of close-cropped hair."¹

And so, too, when she was at the Tuileries, she exhibited the same characteristic hostility. Madame de Boigne recounts the brief conversation that took place between the Duchesse d'Angoulême and Madame de Chastenay. The latter had played with the Princess as a child, and was looking forward to a most affectionate reception.

Madame inquired with interest if her father had died when a young man.

"Yes, Madame," replied Madame de Chastenay.

"In what circumstances did you lose him?"

"Alas! Madame, he perished on the scaffold during the Terror."

¹ National Archives, O³ 326.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême started back as if she had stepped on an adder. From that day forward she never spoke another word to Madame de Chastenay.

A host of similar instances might be quoted. Time after time officers who had served in the Vendean army, the orphans and widows of those who had laid down their lives for the monarchy, presented themselves full of hopefulness before the daughter of Louis XVI., only to meet a blunt refusal of their requests and worse, a look of horror, a gesture of impatient aversion which she was at no pains to dissemble. Poor souls, they went away with heavy hearts and tear-dimmed eyes. Even during the State journeys she made through France the Duchesse d'Angoulême never succeeded in overcoming her feelings of aversion or in driving away the incubus which haunted her. The Vicomte de Brachet has recorded that at Granville in 1827, the daughter of a captain in the navy who had gloriously met his death at Ferrol, Mademoiselle Thérèse de Péronne, together with some other young women of the neighbourhood, arrayed in picturesque costume, presented the Princess with a bouquet on behalf of the townspeople. Madame received them with the utmost coldness. She paid no attention whatever to the complimentary speech, but merely said to the dismayed and astonished young women, "That will do, Mesdemoiselles, thank you; now go back to your mothers."¹

¹ *Arrestation du Prince de Polignac à Granville en 1830.* Lecture delivered at the meeting of the "Pays de Granville" on the 16th December 1906, by the Vicomte de Brachet, president of the Society. A. Dior, printer, Granville.

At Chaumont, in September 1828, the news of her arrival had set the whole town agog. The ladies had made hasty preparations on a lavish scale, and put themselves to great expense in the matter of gowns and coiffures; but, by Madame's orders, three only were allowed admission to the receptions. The young women of the place, in white dresses and blue sashes, approached the Dauphine to present her with a floral tribute and recite a speech of welcome. She sharply asked them what they had all gathered together for, and in the official report of these abortive festivities, dithyrambic as it was, it was stated that "as a rule Madame la Dauphine does not altogether approve of young women in fancy attire coming in a body to pay their respects to her in public."¹

But the sight of an orphan in mourning seemed to fill her with a kind of terror. A former Vendean leader, G——, in his unpublished journal tells the story of another incident that took place in 1828. He was at Rambouillet with one of his nieces, a child of thirteen, the daughter of an officer who had met his death in the royalist cause. He had posted himself in the vestibule of the château, near where the Duchesse d'Angoulême was about to pass. At his side was his little niece who held in her hands, that were trembling with excitement, a petition begging for assistance. When the Duchess passed by she would not look at the child and refused to receive her petition. The little orphan turned away weeping. "They told me," she said loudly enough to be heard, "that I should find

¹ *Quelques heures à Chaumont en septembre 1828.*

in Madame an angel of goodness. Oh ! how they deceived me.”¹

Such unwarrantable manifestations of hatred dated back to the Temple and especially to Vienna. No one has ever explained them. She who had been reported “ so kind, so truly French, so full of goodness,” soon earned a reputation for ill-nature, hatred of her country, and vindictiveness. What mysterious, what incurable wound was it that had thus torn asunder the heart of one who might have been “ the idol of France and the palladium of her race ” ?

* * *

A few brief lines will suffice to conclude this account of Madame’s life at Vienna. From the point of view of refugee politics the subject has been dealt with by M. E. Daudet.

Madame Royale, then, had stayed, or, to be more correct, had been forced to stay, for three and a half years in Vienna, when, in May 1799, Francis II. resolved to let her depart. It was now doubtless clear to him that this heiress of a line of kings was to be the reverse of wealthy ; the French Republic, moreover, displayed an unmistakable tendency to take rather than to give, and these considerations may have caused him to abandon the plans for her marriage which he had once, for a short while, cherished. Or it may have been that the orphan exhibited too much stubbornness for him to entertain the hope of ever making an Austrian of her. But, whatever led him

¹ *Souvenirs inédits d’un ancien chef vendéen.* Information from a private source.

to the determination, he decided to detain her no longer, and on the 4th of May she left to join her uncle. At that date Louis XVIII. was no longer at Verona. After spending his time wandering about in Germany, settling successively in Dillingen and Blankenberg, he had accepted the hospitality of the Czar and had taken up his residence at Mitau in Courland.

The journey from Vienna to Mitau was a lengthy one. Madame Royale was a whole month en route.¹ About midday on the 3rd June she was nearing her destination. The King had gone in a carriage to meet

¹ There exists among the papers of Cardinal de la Fare an itinerary given in detail for a part of the journey :—

"Route to be followed by H.R.H. Madame de France.

Leaving Vienna, 4th May.

For Mitau, *via* Cracow, Lublin, Thérèspol, and Brzesc.

From Vienna to—

Sleeping Places.	Days of the Month.	Number of Stages
Poysdorff . . .	4 May . . .	5
Brünn . . .	5 May . . .	4
Olmütz . . .	6 May . . .	4½
Neutisheim . . .	7 May . . .	4
Bielitz . . .	8 May . . .	5½
Cracow . . .	9 and 10 May	6½
Novi Masta Viniali	11 May . . .	5
Oppatow . . .	12 May . . .	5½
Lublin . . .	13 and 14 May	7½
Ratzin . . .	15 May . . .	5
Thérèspol . . .	16 and 17 May	6
Brzesc	1½

Together 60 stages or
240 leagues.

From Brzesc to Mitau 42½ stages

Total . 102½ stages, or
410 French leagues.'

her. A short account of the meeting between uncle and niece, who had not seen each other since the night of the 20th June 1791, has been left us by an eye-witness.

"The long and troublesome journey," he writes,¹ "had not impaired her strength. The only thing that distressed her was the delay in reaching the King. As soon as the carriages had got within sight of each other Madame ordered her own to be stopped. Then, eluding every effort to restrain her, she darted with incredible agility through a storm of dust towards her uncle, who ran forward with outstretched arms to press her to his bosom. The King vainly endeavoured to prevent her from casting herself at his feet. As he hastened to raise her, she exclaimed, "At last I see you once more, at last I am happy ; watch over me, be a father to me !"

The King, too deeply moved to say a word in reply, pressed her to his breast, and then presented the Duc d'Angoulême to her. This young Prince could only express his welcome by tears, which fell upon his cousin's hand as he pressed it to his lips.

They then drove on to the Castle. The King, as he descried some of his attendants speeding to meet him, exclaimed, "She has come at last !"

Afterwards, he led her into the presence of the Queen. Instantly the castle resounded with shouts of joy. Every one rushed pell-mell to catch a sight of her ; discipline was cast to the winds.

¹ *Vie de Marie Thérèse de France, fille de Louis XVI.*, by Alfred Nettement.

The first to be presented to Madame Royale after the Duc d'Angoulême and the Queen was the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, who had attended Louis XVI. at the scaffold. She welcomed him, her face bathed in tears. And so it was fated that even in this moment of rejoicing the fearful image of the Temple was to rise up before her eyes.

Marie Thérèse was conducted to her apartments. Mitau is a noble residence, of stately appearance and regal dimensions ; and there, at the expense of the Czar, Louis XVIII. held a Court which, if not brilliant, was at all events sufficient. He had his gentlemen in waiting, his almoners, a large staff, of domestics, and a numerous bodyguard. In this Versailles of exile, Madame for the first time since those far-off days at the Tuileries renewed acquaintance with the etiquette of France and the traditions of her childhood.

Her first occupation was to write to the Czar. This done, she summoned the Abbé Edgeworth and remained a long while closeted with him.

On the 10th June, Madame was wedded to her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême. The ceremony took place in the great hall of the castle which had been converted into a chapel for the occasion. The very plain altar that had been erected there had been transformed by the Princess's attendants into a grove of lilacs, roses, and lilies. His Eminence Cardinal de Montmorency pronounced the nuptial benediction over the youthful couple.

At a *prie-Dieu* just behind the Princess's stall knelt the figure of an ecclesiastic, motionless as a statue.

His face was buried in his hands, and he was absorbed in meditation. It was the Abbé Edgeworth, the priest who, six years before, had felt the warm blood of the King, as it dripped from the scaffold upon his brow blanched with horror. He was there like a symbol of the dark tragedies from which the young girl whose nuptials were that day being celebrated had so miraculously escaped, but which were doomed to weigh upon her like the memory of a ghastly dream all the days of her life.

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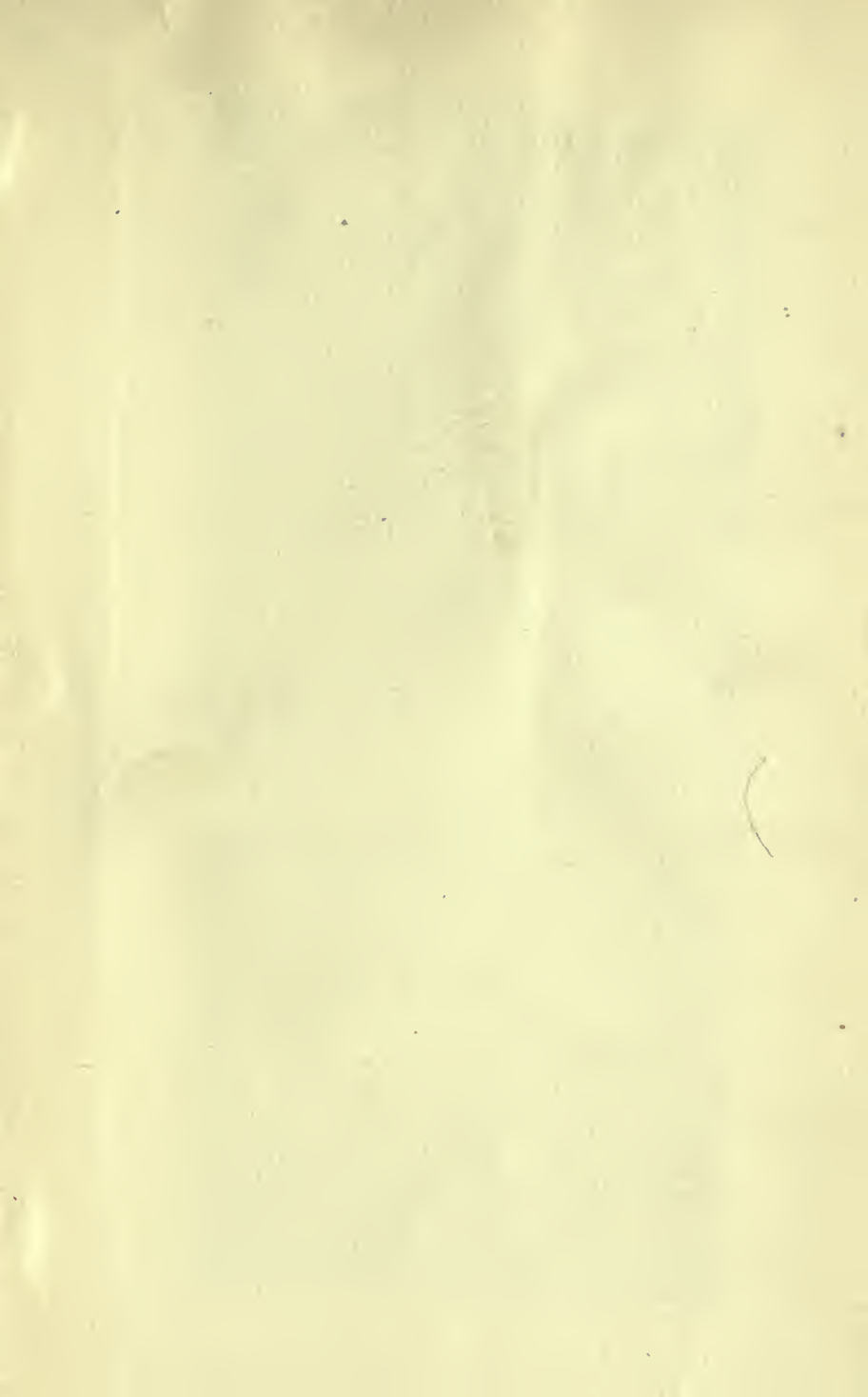
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